

IN CAP AND GOWN

Three Centuries of
Cambridge Wit



James H. Mathieson.

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THREE CENTURIES OF CAMBRIDGE WIT

EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

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PREFACE.



It is my pleasant duty to express my sincere acknowledgments to all those who have kindly allowed me to reprint their pieces in the present volume. My warmest thanks are also due to the Rev. H. R. Luard, who permitted me to consult documents preserved in the University Registry; to Mr. R. Bowes, of whose collection of books and pamphlets printed in Cambridge I have made considerable use; and, above all, to Mr. J. W. Clark, who, with that generosity which he extends to all who are interested in the history and antiquities of Cambridge, not only placed at my disposal his unrivalled collection of leaflets and pamphlets relating to the University, but also read the proofs of the whole volume, and made many valuable suggestions. To Canon Wordsworth's works on the University of Cambridge I am indebted for much information.

I may add that I hope at some future date to publish a volume dealing in a similar way with the University of Oxford.

C. W.

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INTRODUCTION.

THERE is much to encourage the production of ephemeral literature in Oxford and Cambridge. Each University is the home of a large number of men of literary tendencies, to whom everything that happens within the limits of their Alma Mater is of the utmost importance. The thousand incidents of college life, the eccentricities of dons, the political struggles of the Senate House, all afford themes of interest to the University light horseman, and much prose and verse is the result.

As there is no lack of material, so there is no lack of energy. Youth is the age of literary experiment, and a large number of those whose names have in later years become famous have won their spurs in the field of literature as undergraduates. It has, besides, been the practice of many a learned don to devote his leisure to castigating the follies of his contemporaries in satiric verse. Unfortunately, however, either from a pride in his learning, or in the belief that satire gains in point from being written in a dead language, he has too often hidden away his thoughts in Latin or Greek. But, happily, English has not always been despised, and even bishops and professors have condescended to write in their own tongue, and sometimes with admirable effect.

The present volume consists of pieces relating to the University of Cambridge, or written by members of that University. They have been collected from various sources, which need not here be specially recorded. Many are now printed for the first time from manuscripts preserved in the University Registry or in the hands of private individuals ; others are reprinted from rare pamphlets, which have long since been forgotten ; some few are taken from the "Cambridge Tart" and "Facetiæ Cantabrigienses," publications of small merit, which had a certain vogue in the early decades of the present century. The numerous University periodicals—of which more presently—*Punch*, and several other London journals, have been laid under contribution ; while not a little that is interesting has been selected from the biographies, as well as from the collected works, of many Cambridge men.

The journalistic fever seems to have laid hold upon Cambridge at a very early period. From the year 1750 until the present time there is an uninterrupted series of University magazines. With few exceptions they have been short-lived. The energy which called them into existence has soon evaporated. Perhaps a financial crisis has intervened ; or their conductors have taken their degrees and entered upon more serious pursuits. Some have languished for a term or two, while of others only a solitary number has appeared. Many of them, it must be acknowledged, are depressing reading. Priggishness and ineptitude generally predominate over hilarity and humour ; and only here and there does some bright parody or happy satire relieve the gloom.

That rare little volume, called *The Snob*, which fetches fabulous prices wherever it is met with, is, for example, more curious than entertaining. Yet, although its wit is forced and feeble, one lingers over it with interest, for

it contains what is probably Thackeray's first attempt at literary expression. This boyish production of the great novelist is a parody of a prize poem, entitled "Timbuctoo," which subject, grotesque enough in itself, was actually given out by the adjudicators of the Chancellor's English Medal, in 1829. As every one knows, the prize was carried off by Alfred Tennyson, whose serious effort has been lost in oblivion, while Thackeray's good-natured burlesque is still remembered. Twenty years after the appearance of *The Snob*, Thackeray published in "Pendennis" a fragment of another parody of a prize poem. This gibe of his later years is far more spirited than "Timbuctoo," and keeps far closer to the model of undergraduate heroic verse. The novelist, it will be remembered, gives an account of a volume of old Oxbridge tracts, prize poems, and declamations, and having described Jack's "despair and Byronic misanthropy," and Tom's "defence of suicide and republicanism generally," goes on: "Here is Bob, of the — Circuit, who has made a fortune in Railroad Committees, bellowing out with Tancred and Godfrey, 'On to the breach, ye soldiers of the cross, Scale the red wall and swim the choking foss. Ye dauntless archers, twang your cross-bows well; On, bill and battle-axe and mangonel! Ply battering-ram and hurtling catapult, Jerusalem is ours,—*id Deus vult.*' After which comes a mellifluous description of the gardens of Sharon and the maids of Salem, and a prophecy that roses shall deck the entire country of Syria, and a speedy reign of peace be established—all in undeniably decasyllabic lines, and the queerest aping of sense and sentiment and poetry."

But to return to our University periodicals. Close on the heels of *The Snob* came *The Gleaner*, in the conduct of which also Thackeray had a share. It is not more exhilarating than *The Snob*, and contains little but may be forgotten without care and without regret. The journals of

the next ten years may be passed over in silence. Indeed, it is not until 1839, when *The Cambridge University Magazine* was published, that we find a print that is worthy of consideration. G. Brimley, C. B. Wilcox, and W. M. W. Call were among the contributors to this magazine, and in it were published the "Characters of Freshmen," which are reprinted in the present volume.

"*The Oxford and Cambridge Magazine. Conducted by Members of the Two Universities*," which was published in 1856, was in some respects a memorable venture. It did not reflect the tone of the University so much as embody the tenets of a particular literary school, and we are therefore not immediately concerned with it. We cannot, however, leave it without a word, for Mr. William Morris was its editor, and among those who wrote in its pages were Messrs. Burne-Jones and D. G. Rossetti. Of a very different character was *The Lion University Magazine*, which appeared two years later. It was edited by H. R. Haweis, of Trinity College, and in spite of its modest outside its tone was almost as pretentious as its title. In fact, it was, as its editor frankly confesses, "a preposterous serial;" yet, in calling forth *The Bear* and the inimitable *Cambridge Dionysia*, both from the pen of G. O. Trevelyan, it more than justified its existence.

During the last thirty years journalistic energy has seldom flagged at Cambridge. Nearly every one has had its serial. They have not all displayed wit of the highest order, but there are two among them which merit almost unqualified praise. *The Tatler in Cambridge* contained an excellent collection of essays, while a more brilliant series of *jeux d'esprit* has rarely appeared than those which we can still enjoy in *The Light Green*. What Cambridge man is ignorant of "The Heathen Pass-ee"? Who does not know "The Vulture and the Husbandman"?

Many of the most amusing contributions to the University magazines are either imitations of the classics or parodies of modern writers. The authors of the earliest journals framed themselves on Addison and Steele. *The Student* (1750-1), *The Reformer* (1776), and *The Galvanist* (1804) contain much that is but a far-off echo of *The Spectator* or *The Tatler*. The poet most popular with parodists of this period was Gray, whose "Elegy" and whose "Bard" were distorted and perverted to innumerable uses. A typical parody of the latter will be found in Erskine's "Ode to the College Barber," which, however, was published in a London, not a Cambridge, journal. In more modern times, Lord Macaulay shares the honour with Tennyson and Swinburne of having provided the poets of Cambridge with the greatest amount of material for their burlesques. Of the "Lay of Horatius" parody after parody has appeared. Tom Taylor's spirited "Fight of the Crescent" and Mr. Bowling's "Battle of the Pons Trium Trojanorum" are perhaps the best.

Of the learned dons who have beguiled their leisure by writing satiric verse, the most distinguished are Porson, Mansel, and Shilleto. For many years before his death, which took place in 1808, Porson, who was Professor of Greek at Cambridge, enjoyed a unique reputation as a sayer and writer of good things. And, as was and is inevitable, countless repartees and epigrams were fathered upon him of which he was entirely guiltless. At this distance of time it is a difficult matter to determine which of the Porsonianæ are real, especially as the author of "The Sexagenarian," and Mr. Barker, of Thetford, who made it their business to collect them, have been incredibly loose and inexact in their ascription. A considerable number of poems, however, have been generally acknowledged to be his, and of these the majority are reprinted in the present

volume. A series of imitations of Horace by him were published in *The Morning Chronicle*, to which, says the author of "The Pursuits of Literature," Porson "gave up what he owed to the world."

At the end of the last century and the beginning of the present, the pen of William Lort Mansel, afterwards Master of Trinity and Bishop of Bristol, was the terror of Cambridge. Though he was Public Orator of the University, the holder of a rich living, and a Doctor of Divinity, he lampooned everybody, high or low, and that in such scurrilous and indecent fashion, that he was obliged, for the most part, to clothe his effusions in the decent obscurity of a learned language, and, like Sir Benjamin Backbite, "to circulate them in manuscript among the friends of the parties." He was well described by a contemporary as

"The Churchman's shame, the Scholar's scorn,
Lampoon and epigram in lawn."

Many of his verses have been handed down in manuscript, and may still be recovered, but the most of them are unfit for modern print.

Richard Shilleto, perhaps the greatest Greek scholar of the century, belongs to a later age than Porson or Mansel. Yet in some ways he may be regarded as the representative of a class of dons long since extinct. For many years it was his habit to throw off short poems in English, Latin, or Greek on whatever was happening in Cambridge. A large number of these epigrams he sent to the Registry, accompanying many of them with a characteristic letter. Fortunately they have been preserved in the Registry, where they remain to testify to the wit and humour, as well as to the calligraphy, of their author. Of his handwriting, in fact, Shilleto was particularly proud, and in that respect, as well as in scholarship, he could justly lay claim to rival Porson. He possessed an unrivalled

mastery over Greek, and his most brilliant productions are, no doubt, imitations of Aristophanes. At the same time, many epigrams, and his epitaph "In Memoriam Roberti Bendall, Tonsorum Ultimi," are sufficient evidence of the felicity of his English style.

The staff of *Punch* has often been recruited from Cambridge. The consequence is, that in the pages of that periodical are to be found many pieces of peculiar interest to Cambridge men. It was in *Punch* that Tom Taylor published his "Fight of the Crescent," as well as that admirable parody of Tennyson, "The Laureate's Bust;" while in the same journal are to be found Thackeray's "Sentiments on the Cambridge Election" and his "Address to Prince Albert."

The prevailing characteristic of all these is their *shoppi-ness*. With few exceptions, their interest is purely local. But this by no means detracts from their value. Taken together, they throw a flood of light on the history of the University during the last two centuries. Scarcely a single great movement has taken place without suggesting a jocular ballad to an undergraduate or a junior don. The eccentricities of few have escaped the satiric eye. If a contest takes place between dean and students on the chapel question, or between Whigs and Tories at an election, it is in a copy of verses that the memory of the struggle is perpetuated. Similarly, when the introduction of the natural and moral sciences into the university curriculum, the celibacy of fellows, or the education of women, have been endlessly discussed in speeches or reviews, and finally voted upon in the Senate House, a contemporary parody remains our best record of the whole matter. Many a don, too, whose name would otherwise be only associated with a dry mathematical treatise, lives again in the kindly jestings of the satirist; while, if we want information as to the manners

and customs of past generations of Cambridge men, it is in the University *jeux d'esprit* that we shall find it. And so, quite apart from literary merit, which is not often of the highest order, the present collection may be said to form a light-hearted history of the University.

What strikes us most forcibly, in these records of University life, is the persistence of the various types of Cambridge men. Such external circumstances as the hour of dinner in hall, the costume of undergraduates, the studies prescribed by the University authorities,—all these have been altered from time to time. The very aspect of the town itself has undergone a complete transformation. Nor has the social system of Cambridge remained uniform. Since the time of Gunning, who gives a graphic picture of University life at the end of the last and the beginning of the present century, everything has marvellously changed.

When communication between Cambridge and the outside world was by coach only, the University existed almost entirely for itself and by itself. The society of the heads of houses and elderly dons was rigorously exclusive, all students but a few favoured fellow-commoners being kept without its pale. In fact, William Frere, who was appointed master of Downing in 1812, was the first to break down the reserve of donnishness, and to admit undergraduates within the charmed circle of what may be termed "University society." Notwithstanding this severe system of caste, there was a good deal that was primitive in Cambridge life at the beginning of the present century. For instance, there were no public conveyances in the place, and there was only one umbrella, which was kept in a shop in Benet Street, and let out by the hour! The town was neither paved nor lighted, and the proposal to place lamps in the streets met with the fiercest opposition. Both dons and townspeople were

apprehensive lest, if lamps were erected in the streets, the undergraduates should mark their progress through the town with broken glass, and that the fights between the "town" and "gown" would recur, as persons would easily recognize their enemies by the light of the lamps, and would not pass by without quarrelling. Again, the majority of dons were untouched by foreign influences, and eccentricities of conduct or manner were by no means uncommon. George Pryme, in his "Recollections," says that Dr. Glynn, a fellow of King's, "usually wore a scarlet cloak and three-cornered hat, and carried a gold-headed cane. He also used pattens in rainy weather." Another effect of secluded life was that the dons were uninfluenced by any healthy public opinion; and though they were ever ready to punish the undergraduate for the slightest breach of discipline, there are few vices in which they themselves did not indulge. If we may believe Gunning, they were not only uncouth, sottish, and immoral, but, what was in Gunning's eyes a far worse sin, they did not scruple, "as examiners, for the sake of making money, to assign the highest honours in the power of the University to bestow, not on the *most deserving*, but on those who had been fortunate enough to avail themselves of their instruction as *Private Tutors*."

It will be seen, from what we have said, that a far-reaching revolution has taken place in Cambridge, and yet the men of to-day differ but little from their predecessors of a century, or even two centuries, ago. Life is now lived amid very different surroundings; but, after all, the types of "men," the characteristics of the various colleges, the very slang of the place, are much the same as they always have been. The same stories against the dons, which amused our great-grandfathers in their first term, are told to the freshmen of to-day as entirely modern. There is one apposite

illustration of the recurrence of University myths which may be quoted here. For some years a story has been told of a certain don, to the effect that, coming home from dinner one night, he fell into the "run" in Trumpington Street. A passer-by hastened to help him on to his feet again, whereupon he declined the proffered aid on the ground that he could swim. A precisely similar occurrence is said to have taken place in 1794 (Gunning's "Reminiscences," i. 320). In those days it need scarcely be said the "run" was not in existence. But along the front of Pembroke College, between that building and the site now occupied by the Pitt Press, ran a watercourse, which divided the street into two very unequal parts. The sides of the channel were boarded, and it was crossed by two very narrow bridges. "It was reported of a senior wrangler"—so Gunning tells the tale—"who became afterwards one of our most distinguished Chancery lawyers, that, in crossing the bridge to sup with a friend on the evening of taking his degree, he fell into the stream, and would not suffer the passers-by to pull him out, as 'he could swim.' He always pleaded guilty to the charge of falling in, but stoutly denied he had ever thought it necessary to swim in order to extricate himself."

The perpetuity of anecdotes is remarkable enough; yet no less remarkable is the uniformity of the types of undergraduates. The "rowing" man—who, by the way, has nothing to do with the river—is still in existence, though he has changed his name to "rowdy." Another type, the "lounger," is thus sketched in *The Student* (published 1750): "In every college there is a set of idle persons called Loungers, whose whole business it is to fly from the painful task of thinking. These are ready to catch at every young fellow at his first admission, and imperceptibly teach him to saunter away his time in the same idle, spiritless manner with themselves. Whomsoever

these *Remoras* of a college adhere to, they instantly benumb to all sense of reputation or desire of learning." In *The Spectator* (No. 54), the "loungers" are said to be "a sect of philosophers," and the following are quoted as some of their maxims: "The fundamental maxim, upon which their whole system is built, is this, viz. That Time being an implacable enemy to and destroyer of all things, ought to be paid in his own coin, and be destroyed and murdered without mercy, by all the ways that can be invented. Another favourite saying of theirs is, That business was designed only for knaves, and study for blockheads. A third seems to be a ludicrous one, but has a great effect upon their lives; and is this, That the devil is at home." The class of "loungers" thus described is just as familiar to us, though under another name, as it was to *The Spectator* and to Christopher Smart. The modern fritterer differs in some respects from his prototype. He strums the piano, while his predecessor "blew a tune on his flute." His predecessor amused himself by reading "plays," or the novels of Aphra Behn, while he contents himself with inferior translations from the French. The old-fashioned loungee "toped all the night, as he trifled all day;" the modern loungee is "æsthetic," and discusses sonatas over cups of tea. With these differences, the loungee is still among us and distinctly recognizable. There is yet another type to be described, and that is the ultra-Evangelical. For many years, in the days of "T and B"—"Tea and Bible," the name given to the Evangelical meetings by the opponents of the movement—he was known as a Simeonite, or "Sim;" now he is called a "Pi-man." He has changed his name; but his character endures for ever.

A similar incorruptibility is a quality in University slang. The "*Gradus ad Cantabrigiam*" might still be found of considerable service to the undergraduate, although it was

published as long ago as 1803. A writer in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for 1794 complains of the prevalence of slang in Cambridge. Then, as now, the undergraduate "sported his oak," "kept his terms," or "cut his lecture."

Other points of similarity are to be noted. As far back as our records extend, proctors and dons are considered the natural enemies of undergraduates. Thomas Randolph's "Fall of the Mitre Tavern," which was written in 1633, the year before the author died, concludes with a reference to "bugbear Proctors," and who shall say that their tradition has suffered change? Another feud, that between "town" and "gown," seems to be almost as old as Cambridge itself, and it has given rise to many a well-fought fight and many a stirring ballad. Of late years, however, the common sense of both parties has almost extinguished it.

The result of this conservatism of type and slang is that in some respects our Cambridge poems seldom seem quite out of date. In nearly every case they present some picture or refer to some circumstance with which we of the nineteenth century are more or less in touch.

The various colleges in Cambridge, no less than the undergraduates of which they are composed, have always had distinct characteristics of their own. Some have retained them generation after generation, while others have at different times assumed different characters. A fine sense of dignity has always pervaded the "tufts" of Trinity. At every period of their history they have been conscious, and no doubt justly so, of their supremacy in the University world. Nor is evidence of this proud consciousness lacking.

"Yet weep not, Caius men, in your lowly den ;
Well may ye envy Trinity her men,"

writes the author of the "New Caius Gown" in 1835. In

the "Extraordinary Mathematical Discovery" (1838) a still more arrogant tone is adopted. The author of that leaflet speaks of the "many small planetary bodies which revolve at various distances round the glorious and brilliant sun of Trinity College, and which are commonly known by the name of minor establishments or smaller colleges." In recent years the small colleges have done much to assert themselves, and Trinity can scarcely lay claim to-day to the unique position which it once occupied.

For some reason or other St. John's has never been popular in the University world. The members of other colleges have set forth their opinion of it in no measured terms. Such expressions as "Johnian Sty," and "Johnian Hogs," are the commonplaces of University poets. This is the more strange, because one of the most familiar references to the "Johnian" in English literature is in the kindly verse of Praed :

"Sit in the Vicar's seat : you'll hear
The doctrine of a gentle Johnian,
Whose hand is white, whose tone is clear,
Whose phrase is very Ciceronian."

This passage, however, can scarcely be taken as an apotheosis of the Johnnians generally. It is probable that Praed had in his mind one member of St. John's, whose manners were gentle and speech refined, or was a slave to the exigencies of his rhyme. On the other hand, we could bring forward quotation after quotation to prove that the Johnnians have been known as the *grex porcorum*, "the herd of swine," from time immemorial. Their college is constantly termed "the sty," the bands of velvet which distinguish their gown are known as "crackling," while a piece of ground between Trinity and St. John's has been called the "Lithmus of Sues." The origin of these taunts is wrapt in

mystery, and though several explanations have been offered none can be regarded as entirely satisfactory. "The Johnian Hogs," says a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1796, "were remarkable on account of the squalid figures and low habits of the students, and especially the sizars, of St. John's College." Another authority in the same magazine indignantly rejects this suggestion. "Your Cantab oracle," he says, "is *toto coelo* mistaken as to the appellation of 'Johnian Hogs;' his interpretation is, on the face of it, improbable. It arose from the squalid figures of the students, says he! Lo! on the contrary, it is proverbial to be as fat as a hog. Forty years ago I was a scholar of St. John's. A clergyman, who had thirty years before that time been a fellow of that college, told me the real story, which is ridiculous. A gateway opens into a bye-road between that college and Trinity Chapel, that leads to St. John's walks; and in the corner of the first court, facing the entrance to the chapel, is a passage leading out to that bye-road. A young wag of that college saw a countryman driving a sow and young pigs to market; the youth suddenly seized a little pig, whipt it under his gown, ran down the bye-road, turned into the passage, and went up to his chamber, where his chum was then at study. The countryman pursued, and saw the youth enter the passage, but, having lost him there, went through it into the outer court of the college. The wag saw him gaping and gazing in great amazement; then opening his window, held up the pig, and, pinching one ear, made it squeak. Clodpate immediately made an outcry; the servants of the college assembled about him, and undertook to show him the room; but the youth muffled up the pig, ran up to the top of the stairs, and, getting out upon the leads between the roof and parapet wall, proceeded along quite round to the bell-turret, and there observed the countryman's

motions. Clodpate in the interim entered the chamber, but there found only the chum at his books. 'Where,' says he, 'is the other young man with my pig?' 'What pig?' says the student. 'There is no other person here but myself.' The chamber was strictly searched, but quite in vain. Clodpate in despair returned down into the court. The wag, seeing this, went back to his chamber, exhibiting the pig once more at the window, and then eloped as before; while hue-and-cry was again made, but still in vain. At length the wag, espying Clodpate proceeding to the master's lodge, descended the bell-turret, went out at the gate, dropped down the pig unperceived, and retired quite unconcerned into the Johnian coffee-house in the opposite churchyard. Presently the pig was heard squeaking about the street. But the college was ever afterwards denominated the Circaean sty" (*Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. lxx. p. 107). This is somewhat far-fetched, and perhaps, after all, the Johnians were only called "Hogs" because they were fond of good living. We know that in Praed's times there were "gourmands" at St. John's.

"And yet you think I'm growing thinner;
 You'd stare to see me eat my dinner!
 You know that I was held by all
 The greatest epicure in Hall,
 And that the voice of Granta's sons
 Styled me the gourmand of St. John's."

And the Johnians of to-day do not disguise the pride which they take in the excellence of their "Hall."

Caius has always been known as a place of good eating. Innumerable passages might be quoted in support of this assertion, but we will content ourselves with one or two. Christopher Smart, writing in 1750, speaks of

"The sons of ordinary Kays
 Smiling from the eternal treat;"

while in 1838 the author of the "New Caius Gown" asks :

"Know ye the college where men never shine
In aught but in quaffing the juice of the vine?"

Magdalene has undergone a strange revolution. At the end of the eighteenth century it was full of Simeonites, and was given over to prayer-meetings and other evangelical pursuits. Its members, however, have by this time succeeded in living down that reputation. And so it is with the other colleges ; but the examples we have quoted are enough to illustrate the fact that each institution has a corporate life and character of its own.

This brings us to another point of no little interest and some obscurity. It is a well-known fact that savage men believe that there is a close kinship between themselves and the lower animals. Many tribes, in fact, "regard themselves as being descended from kangaroos, cockatoos, emus, pelicans, and other animals." A similar belief seems to have existed at Cambridge in what we may term its savage period. At any rate, there are distinct traces of a survival of it to-day. Trinity men were once known as "bull-dogs," Johnians as "hogs," while the members of Clare, St. Catharine's, and Sidney were called "greyhounds," "doves," and "owls," respectively. It must be admitted that Cambridge is gradually outgrowing the condition of totemism. With one exception these tribal names have disappeared. The members of St. John's College are still called "hogs," but commonplace appellations have now replaced "bull-dogs," "greyhounds," and the rest. It is as difficult to discover the origin of these names as it is to explain totemism itself. A philological explanation, which would no doubt commend itself to the supporters of the theory that "mythology is a disease of language,"

but which we reject as trivial, has been suggested for the “doves” of St. Catharine’s. It is said that the members of St. Catharine’s Hall were first of all called “Puritans,” from the derivation of the name of their patroness from *καθαίρειν*. The dove being the emblem of purity, to change a name from “Puritans” to “doves” was but one short step.

We have arranged our reprints in order of dates. Any one who reads them consecutively will find the history of the University referred to with tolerable completeness.

IN CAP AND GOWN,



ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER,

WHO SICKENED IN THE TIME OF HIS VACANCY, BEING FORBID
TO GO TO LONDON, BY REASON OF THE PLAGUE.

Thomas Hobson, the carrier, to whom Milton's two poems refer, was born in 1544, and died in 1630. An account of him is given in the "Spectator" (No. 509), where he is said to have been "the first in this island to let out hackney-horses." For many years he carried on this trade, and was so persistent in declining to allow a horse to go out of its turn, that he gave rise to the proverb "Hobson's choice." His house stood at the north end of the grove of St. Catherine's College, and the yard and stables extended for some distance to the west over the site of the present chapel. Of the several extant portraits of him, one by John Payne represents him holding a money-bag, and has this inscription :

"Laugh not to see so plaine a man in print ;
The Shadow's homely, yet ther's something in't.
Witnes the Bagg he wears, (though seeming poore)
The fertile Mother of a thousand more ;
He was a thriving man, through lawfull Gain,
And wealthy grew by warrantable paine.
Then laugh at them that spend, not them that gather,
Like thriveing Sommes of such a thrifty Father."

Milton, who was admitted to Christ's College in 1625, spent a good many years at Cambridge. One curious tradition with regard to his University career is preserved in Johnson's "Life of Milton." "There is reason to believe," writes Johnson, "that Milton was regarded in his college with no great fondness. That he obtained no fellowship is certain ;

but the unkindness with which he was treated was not only negative. I am ashamed to relate what I fear is true, that Milton was one of the last students in either University who suffered the public indignity of corporal punishment."

HERE lies old Hobson. Death hath broke his girt,
 And here, alas ! hath laid him in the dirt ;
 Or else, the ways being foul, twenty to one
 He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
 'Twas such a shifter, that if truth were known,
 Death was half glad when he had got him down ;
 For he had, any time this ten years full,
 Dodg'd with him betwixt Cambridge and *The Bull*.
 And surely Death could never have prevail'd,
 Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd ;
 But lately, finding him so long at home,
 And thinking now his journey's end was come,
 And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,
 In the kind office of a chamberlin,
 Show'd him his room where he must lodge that night,
 Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light.
 If any ask for him, it shall be said,
 "Hobson has supp'd, and 's newly gone to bed."

ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

Here lieth one who did most truly prove
 That he could never die while he could move ;
 So hung his destiny, never to rot
 While he might still jog on and keep his trot ;
 Made of sphere-metal, never to decay
 Until his revolution was at stay.
 Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
 'Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time ;

And, like an engine moved with wheel and weight,
His principles being ceased, he ended straight.
Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death,
And too much breathing put him out of breath ;
Nor were it contradiction to affirm
Too long vacation hasten'd on his term.
Merely to drive the time away he sicken'd,
Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quicken'd.
“Nay,” quoth he, on his swooning bed outstretch'd,
“If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetch'd ;
But vow, though the cross doctors all stood hearers,
For one carrier put down to make six bearers.”
Ease was his chief disease ; and to judge right,
He died for heaviness that his cart went light ;
His leisure told him that his time was come,
And lack of load made his life burdensome.
That e'en to his last breath (there be that say 't),
As he were press'd to death, he cried, “More weight !”
But had his doings lasted as they were,
He had been an immortal carrier.
Obedient to the moon he spent his date
In course reciprocal, and had his fate
Link'd to the mutual flowing of the seas ;
Yet, strange to think, his wain was his increase.
His letters are deliver'd all, and gone ;
Only remains this superscription.

JOHN MILTON.

ON THE FALL OF THE MITRE TAVERN IN CAMBRIDGE.

Thomas Randolph, the author of this and the following poem, entered Trinity College in 1623, at the age of nineteen. He afterwards obtained a fellowship and commenced Master of Arts, in which degree he was incorporated at Oxford. He died in 1634. The two poems given here were first printed in "A Crew of Kind London Gossips" (1663). The Mitre Tavern stood at the south end of the site now occupied by the screen of King's College. This fact is referred to in the tenth stanza; Eton's "own College," of course, being King's. The fire took place in 1633, but the house was shortly after rebuilt, and was a popular resort of undergraduates in the time of Smart. Randolph, in "Aristippus and the Conceited Pedlar," makes the following reference to the alehouses of Cambridge: "Generous gentlemen, such is my affection to Phœbus, and the ninetie-nine Muses, that for the benefit of this Royal Universitie, I have strodled over three terrestriall globes with my geometricall rambling, viz. the Asia of the Dolphin, the Afrique of the Rose, the America of the Mitre, besides the terra incognita of many an Alehouse." In another passage he calls Hamon, Wolfe, and Farlowe, the landlords of the Dolphin, Rose, and Mitre, respectively, "the three best Tutors in the Universities."

LAMENT, lament, ye Scholars all,
Each wear his blackest Gown,
The Mitre, that held up your wits,
Is now itself faln down.

The dismal fire on London Bridge
Can move no heart of mine :
For that but o'er the water stood,
But this stood o'er the wine.

It needs must melt each Christian heart
That this sad newes but hears,
To think how the good Hogsheads wept
Good Sack, and Claret tears.

The zealous students of the place
Change of Religion fear,
That this mischance may soon bring in
A heresie of beer.

Unhappy Mitre ! I would know
The cause of this sad hap :
Came it by making legs too low
To *Pembroke's* Cardinal Cap ?¹

Then know thyself, and cringe no more,
Since Popery went down,
That Cap should vail to thee, for now
The Mitre's next the Crown !

Or was't because our company
Did not frequent your Cell,
As we were wont, to cure these cares
Thou fox'dst thyself, and fell ?

No, sure, the Devil was adry,
And caus'd this fatal blow ;
'Twas he that made the Cellar sink,
That he might drink below !

¹THE Cardinal's Cap was the sign of a tavern which stood opposite Pembroke College, where the Pitt Press now is, and was still in existence at the end of the eighteenth century.

Yet, though some say, the Devil did it,
That he might drink up all ;
I rather think the Pope was drunk,
And let his Mitre fall.

Lament, ye Eton conjurers,
The want of skill acknowledge :
To let your Tavern fall, which stood
At th' walls of your own College.

Let the Rose with the Falcon molt,
While Sam¹ enjoys his wishes ;
The Dolphin too must cast her Crown :
Wine was not made for Fishes.

That Sign a Tavern best becomes,
That shows who loves Wine best ;
The Mitre's then the only Sign,
For that's the scholar's Crest.

Then drink sack, Sam, and cheer thy heart :
Be not dismay'd at all :
For we will drink it up again,
Though ourselves do catch a fall.

We'll be thy workmen day and night,
In spite of bugbear Proctors :
We drank like freshmen all before,
But now we'll drink like doctors.

THOMAS RANDOLPH.

¹ The landlord.

THE TOWNSMEN'S PETITION OF CAMBRIDGE.

We have been unable to discover the date of the dispute between the Town and Gown referred to in the "Townsmen's Petition," nor do we know the precise ground of quarrel. There is, however, no doubt that, in the early part of the seventeenth century, the townsmen of Cambridge thought they had a grievance, and were anxious, by adding to their own dignity, to cope with the arrogance (supposed or real) of the undergraduates. Another form of Randolph's, which, like the one given here, is printed in "A Crew of Kind London Gossips" (1663), begins:

"The Town of Cambridge now
They say shall be a City."

Now Scholars look unto it,
For you will all be undon ;
For the last week, you know it,
The Towns-men rid to *London* :
The Mayor, if he thrives,
Hath promised, on his word,
The King a pair of Knives,
If he'll give him a Sword ;
That he may put the Beadles down.
And walk in worship here,
And kill all Scholars in the town
That thus do domineer.
And then unto the Court
They do themselves repair,
To make the King some sport.
And all his Nobles there.

He down upon his knee,
Both he and they together ;
A Sword, he cryes, good King give me,
That I may cut a feather.
There's none at all I have at home,
Will fit my hand, I swear ;
But one of yours will best become
A Sword to domineer.
These Scholars keep such wrecks,
As makes us all afeard,
That if to them a Towns-man speaks,
They will pull off his beard :
But if your Grace such licence gives,
Then let us all be dead,
If each of us had not as lieve
He should pull off his head.
They call us silly drunkards too,
We know not why, nor where ;
All this, and more than this, they do,
'Cause they will domineer.
A speech if I do make,
That hath much learning in't,
A Scholar comes to take,
And sets it out in print ;
We dare not touch them for our lives,
Good King, have pity on us,
For first they play upon our Wives,
And then make songs upon us.
Would we had power to put,
And turn on them the jeer ;
Then we would do the best we could,
But we would domineer.
They stand much on their wit,
We know not what it is,

But surely, had we liked it,
 We had got some of this.
But since it will no better be,
 We are constrain'd to frame
Petitions to your Majesty,
 These witty ones to tame.
A sword would scare them all, I say,
 And put them in great fear ;
A sword of you, good King, we pray,
 That we may domineer.
Which if your Grace permits,
 We'll make them look about 'em ;
But yet they have such pleasant wits,
 We cannot live without 'em.
They have such pretty arguments,
 To run upon our score ;
They say fair words, and good intents
 Are worth twice as much more.
And that a clown is highly grac't,
 To sit a Scholar near ;
And thus we are like fools out-fac't,
 And they do domineer.
Now if you will renew
 To us your Grace's Charter,
We'll give a ribbon blew
 To some Knight of the Garter.
A Cap also we want,
 And Maintenance much more ;
And yet these Scholars brag and vaunt,
 As if they had good store.
But not a penny we can see,
 Save once in twice 7 year :
They say it is no policy,
 Drunkards should domineer.

Now reason, reason cries, Alas,
 Good Lord-lings, mark it well,
A Scholar told me that it was
 A perfect parallel.
Their case and ours so equal stand
 As in a way-scale true,
A pound of Candles on each hand,
 Will neither higher shew.
Then prithee listen to my speech,
 As thou shalt after hear :
And then I doubt it not, my Liege,
 But we shall domineer.
Vice-Chancellors they have,
 And we have Mayors wise,
With Proctors and with Taskers grave,
 Our Bayliffs you may size :
Their silver Staves keep much adoe,
 Much more our silver Maces ;
And some think that our Serjeant too,
 Their Beadle-Squires out-faces.
And if we had a Sword I think
 Along the street to bear,
'Twould make the proudest of them shrink,
 And we should domineer :
They've Patrons of Nobility,
 And we have our partakers ;
They've Doctors of Divinity,
 And we have Basket-makers :
Their Heads, our brethren dear,
 Their Fellows, our householders
Shall match them, and we think to bear
 Them down by head and shoulders.
A sword give us, O King, we pray,
 That we may top them there ;

Since every Dog must have its day,
Let us once domineer.
When they had made the King to laugh,
And see one kiss his hand ;
Then little mirth they make, as if
His mind they understand.
Avoid the room, an Usher cries,
The King will private sup ;
And so they all came down like fools,
As they before went up.
They cry'd, God bless his Majesty ;
And then no doubt they sware,
They'll have the Town made a City,
And here so domineer.
But wot ye what the King did think,
And what his meaning was ;
I vow unto you by this drink,
A rare device he has :
His Majesty hath pen'd it,
That they'll be ne're the better ;
And so he means to send it,
All in a Latine Letter,
Which when it comes for to be read,
It plainly will appear,
The Townsmen they must hang the head,
And the Scholars must domineer.

THOMAS RANDOLPH.

ON THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE'S
BURNING THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH'S
PICTURE, 1685, WHO WAS FORMERLY
THEIR CHANCELLOR.

IN ANSWER TO THIS QUESTION—

“Sed quid
Turba Remi? sequitur fortunam et semper et odit
Damnatos.”

On July 3, 1685, it was ordered, by a grace of the Senate, that the picture of the Duke of Monmouth, which had been taken down from the Senate House on his being deprived of the Chancellorship in 1682, should be burnt by the Yeoman Bedel; and on the 11th of the same month another grace was passed, ordering that the duke's name should be taken out of all catalogues of University officers. This action on the part of the Senate suggested the following verses, which were written by George Stepney, and published in the “State Poems” (1697). George Stepney was educated at Westminster and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his degree as B.A. in 1685. After leaving Cambridge he deserted the muses for politics, and died in 1707. The Vice-Chancellor referred to in the poem was Dr. Blythe, Master of Clare Hall, while Tite Tillet is Titus Tillet, the Yeoman Bedel. In the University accounts for the year ending Michaelmas, 1685, is found the following entry, “To Titus Tillet, for portorage and faggots to burne Monmouth's picture in the Schooles, 10s. 0d.”

YES, fickle Cambridge, Perkins found this true,
Both from your Rabble and your Doctors too,
With what applause you once receiv'd his Grace,
And begg'd a Copy of his Godlike Face;
But when the sage Vice-Chancellor was sure

The Original in Limbo lay secure,
As greasy as himself he sends a Lictor
To vent his Loyal Malice on the Picture.
The Beadle's Wife endeavours all she can
To save the Image of the tall young man,
Which she so oft when pregnant did embrace,
That with strong thoughts she might improve her race :
But all in vain, since the wise House conspire
To damn the *Canvas Traytor* to the Fire,
Lest it, like Bones of *Scanderbeg*, incite
Scythe-men next Harvest to renew the fight.

Then in comes Mayor *Eagle*, and does gravely alledge,
He'll subscribe (if he can) for a bundle of Sedge ;
But the man of *Clare-hall* that proffer refuses,
'Snigs, he'll be beholden to none but the Muses :
And orders ten Porters to bring the dull Reams
On the Death of good *Charles*, and Crowning of *James* ;
And swears he will borrow of the Provost more stuff
On the Marriage of Ann, if that ben't enough.
The Heads lest he get all the profit t' himself
(Too greedy of honour, too lavish of pelf)
This motion deny, and vote that *Tite Tillet*
Should gather from each noble Doctor a Billet.
The Kindness was common, and so they'd return it,
The Gift was to all, all therefore would burn it :
Thus joining their Stocks for a Bonfire together,
As they club for a Cheese in the Parish of *Cheddar* ;
Confusedly crowd on the Sophs and the Doctors,
The Hangman, the Townsman, their Wives and the Proctors,
While the Troops from each part of the Countries in all,
Come to quaff his Confusion in Bumpers of stale.
But *Rosalin*, never unkind to a Duke,
Does by her absence their folly rebuke,
The tender Creature could not see his fate,

With whom she 'ad danc'd a Minuet so late.
The Heads, who never could hope for such frames,
Out of envy condemn'd Sixscore pounds to the flames,
Then his Air was too proud, and his Features amiss,
As if being a Traytor had alter'd his Phiz :
So the Rabble of Rome, whose favour ne'er settles,
Melt down their Sejanus to Pots and Brass Kettles.

GEORGE STEPNEY.

EPIGRAM.

In 1715 George I. purchased from Dr. Moore, Bishop of Ely, a collection of thirty thousand volumes, and presented them to the University of Cambridge. By this munificent gift the number of books in the University Library was more than doubled. About the same time a troop of horse was sent to Oxford to arrest Colonel Owen and some other Jacobites. When the king's present was sent to Cambridge, the following epigram appeared from the pen of an Oxford man, probably Dr. Joseph Trapp, or Tom Wharton the elder.

KING GEORGE, observing with judicious eyes
The state of both his Universities,
To Oxford sent a troop of horse ; and why ?
That learned body wanted loyalty.
To Cambridge books he sent, as well discerning
How much that loyal body wanted learning.

Sir Thomas Browne, of St. Peter's College, a Whig, and the founder of the Epigram matils, retorted with these lines, which, according to Mr. Threlk, were improved in answer to Dr. Johnson's glorification of Oxford:

The king to Oxford sent a troop of horse,
For Tories know no argument but force ;
With equal skill to Cambridge books he sent.
For Whigs admit no force but argument.

“ANGUSTAM AMICE PAUPERIEM PATI.”

Dr. Richard Bentley (1662–1742), classical scholar and critic, came of a family of Yorkshire yeomen. In 1676, when only fourteen years of age, he entered St. John's College, Cambridge, and graduated as B.A. in 1680. For some years he acted as tutor to the son of Bishop Stillingfleet, whose chaplain he became, on his ordination, in 1690. In 1697 he published his famous “Dissertation” on the letters of Phalaris, which concluded a controversy of some years' duration with the Hon. Charles Boyle. In 1699 he was appointed Master of Trinity College, on which occasion he is said to have quoted the text, “By the help of my God have I leaped over the wall,” alluding to the proximity of Trinity and St. John's Colleges. For the next thirty-eight years he was engaged in an acrimonious warfare with the fellows of his college, into the merits of which we need not here enter.

We give the solitary specimen of his poetical composition, praised by Dr. Johnson as “the forcible verses of a man of a strong mind, but not accustomed to write verse; for there is some uncouthness in the expression.” The verses were written in 1722, as a parody on an undergraduate's imitation of Horace's ode, “Angustam amice pauperiem pati,” in which the happiness of a student's career was extolled. The poem was originally printed in “The Grove,” 8vo, London, 1721.

Woodward, referred to in line 8, is Dr. Woodward, who by his will, dated 1727, founded and endowed the Woodwardian professorship of geology. Whiston, who is chosen by Bentley as a typical theologian, had, when these verses were written, been recently expelled from the University for holding Arian views.

WHO strives to mount Parnassus' hill,
And thence poetic laurels bring,
Must first acquire due force and skill,
Must fly with swan's, or eagle's, wing.

Who Nature's treasures would explore
 Her mysteries and arcana know,
 Must high, as lofty NEWTON, soar,
 Must stoop, as delving WOODWARD, low.

Who studies ancient laws and rites,
 Tongues, arts, and arms, all history,
 Must drudge, like SELDEN, days and nights,
 And in the endless labour die.

Who travels in religious jars,
 Truth mixed with errors, shade with rays,
 Like WHISTON, wanting pyx and stars,
 In ocean wide or sinks, or strays.

But grant, our hero's hopes, long toil,
 And comprehensive genius, crown,
 All sciences, all arts, his spoil,
 Yet what reward, or what renown?

ENVY innate in vulgar souls,
 Envy steps in, and stops his rise;
 Envy with poison'd tarnish fouls
 His lustre, and his worth decries

Inglorious, or by wants enthrall'd,
 To college, and old books, confin'd
 A pedant from his learning call'd,
 Dunces advanc'd, he's left behind:
 Yet left content, a genuine Stoic he,
 Great without patron, rich without South Sea.

RICHARD BENTLEY.

UPON DR. BENTLEY, MASTER OF
TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

It is said that, in 1724, Bentley, on going to chapel, found the lock of the master's stall so rusty that it would not open. This incident lent colour to the charge, brought against him some years later, that for a long time he had never once attended chapel. The verses here quoted, which were written at the time the incident happened, are printed in Granger and Noble's "Biographical History of England," vol. iii. (1806). A soph, or, to be more precise, a senior soph, is an undergraduate in his last year.

ZOILUS, tir'd with turning o'er
Dull indexes, a precious store,
For ease to chapel took his way,
Resolv'd to take a nap or pray.
Proceeding slow in solemn state,
Forward he marches to his seat.
But, oh ! the lock, long since disus'd,
T' admit the holy man refus'd !
The virger tugs with fruitless pains,
The rust invincible remains.
Who can describe his woful plight,
Plac'd thus in view, in fullest light,
A spectacle of mirth, expos'd
To sneering friends and giggling foes.
Then first, as 'tis from fame receiv'd,
(But fame can't always be believed,)

A blush, the sign of new-born grace,
Gleamed through the horrors of his face.
He held it shameful to retreat,
And worse, to take a lower seat.
The virger soon, with nimble round,
At once vaults o'er the wooden mound,
And gives the door a furious knock,
Which forced the disobedient lock.
Then Zoilus ent'ring in confusion,
His elbows placing on a cushion,
Devoutly loll'd in musing deep,
Unable now to pray or sleep,
Some words imperfect mumbled o'er :
The wicked Sophs declare he swore,
'That none should e'er for seven years' space
Again behold him in that place.
What then ? 'tis plain, in strictest truth,
Religiously he kept his oath.

THE CANTAB.

Vincent Bourne, who, as a writer of Latin verse, had no rival among his contemporaries, was educated at Westminster and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his B.A. degree in 1717. He was afterwards Cowper's master at Westminster; and Cowper, who, as he said, "had an affection for the memory of Vinny Bourne," translated a considerable number of his poems into English. Charles Lamb, too, had a sincere admiration for Bourne, and Englished some of the most polished of his verses. We reprint here two of Cowper's translations, and one of Lamb's.

WITH two spurs or one, and no great matter which,
 Boots bought, or boots borrow'd, a whip or a switch,
 Five shillings or less for the hire of his beast,
 Paid part into hand :—you must wait for the rest.
 Thus equipt, Academicus climbs up his horse,
 And out they both sally for better or worse ;
 His heart void of fear, and as light as a feather ;
 And in violent haste to go not knowing whither :
 Through the fields and the towns (see !) he scampers along,
 And is look'd at and laugh'd at by old and by young.
 Till at length overspent, and his sides smear'd with blood,
 Down tumbles his horse, man and all in the mud.
 In a waggon or chaise shall he finish his route ?
 Oh ! scandalous fate ! he must do it on foot.

Young gentlemen, hear !—I am older than you !
 The advice that I give I have proved to be true :
 Wherever your journey may be, never doubt it,
 The faster you ride, you're the longer about it.

VINCENT BOURNE (translated by W. COWPER).

*SPARROWS SELF-DOMESTICATED IN
TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.*

NONE ever shared the social feast,
Or as an inmate or a guest,
Beneath the celebrated dome
Where once Sir Isaac had his home,
Who saw not (and with some delight
Perhaps he view'd the novel sight)
How numerous, at the tables there,
The sparrows beg their daily fare.
For there, in every nook and cell
Where such a family may dwell,
Sure as the vernal season comes
Their nest they weave in hopes of crumbs,
Which kindly given, may serve with food
Convenient their unfeather'd brood ;
And oft as with its summons clear
The warning bell salutes their ear,
Sagacious listeners to the sound,
They flock from all the fields around,
To reach the hospitable hall,
None more attentive to the call.
Arrived, the pensionary band,
Hopping and chirping, close at hand,
Solicit what they soon receive,
The sprinkled, plenteous donative

Thus is a multitude, though large,
Supported at a trivial charge ;
A single doit would overpay
The expenditure of every day ;
And who can grudge so small a grace
To suppliants, natives of the place ?

VINCENT BOURNE (translated by W. COWPER).

NEWTON'S PRINCIPIA.

GREAT Newton's self, to whom the world's in debt,
 Owed to School Mistress sage his Alphabet ;
 But quickly wiser than his Teacher grown,
 Discovered properties to her unknown ;
 Of A *plus* B. or *minus*, learn'd the use,
 Known Quantities from unknown to educe ;
 And made—no doubt to that old dame's surprise—
 The Christ-Cross-Row his Ladder to the skies.
 Yet, whatsoe'er Geometricians say,
 Her Lessons were his true PRINCIPIA !

VINCENT BOURNE (translated by CHARLES LAMB).

ON THE MASTERS OF CLARE HALL AND
CAIUS (OR KEYS) COLLEGE.

Sir Thomas Gooch, Bart., and Bishop successively of Bristol, Norwich, and Ely, was Master of Gonville and Caius College from 1716 to 1754. John Wilcox was Master of Clare from 1736 to 1762. This epigram is printed in Nichols' "Select Collection of Poems" (1780-82), vol. vii. p. 226.

SAYS Gooch to old Wilcox, "Come take t'other bout."

"'Tis late," says the Master, "I'll not be lock'd out."

"Mere stuff," cries the Bishop, "stay as long as you please :
What signify gates? Arn't I master of Keys?"

A DIALOGUE IN THE SENATE HOUSE
AT CAMBRIDGE.

In 1745 Mr. Burrell, afterwards Baron Gwydir, presented a statue to the University, which he called "Academic Glory." It was the work of an Italian sculptor, named Baratta, and was executed in 1715. It had stood at Canons, near the Duke of Marlborough's figure, in honour of his military victories. It was placed on the south side of the Senate House, opposite the statue of George I. After it had stood there about three years a grace was proposed:

"That whereas the statue called 'Glory' had been put up without any consent of the Senate first had, that the thanks of the University should be given to Peter Burrell, Esq., for the said statue, and that it should be removed out of the Senate House and placed where the syndics for the University should think proper."

This project was rejected, and two days later a grace to return thanks to Mr. Burrell was passed. Thus the statue remained in the Senate House. The dispute was due to political considerations. It was said that the statue did not represent "Glory," but was a portrait of Queen Anne, and on this ground strenuous opposition was offered by the Whigs, and it remained in the Senate House. The statue is now in the Pitt-Rivers Museum.

£4, and then sued Bentley for it in the Vice-Chancellor's Court. Bentley declined to refund the money, and though bail was given for his appearance, he did not answer the summons. Bentley's degrees were then taken away from him, and though this was an illegal act, they were not recovered for six years.

Daniel Wray, referred to in the latter part of the poem, was supposed to have been the chief advocate for the expulsion of the statue from the Senate House. Yet, in a letter to his friend, Mr. Yorke, he disclaims the "*Iconoclasia*."

Stranger. Whose is this image? — *Beadle.* ACADEMIC GLORY.

S. Is she a maid or matron? *Whig*, or *Tory*?
What quarry could produce so huge a block?
What engines heave her from her native rock?
What vehicle the pond'rous marble bear?
Who bought her, who transform'd, who plac'd her there?

B. Who plac'd her there? A mason.—*S.* Whose design
Contriv'd her statue's architecture?—*B.* Mine.

S. Who thus her pedestal with Latin grac'd?
Who taught her thus to speak in words unchaste?
"Come all, come all, partake my ample treasure,
Who best deserve the palm!"¹ Is that her pleasure?
Her youths invites she thus?—*B.* The line, they say,
Is borrow'd, word for word, from *Virgil's* lay.

Poems I study not; I seek, I own,
Vitruvian art, *Vitruvian* style alone;
But to my *Johnian* friends I give due credit,
And they in *Virgil* or in *Maro* read it.
Virgil unchaste! Is your's a true translation?
You differ surely from the congregation!

S. The congregation, Sir! Did *Alma Mater*
A deity by solemn grace create her?
And place her opposite to *George's* view,
Fix'd in the place to *George the Second* due?

¹ "Cuncti adsunt, meritaque expectent præmia palmae.

B. Some mysteries, from anxious eyes conceal'd,
To Clerks alone and Churchmen are reveal'd.
Though *Whigs* and *Wits* her origin suspected,
And still enquire by whom she's thus erected,
Faction, to shake her base, conspires in vain ;
A deity she is and must remain.
What though her brawny limbs and stately size,
Taste, and *vertú*, and elegance despise,
To *us* her shape unzoned, unclasped with boddice,
And more than Virgin stride, proclaim the Goddess.¹

S. To *Dian's* image thus, with pomp array'd,
Their glowing vows *Ephesian* zealots paid ;
Though conscious whence the fusile ore was brought,
What craftsman's skill the ductile figure wrought,
The work divine with transport they commended,
Which, as they feign'd, from *Jove* himself descended.

B. What *Glory was*, why seek her sons to know ?
See what alluring gifts she offers *now* !
Caps to the learn'd, a mitre to the sleek,
And white-glov'd Chaplain, who forgets his Greek ;
To *Heads*, repose ; to Bards, *Parnassian* bays ;
To all, or worthy or unworthy, praise.

S. What mean those types that lurk beneath her feet,
Emblems ill-hid by ignorant deceit ?
What means that civic crown ? Are these, rewards
For sage Divines, Philosophers, and Bards ?

B. Nor smiles on these alone the Goddess ; she,
Propitious Queen ! some boon reserves for me.
If *Annusley's* friend, who Learning's Giant slew,
A convert deem'd, preferred to honours new,
Laughs in his sleeve of lawn, and shakes his sides,
Eats, drinks, and marries, age and care derides,

¹ See Virgil's *Æneid* lib. 6. (Virgil).

Why may not I, by *her* caress inspir'd,
By jovial port, and just ambition fir'd,
Claim from her patroness an equal grace,
And for a *Headship* change the Beadle's mace?

S. Her gifts I envy not; but wonder more
So partially she deals her bounty's store;
HARDINGE,¹ whose merit friends and foes confess'd,
By her repulse defeated, sinks oppress'd.

B. So perish all, who insolently dare,
Snatch'd from our champion's crest, a plume to wear!
Those frantic foes, who late, with towering pride,
The Church, the Prince, and *Rutherford* defied,
Now in luxurious ease supinely sleep,
Nor discipline retain, nor vigils keep:
We, in firm phalanx join'd, a chosen few,
With scattered troops successful war renew;
Rise by defeat, and, from the victor's brow,
Steal the fresh garland of his *Delphic* bough,
Triumphal wreaths around our temples twine,
And consecrate our spoils at *Glory's* shrine.

S. And what if *Granta*, rous'd by honest shame,
Should haply wake, and vindicate her fame;
Precipitate this Demon from her throne,
And vengefully eject this load of stone!

B. Urg'd by unjust reproof, I shall unfold
A tale, perhaps not lawful to be told.
Her from the solid substance, vast and rude,
First into *Fame* a painful sculptor hew'd;
Her head a trumpet, wings her shoulders bore,
This wrinkled robe thus channel'd then she wore;
Deck'd with fit attributes in front and rear,

¹ The author of this poem, and in jest the hero of his own *Ug.* had a dispute at this time with the University respecting the non-performance of a divinity exercise.

Expos'd to view, she charm'd a gazing Peer ;¹
 Who only disapprov'd her wings and trump,
 And made some small objections to the rump.
 These faults corrected, straight at *Canons* rear'd,
 Mix'd in a grove of statues she appear'd ;
 There *Marlborough's* form she lovingly beheld,
 And, wreathed for *him*, a civic chaplet held :
 But when, invoked by *Cocks'*² enchanting tone,
 As at *Amphion's* call, each sculptur'd stone
 Obsequious trembled at his hammer's sound,
 And fled, so summon'd, that unhappy ground,
 A youth,³ to Phoebus, and the Muses dear,
 At *Granta's* voice who lent the filial ear ;
 To *her* the destin'd gift this idol bought,
 And at her feet his votive image brought,
 In doubt at first, what Nymph's, what Heroine's name,
 What Queen's was best adapted to the Dame ;
 At length, by vote unanimous, we made her
 A Sovereign Goddess, and as such display'd her :
 But, fearing lest the Senate should disown,
 As *George's* friends, his *Adversary's* stone,
 Inscribed with bits of verse and scraps of prose,
 (The verse at least is classical) we chose
 To make and call her ACADEMIC GLORY,
 Still in disguise a Queen, and still a *Tory*.

S. Approved the Senate this transfiguration,
 Or licens'd by decree the consecration ?

B. Not by decree ; but when malignant WRAY,⁴

¹ De la Motte, Earl of Charles.

² *Cocks*, the celebrated auctioneer of his day, was employed in the sale of *Canons* and its superb furniture, in the oblation of the monument to *St. George*.

³ Peter Burrell, Esq., of St. John's.

⁴ De la Wray entered Queen's College as a fellow-commoner in

Eager in hope, impatient of delay,
 A dapper, pert, loquacious, busy elf,
 More active for the public than himself,
 Ran to and fro with anxious looks, and prated,
 And *mov'd* she might from hence be soon translated,
 Dissenting from their friends, a wise majority
 Supported us, and her, by their authority :
 And who shall now remove her from the scene,
 Or dare to drive her from the Muses?—*S. Keene*.¹
 So when the father of his country fled,
 By fear of tribunitial rage misled,
 On exil'd *Cicero's* devoted floor
 Clodius upraised his *Tanagraean* whore :
 Th' indignant Senate saw, with patriot eyes,
 A harlot cloath'd in Liberty's disguise :
 But, when again to *Latian* skies restor'd,
 Her joy and guardian grateful Rome ador'd,
 Their ancient seat, by her abode profaned,
 His household gods with dignity regained.

NICHOLAS HARDINGE.

1718, graduated as M.A. in 1728, and for many years resided in Cambridge.

¹ Vice-Chancellor in 1750, afterwards successively Bishop of Chester and of Ely.

ON TAKING A BACHELOR'S DEGREE.

IN ALLUSION TO HORACE, BK. III. OD. 30—

“Exegi monumentum aere perennius.”

Christopher Smart (1722-1770) was admitted to Pembroke Hall in 1730, graduated as B.A. in 1743, and two years later was elected to a fellowship at his college. In 1753 he quitted Cambridge, having previously married Miss Carman. While at the University, in addition to many sacred poems, written for the Seatonian Prize, Smart wrote a good deal of occasional verse, contributing to “The Student, or Oxford and Cambridge Miscellany,” and editing, with Newbery, “The Midwife, or the Old Woman’s Magazine.”

The former periodical first appeared on January 31, 1750, and came to an end in the July of the next year. In addition to Smart, Bonnet, Thornton and Thomas Wharton contributed to it, while a “Life of Dr. Francis Cheynell” was from the hand of Dr. Johnson. The five poems which follow appeared in it.

The second stanza of the poem, “On taking a Bachelor’s Degree,” has, curiously enough, proved to be prophetic, for it is not much more than a year ago that Mr. Gosse successfully searched the buttery books of Pembroke College for records of Christopher Smart’s University career.

In order to qualify for a bachelor’s degree in former times, undergraduates had to dispute, or “keep acts,” in the schools. The official who presided at these disputations was termed a “moderator.”

’Tis done : I tow’r to that degree,
And catch such heav’nly fire,
That Horace ne’er could rank like me,
Nor is King’s chapel higher.¹

¹ “Reg. H. ita pyramidum altior.”

My name in sure recording page
 Shall time itself o'erpow'r,¹
 If no rude mice with envious rage
 The buttery books devour.

A title,² too, with added grace,
 My name shall now attend,
 Till to the church with silent pace
 A nymph and priest ascend.³

Ev'n in the schools I now rejoice,
 Where late I shook with fear,
 Nor heed the *Moderator's* voice
 Loud thundering in my ear.⁴

Then with Æolian flute I blow
 A soft Italian lay,⁵
 Or where Cam's scanty waters flow,⁶
 Releas'd from lectures stray.

Meanwhile, friend Banks,⁷ my merits claim
 Their just reward from you,
 For Horace bids us challenge fame,
 When once that fame's our due.⁸

¹ "Quod non . . . innumerabilis
 Annorum series."

² Bachelor.

³ "Dum Capitolium
 Scandet cum tacitâ virgine pontifex."

⁴ "Quâ violens obstrepit Aufidus."

⁵ "Æolium carmen ad Italos
 Deduxisse modos."

⁶ "Qua pauper aquae Daunus," etc.

⁷ A celebrated tailor.

⁸ "Sume superbiam
 Quaesitam meritis."

Invest me with a graduate's gown,
Midst shouts of all beholders,
My head with ample square-cap crown,¹
And deck with hood my shoulders.

B.A.

(C. SMART.)

CAMBRIDGE.

¹ "Mihi Delphicâ
Lauro cinge volens . . . comam."

ON AN EAGLE CONFINED IN A COLLEGE COURT.

Christopher Smart is scarcely more kindly in his references to college life than Gray, whose condemnation of his University is to be found on p. 46. The Bursar's accounts at Trinity College for 1744-45, 1745-46, during which years Smart was residing in Cambridge, record expenses for a trough and chain "for the eagle." This entry gives an unexpected actuality to Smart's verses.

IMPERIAL bird, who wont to soar
 High o'er the rolling cloud,
 Where Hyperborean mountains hoar
 Their heads in ether shroud ;
 Thou servant of almighty Jove,
 Who, free and swift as thought, could'st rove
 To the bleak north's extremest goal ;
 Thou, who magnanimous could'st bear
 The sovereign thund'rer's arms in air,
 And shake thy native pole !

Oh, cruel fate ! what barbarous hand,
 What more than Gothic ire,
 At some fierce tyrant's dread command,
 To check thy daring fire,
 Has plac'd thee in this servile cell,
 Where Discipline and Dulness dwell,

Where Genius ne'er was seen to roam ;
Where ev'ry selfish soul's at rest,
Nor ever quits the carnal breast,
But lurks and sneaks at home !

Tho' dim'd thy eye, and clipt thy wing,
So grov'ling ! once so great !
The grief-inspired Muse shall sing
In tend'rest lays thy fate.
What time by thee scholastic Pride
Takes his precise, pedantic stride,
Nor on thy mis'ry casts a care,
The stream of love ne'er from his heart
Flows out, to act fair pity's part ;
But stinks, and stagnates there.

Yet useful still, hold to the throng—
Hold the reflecting glass,—
That not untutor'd at thy wrong
The passenger may pass.
Thou type of wit and sense confin'd,
Cramp'd by the oppressors of the mind,
Born to look downward on the ground ;
Type of the fall of Greece and Rome ;
While more than mathematic gloom
Envelopes all around.

C. SMART.

THE PRETTY BAR-KEEPER OF THE MITRE.

This poem was written at college in 1741, and published in "The Oxford and Cambridge Miscellany." An explanation of the Johnian's "snout" will be found in the Introduction. For the Mitre Tavern, see p. 4.

"RELAX, sweet girl, your wearied mind,
And to hear the poet talk,
Gentlest creature of your kind,
Lay aside your sponge and chalk ;
Cease, cease the bar bell, nor refuse
To hear the jingle of the Muse.

"Hear your numerous vot'ries' prayers,
Come, O come, and bring with thee
Giddy whimsies, wanton airs,
And all love's soft artillery ;
Smiles and throbs, and frowns and tears,
With all the little hopes and fears."

She heard—she came—and e'er she spoke,
Not unravish'd you might see
Her wanton eyes that wink'd the joke,
Ere her tongue could set it free.
While a forc'd blush her cheeks inflam'd,
And seem'd to say she was asham'd.

No handkerchief her bosom hid,
No tippet from our sight debars
Her heaving breasts with moles o'erspread,
Mark'd, little hemispheres, with stars ;
While on them all our eyes we move,
Our eyes that meant immoderate love.

In every gesture, every air,
Th' imperfect lisp, the languid eye,
In every motion of the fair
We awkward imitators vie,
And, forming our own from her face,
Strive to look pretty as we gaze.

If e'er she sneer'd, the mimic crowd
Sneer'd too, and all their pipes laid down ;
If she but stoop'd, we lowly bow'd,
And sullen if she 'gan to frown,
In solemn silence sat profound—
But did she laugh?—the laugh went round.

Her snuff-box if the nymph pulled out,
Each Johnian in responsive airs
Fed with the tickling dust his snout,
With all the politesse of bears.
Dropt she her fan beneath her hoop?
Ev'n stake-stuck Clarians strove to stoop

The sons of culinary Kays
Smoking from the eternal treat,
Lost in ecstatic transport gaze,
As though the fair was good to eat.
Ev'n gloomiest King's men, pleased a while,
"Grin horribly a ghastly smile."

“ But hark,” she cries, “ my mama calls,”
And straight she’s vanish’d from our sight ;
’Twas then we saw the empty bowls,
’Twas then we first perceiv’d it night ;
While all, sad synod, silent moan,
Both that she went, and went alone.

C. SMART.

THE HAPPINESS OF A GOOD ASSURANCE.

(Horace, Bk. 1. Od. 22. Imitated and moderniz'd.)

IN the following preface reference is made throughout to a code of "Orders and Regulations," which the Duke of Newcastle, the Chancellor of the University, submitted to the Senate on May 11, 1750. On that date some of them were rejected, but the whole eighteen were passed on the 26th of June.

They prescribed the costume in which undergraduates were invariably to appear; they prohibited the keeping of horses or dogs; they ordered undergraduates not to go to coffee-house, tennis-court, or cricket-ground between 9 and 12 a.m., and to leave taverns at 11 p.m. Respect for superiors in standing as well as for those in authority was inculcated, and evil company, dining, and rioting were forbidden in the strictest terms.

The *sophiæ* are called "tattered" in the third stanza, because their term, having seen three years' service, were naturally "things of shreds and patches," as the "*Gradual Cantabrigiam*" calls them. "Gilded *scullions*" are, of course, fellow-commoners. Rusticate (line 29) is defined by Dr. Johnson in his Dictionary as "to banish into the country."

A *lord's* student is alluded to in the fourth stanza, was the "undford" of June. At the time this poem was written, *Kilnburn* had attained no more than a *seniority*. It had been entered by the proctor when a student of the old "Westminster" was being held, with the Professor of *Logic* and *Philosophy*. The proctor's foolish interference on this occasion had occasioned a great deal of unpleasant feeling, and finally terminated by the student's being expelled.

WHOE'ER with frontless phiz is blest,
Still in a blue or scarlet vest

May saunter through the town,
Or strut regardless of the *rules*,
Even to *St. Mary's* or the *schools*,
In hat or poplin gown.

A dog he unconcern'd maintains,
And seeks with gun the sportful plains
Which ancient *Cam* divides ;
Or to the hills on horseback strays
(Unask'd his tutor), or his chaise
To fam'd Newmarket guides.

For in his sight (whose brow severe
Each morn the coffee-houses fear,
Each night the taverns dread ;
To whom the tatter'd Sophs bend low,
To whom the gilded tossils bow,
And graduates nod the head ;)

Ev'n in the proctor's awful sight,
On *Regent-walk* at twelve last night
Unheeding I came ;
And though with Wish's claret fir'd,
I brush'd his side, he ne'er enquir'd
My college or my name.

Were I oblig'd whole terms to keep,
And haste to chapel rous'd from sleep,
At five each frosty morning ;
Or for a riot should my ear
Of hated rustication hear
The first or second warning ;

Ev'n tho' my friends with careless looks
Beheld unpitying all my books

At *Thurlbourn's* auction selling ;
Or (of all evils most severe !)
Were I at Barnwell for a year
Condemn'd to fix my dwelling ;

Yet there I never would repine,
But, Horace-like, with generous wine
Be mirthful still and jolly ;
And still in uncorrupted lays
Thro' Barnwell's grove resound the praise
Of distant, virtuous Polly.

SOPHISTA.

CAMBRIDGE, *August* 1, 1750.

THE LOUNGER.

For a description of the "Lounger," who was defined by Dr. Johnson as an "ambulatory student," the reader is referred to the Introduction. The poem we give here was first published in "The Oxford and Cambridge Miscellany," in 1751, and afterwards appeared, with a slight alteration, in the "Oxford Sausage" (1764). It is interesting to note that dinner was at this time served in the college halls at twelve o'clock. The undergraduates were thus able to attend the disputations in the schools, which opened at two. At the end of the eighteenth century the dinner-hour was shifted to one, and ever since has been getting later and later.

We have already referred to the Mitre on p. 4. For the Tuns, see note on the last poem.

I RISE about nine, get to breakfast by ten,
 Blow a tune on my flute, or perhaps make a pen ;
 Read a play till eleven, or cock my lac'd hat ;
 Then step to my neighbour's, till dinner, to chat.
 Dinner over to *Tom's*, or to *Clapham's*¹ I go,
 The news of the town so impatient to know ;
 While Law, Locke, and Newton and all the rum race,
 That talk of their modes, their ellipses and space,
 The seat of the soul, and new systems on high,
 In holes, as abstruse as their mysteries, lie.
 From the Coffee-House then I to Tennis away,
 And at six I post back to my college, to pray :
 I sup before eight, and secure from all duns,
 Undauntedly march to the *Mitre* or *Tuns* :

¹ Noted coffee-houses in Cambridge.

Where in punch or good claret my sorrows I drown,
And toss off a bowl, to the best in the town :
At one in the morning, I call what's to pay,
Then home to my chambers I stagger away,
Thus I tope all the night, as I trifle all day.

EPIGRAM ON DR. OGDEN,

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, WOODWARDIAN PROFESSOR, PERPETUAL
CURATE OF ST. SEPULCHRE'S.

Samuel Ogden (B.A. 1737, D.D. 1753), who is referred to in the following verses, was one of the most eccentric characters of his time. He was said to be remarkably wealthy, and it was only this reputation that rendered tolerable his rough manners and blunt method of speech. He was a popular preacher, and always managed to fill the Round Church. He was elected Woodwardian Professor in 1764. The following anecdote from Gunning's "Reminiscences" will give some idea of the doctor's character:

"When my father was in college, he frequently went to see the doctor on a Sunday afternoon, and took coffee with him. Invariably the first question was, 'Hast any news to tell?' Upon one occasion my father replied, 'I have just heard that Dr. — is dead.' 'Art sure? What's thy authority?' My father replied he had heard it from James Bullman, the scholar's butler. 'Shabby authority; go and try if thou canst not mend it!' On my father's return, he said he had by chance met the confidential servant of the deceased, who had confirmed the news. 'That will do,' said he; 'and now let me see. He had a stall at Canterbury, and two livings, all in the gift of the Crown—let's try what we can lay our hands upon—take a pen, and write as I dictate.' He dictated as follows: 'The great are always liable to importunity; those who are both good and great are liable to a double portion.'

"I have frequently heard my father repeat the rest of the letter, but I can only call to mind the two short sentences with which it began; the remaining part was written in the same peculiar style, and was addressed to the Prime Minister. However, he was always unsuccessful in his application for preferment."

The following verses are preserved in the Cole MSS. They refer to three sets of congratulatory verse written by Ogden. The first, in Latin,

appeared in 1760, upon the death of George II. and the accession of George III. ; the second, in English, on the marriage of George III. with Queen Charlotte, was written in 1761 ; and the third, in Arabic, upon the birth of George, Prince of Wales, in 1762. Cole ascribes the epigram to R. Pepper Arden, of Trinity College (B.A. 1766), who was created Baron Alvanley in 1801.

WHEN Ogden his prosaic verse
In Latin numbers drest,
The Roman language proved too weak
To stand the critic's test.

To English Rhime he next essay'd
To shew he'd some pretence ;
But ah ! Rhime only would not do :
They still expected sense.

Enraged the Doctor swore he'd place
On critics no reliance ;
So wrapt his thoughts in Arabic
And bid 'em all defiance.

R. PEPPER ARDEN.

SATIRE UPON THE HEADS; OR, NEVER A BARREL THE BETTER HERRING.

Thomas Gray, the poet, was one of those who despised the University which pretended to give him his education. He entered Peterhouse College in 1734, and two years later wrote to his friend, Mr. West, the following scathing description of Cambridge: "Surely it was of this place, now Cambridge, but formerly known by the name of Babylon, that the prophet spoke when he said, 'The wild beasts of the desert shall dwell there, and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures, and owls shall build there, and satyrs shall dance there; their forts and towers shall be a den for ever, and a joy of wild asses; there shall the great owl make her nest, and lay, and hatch, and gather under her shadow; it shall be a court of dragons; the screech owl also shall rest there, and find for herself a place of rest.'" In 1756 Gray migrated to Pembroke Hall, because at Peterhouse "the rooms were noisy, and the people of the house uncivil." This incivility consisted in some undergraduates inducing Gray by an alarm of fire to descend by a rope ladder into a tub of water beneath his window. His "Satire upon the Heads" was written about 1765, and first printed in Mr. Gosse's edition of the poet's works, from the manuscript in Lord Houghton's possession.

O CAMBRIDGE, attend
To the Satire I've pen'd
On the Heads of thy Houses,
Thou Seat of the Muses!

Know the Master of Jesus
Does hugely displease us;
The Master of Maudlin
In the same dirt is dawdling;

The Master of Sidney
Is of the same kidney ;
The Master of Trinity
To him bears affinity ;
As the Master of Keys
Is as like as two pease,
So the Master of Queen's
Is as like as two beans ;
The Master of King's
Copies them in all things ;
The Master of Catherine
Takes them all for his pattern ;
The Master of Clare
Hits them all to a hair ;
The Master of Christ
By the rest is enticed ;
But the Master of Emmanuel
Follows them like a spaniel ;
The Master of Benet
Is of the like tenet ;
The Master of Pembroke
Has from them his system took ;
The Master of Peter's
Has all the same features ;
The Master of St. John's
Like the rest of the Dons.

P.S.—As to Trinity Hall
We say nothing at all.

THOMAS GRAY.

SQUARING THE CIRCLE.

In June, 1769, a petition was offered to the Duke of Grafton, Chancellor of the University, by the undergraduates of Cambridge to alter their statutable dress, and to adopt a square cap, such as was worn by the higher degrees at the University.

Hitherto they had worn "round caps or bonnets of black cloth, lined with black silk or canvass, with a brim of black velvet for the pensioner, and of prunella or silk for the sizars."

This change suggested the following epigram, which was published in the "Cambridge Chronicle" for July 1, 1769, and is reprinted in Hartshorne's "Book Rarities of the University of Cambridge."

The square cap had previously been worn by Doctors and Masters of Arts, and is said by a writer in "Notes and Queries," 1st series, vol. vi. p. 579, to resemble the head-gear worn by the ancient kings of China.

"Mutantque rotunda

Quadratis."

YE learn'd of every age and climate yield,
And to illustrious Cambridge quit the field,
What sage Professors never yet could teach,
Nor Archimedes, nor our Newton reach ;
What ancients and what moderns vainly sought,
Cambridge with ease hath both attain'd and taught :
'This truth even envy must herself allow,
For *all* her scholars *Square the Circle* now.

THE BARBER.

A FRAGMENT OF A PINDARIC ODE FROM AN OLD MANUSCRIPT IN
THE MUSEUM, WHICH MR. GRAY CERTAINLY HAD IN HIS EYE
WHEN HE WROTE THE "BARD."

This parody was written by Hon. Thomas Erskine, at Trinity College, Cambridge, between 1776 and 1778, and arose from the circumstance of the author's barber coming too late to dress his hair at his lodgings, at the house of Mr. Johnson, an apothecary at Cambridge. By this delay he lost his dinner in hall: when, in imitation of the despairing bard who prophesied the destruction of King Edward's race, he poured forth his curses on the rascals of the barbers, predicting their ruin in the simplicity of a future generation. Erskine, after a brilliant career as a barrister, became Lord Chancellor in 1806. On the important and dignified position held by the college barber, see note on p. 323.

"RUIN seize thee, scoundrel Coe!

Confusion on thy frizzling wait!

Had'st thou the only comb below,

Thou never more should'st touch my pate.

Club nor queue, nor twisted tail,

Nor e'en thy chatt'ring, barber! shall avail

To save thy horsewhipped back from daily tears

From Cantab's curse, from Cantab's tears!"

Still, even the sounds that o'er the powdered pillow

Of Cæsar the Barber scattered will I dismay,

And down the steep of Jackson's slippery lane

Thou hast led with juncing march his toil on a' to gage.

In a room where Cambridge town
 Frowns o'er the kennels' stinking flood,
 Rob'd in a flannel powd'ring-gown,
 With haggard eyes poor Erskine stood ;
 (Long his beard, and blouzy hair
 Streamed like an old wig to the troubled air ;)
 And with clung guts, and face than razor thinner,
 Swore the loud sorrows of his dinner.
 " Hark ! how each striking clock and tolling bell
 With awful sounds the hour of eating tell !
 O'er thee, oh Coe ! their dreaded noes they wave,
 Soon shall such sounds proclaim thy yawning grave ;
 Vocal in vain, through all this lingering day,
 The grace already said, the plates all swept away.

" Cold is Beau * * 's tongue
 That soothed each virgin's pain ;
 Bright perfumed M * * has cropped his head :
 Almack's ! you moan in vain :
 Each youth whose high toupee
 Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-capt head
 In humble Tyburn-top we see,
 Esplashed with dirt and sun-burnt face ;
 Far on before the ladies mend their pace,
 The Macaroni sneers, and will not see.
 Dear lost companions of the coxcomb's art,
 Dear as a turkey to these famished eyes,
 Dear as the ruddy port which warms my heart,
 Ye sunk amidst the fainting Misses' cries—
 No more I weep,—they do not sleep :
 At yonder ball, a sturdy band,
 I see them sit ; they linger yet,
 Avengers of fair Nature's hand ;
 With me in dreadful resolution join,
 To crop with one accord, and starve their cursed line.

"Weave the warp, and weave the woot,
 The winding sheet of barbers' race ;
 Give ample room and verge enough
 Their lengthened lantern jaws to trace.
 Mark the year and mark the night,
 When all their shops shall echo with affright ;
 Loud screams shall through St. James's turrets ring,
 To see, like Eton boy, the King !
 Puppies of France, with unrelenting paws,
 That scrape the foretops of our aching heads ;
 No longer England owns thy fribblish laws,
 No more her folly Gallia's vermin feeds.
 They wait at Dover for the first fair wind,
 Soup-meagre in the van, and snuff ; roast-beef behind.

"Mighty barbers, mighty lords,
 Low on a greasy bench they lie !
 No pitying heart or purse affords
 A sixpence for a mutton-pye !
 Is the mealy prentice fled ?
 Poor Coe is gone, all supperless to bed.
 The swarm that in thy shop each morning sat
 Comb their lank hair on forehead flat :
 Fair laughs the morn, when all the world are beaux,
 While vainly strutting through a silly land,
 In foppish train the puppy Barber goes ;
 Lace on his shirt, and money at command,
 Regardless of the skulking bailiff's sway,
 That, hid in some dark court, expects his evening prey.

The porter mug fill high,
 Bold curls and locks prepare ;
 Protect our heads, they yet by wigs may live :
 And by the greasy chair

Fell thirst and famine lie,
 No more to Art will beauteous Nature give.
 Heard ye the gang of Fielding say,
 Sir John,¹ at last we've found their haunt ;
 To desperation driven by hungry want,
 Through the crammed laughing Pit they steal their way ?
 Ye towers of Newgate ! London's lasting shame,
 By many a foul and midnight murder fed,
 Revere poor Mr. Coe² the blacksmith's fame
 And spare the grinning Barber's chuckle head.

“ Rascals ! we tread thee underfoot,
 (Weave we the woof ; the thread is spun :)
 Our beards we pull out by the root ;
 (The web is wove—your work is done.) ”
 “ Stay, oh stay ! nor thus forlorn
 Leave me uncurled, undinnered, here to mourn.
 Through the broad gate that leads to College Hall
 They melt, they fly, they vanish all.
 But oh ! what happy scenes of pure delight,
 Slow moving on, their simple charms unroll !
 Ye rapt'rous visions, spare my aching sight ;
 Ye unborn beauties, crowd not on my soul !
 No more our long-lost Coventry we wail :
 All hail, ye genuine forms ; fair Nature's issue, hail !

“ Not frizzed and frittered, pinned and rolled,
 Sublime their artless locks they wear,
 And gorgeous dames and judges old,
 Without their têtes and wigs appear.
 In the midst a form divine,
 Her dress bespeaks the Pennsylvanian line.

¹ Sir John Fielding, police magistrate.

² Coe's father, blacksmith at Cambridge

Her port demure, her grave, religious face,
 Attemper'd sweet to virgin grace.
 What sylphs and spirits wanton through the air !
 What crowds of little angels round her play !
 Hear from thy sepulchre, great Penn ! oh hear !
 A scene like this might animate thy clay.
 Simplicity, now soaring as she sings,
 Waves in the eye of Heaven her quaker-coloured wings.

"No more toupees are seen
 That mock at Alpine height,
 And queues with many a yard of riband bound,
 All now are vanished quite.
 No tongs or torturing pin,
 But every head is trimmed quite snug around :
 Like boys of the cathedral choir,
 Curls, such as Adam wore, we wear,
 Each simpler generation blooms more fair,
 Till all that's artificial shall expire.
 Vain puppy boy ! thinks't thou yon essenced cloud,
 Raised by thy puff can vie with *Nature's* hue ?
 To-morrow see the variegated crowd
 With ringlets shining like the morning dew.
 Enough for me : with joy I see
 The different dooms our fates assign ;
 Be thine to love thy trade and starve ;
 To wear what Heaven bestowed be mine."
 He said, and headlong from the trap-stair's height
 Quick through the frozen street he ran in shabby

THOMAS ERSKINE.

DR. JOWETTS GARDEN.

The following epigram was written in the year 1790, and was attributed to Francis Wrangham, of Trinity Hall, afterwards Archdeacon of Cleveland. Wrangham repudiated it, but, in conjunction with his Whig opinions, it probably caused him to be passed over when a fellowship was vacant. Professor Pryme says that the verses were also ascribed to Porson, as composed extempore; while a writer in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1792 states that they were by Mr. Horry, an American fellow-commoner of Trinity. Joseph Jowett, LL.D., then Tutor of Trinity Hall, had fenced in the space next Trinity Hall Lane, between the north and south ranges of the building, and converted it into a garden. He afterwards turned the garden into a gravel walk, and this gave rise to the P.S. Several versions of this epigram are extant.

A LITTLE garden little Jowett made,
 And fenced it with a little palisade;
 A little taste hath little Dr. Jowett,
 This little garden doth a little show it.
 P.S.—Because his garden made a little talk,
 He changed it to a little gravel walk.

ANONYMOUS VERSES AGAINST DR. PARR,

FOUND BY CRABE ROBINSON AMONG MR. ROOPER'S MANUSCRIPT
LETTERS BELONGING TO MALONE.

Dr. Samuel Parr, the subject of this epigram, attained considerable reputation as an orator, in fact and learning, in the latter half of the eighteenth century. He resided for some time in residence at Emmanuel, he left the University without taking a degree, and had an honorary A.M. presented to him in 1771. For several years he was a schoolmaster, and did not receive his first ecclesiastical preferment until 1780. In 1785 he obtained the rectory of Hutton, which he held till his death in 1825. He was a man of bearish habits, and was seldom seen without his tobacco pipe.

In the portrait which hangs in the Combination Room of St. John's, Parr is originally represented with a long clay pipe in his hand; but, for no reason or other, the pipe was afterwards painted out.

To half of Busby's skill in mood and tense
Add Bentley's pedantry without his sense;
Of Warburton take all the spleen you find,
And leave his genius and his wit behind;
Squeeze Churchill's rancour from the verse it flows in,
And knead it stiff with Johnson's heavy prosing,
And all the piety of St. Voltaire:
Mix the gross compound, Fiat Dr. Parr.

EPITAPH

ON A DOCTOR OF DIVINITY.

Richard Porson, perhaps the most distinguished writer of satiric verse that Cambridge has produced, was born at East Ruston, in Norfolk, on Christmas Day, 1759, and was the eldest son of Huggin Porson, parish clerk of that village. He was sent to Eton on the foundation in 1774, and in 1778 entered Trinity College, Cambridge. After a brilliant career as an undergraduate, he was elected to a fellowship in 1782. In 1792, rather than take orders, he resigned his fellowship and took up his abode in London. In the same year he was elected Professor of Greek. The longer and more important of his poems which we print here are political in intent, and were contributed to the columns of the "Morning Chronicle," the editor of which paper was the professor's brother-in-law. It is true they have no reference to Cambridge, but in consideration of the fact that they were written by one of the most distinguished of Cambridge men, and that they are not easily accessible, they are inserted here. Porson, who was exceedingly well known as a wit and genial companion both in London and Cambridge, died, after a brief illness, on September 25, 1808.

HERE lies a Doctor of Divinity,
 He was a fellow of Trinity ;
 He knew as much about Divinity
 As other fellows do of Trinity.

RICHARD PORSON.

TO DR. KIPLING.

AN IMPROMPTU COMPOSED ONE CHRISTMAS EVE IN THE COMBINATION ROOM OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

Dr. Thomas Kipling, of St. John's College, was a pedantic theologian, no less remarkable for his ignorance than for his bigotry. In Professor Watson's absence he used to act as deputy professor of Divinity. His greatest literary achievement was the publication in facsimile of the Codex Bezae, the only manuscript of a part of the New Testament in the University Library. The title of his work, "Codex Bezae Cantabrigiae," will be easily contracted to mean the "Codex of Beza, the Cambridge man," except of him to much ridicule; while in his preface he boasted so many claims that a "Kiplingism" was long a proverbial expression for a blunder in Latin. For Bishop Watson, see below, p. 78.

ORTHODOXY's staunch adherent,
Bishop Watson's great vice-gerent,
Sub-Professor Dr. Kipling,
Leave off your Yorkshire trick of tipping;
For while thy Beza is in hand,
Man's salvation's at a stand.

RICHARD PORSON.

THE GERMAN PROFESSORS.

I WENT to Strasburg, where I got drunk
With that most learn'd Professor Brunck :
I went to Wortz, where I got more drunken
With that more learn'd Professor Ruhnken.

RICHARD PORSON.

THE GERMANS IN GREEK.

In a letter from Porson to Andrew Dalzel, dated September 3, 1803, the following occurs:—

“It may perhaps divert you to insert an epigram, made by an Ionian, a friend of mine, upon the said Herman, in imitation of Phocylides’s saw (Strabo, x. p. 487).

Νῆϊ δες ἐσπὲ μέτρον, ὃ Τεύτορες· οὐχ ὃ μὲν ὅς δ’ οὐ,
 Ηῆντες· πλὴν ἙΡΜΑΝΝΟΣ· ὃ δ’ ἙΡΜΑΝΝΟΣ σφόδρα Τεύτων.

Which I thus endeavoured to do into English

THE Germans in Greek
 Are sadly to seek ;
 Not five in five score,
 But ninety-five more :
 All, save only HERMAN,
 And HERMAN’S a German.”

RICHARD PORSON.

IMITATION OF HORACE.

LIB. I. OD. 14.

THE ARGUMENT.

The poet makes a voyage to Britain, in pursuance of his promise—lib. iii. od. iv. line 33—“*Visam Britannos hospitibus feros*”—“I will visit the Britons inhospitable to strangers.” The vessel in which he sailed was called the *Britannia*, whether from the place of its destination, or from the circumstance of being built of British wood, I cannot determine ; but, I believe, for both reasons. After a tedious voyage, at last he arrived safe at Portsmouth.—The ship was grievously shattered ; but the Captain determined to go out immediately, before she was well refitted, and while the weather was very unpromising.—Several of the crew were heard to mutter, in consequence of this proceeding ; upon which the captain, by advice of the pilot, put them in irons. But the most curious incident was (if we may believe Quintilian), that Horace was indicted for a libel, as if, under the allegory of a ship, he had intended to paint the dangers and distresses of the commonwealth.—Whoever peruses my version will see how groundless and absurd this accusation was.—The reader need only keep in mind that the poet, more safe at shore, makes this pathetic address to the vessel, in which his life and fortune were so lately risked.

BRITANNIA, while fresh storms are brewing,
I wonder what the devil you're doing !
Put back to harbour, might and main,
Nor venture out to sea again ;
Your hull's too tender long to last,
You're fain to try a jury-mast ;

Your tackle's old, your timber's crazy,
 The winds are high, the weather's hazy ;
 Your anchor's lost, you've sprung a leak ;
 Hark how the ropes and cordage creak !
 A rag of canvas scarce remains ;
 Your pilot idly beats his brains—
 A cub that knows not stem from stern,
 Too high t' obey, too proud to learn—
 In vain you worry Heav'n with pray'rs ;
 Think you that Heaven one farthing cares
 Whether a sailor prays or swears ?
 In vain you sport your threadbare joke,
 And call yourself " Old Heart of Oak."
 No seaman, that can box his compass,
 Trusts to your daubs, or titles pompous.
 Take heed, lest Boreas play the mocker,
 And cry—" 'Tis snug in Davy's locker."
 Though while on board as sick as hell,
 At shore, old girl, I wish you well.
 Beware of shoals—of wind and weather.
 And try to keep your planks together ;
 Or else the ravenous sea will gorge
 And lodge you next the Royal George.

RICHARD PORSON.

IMITATION OF HORACE.

LIB. I. OD. 34.

MR. EDITOR,¹

Understanding that my last translation of an ode of Horace did not displease the best judges, I have taken the liberty to send you a second attempt, which I submit to your candour. It may seem matter of wonder to you, as it does to me, that neither Quintilian, nor Will Baxter, nor any other hunter of allegories, should find out the real drift of this ode, which is so very easy to be discovered. The case, in short, is as follows.—Augustus, in the midst of peace and tranquillity, felt, or feigned, an alarm, on account of some books written by persons suspected of an attachment to the party of Cato and Brutus, and recommending republican principles. Now, Horace, having been a colonel in Brutus's army, and being rather too free in professing his religious sentiments, naturally passed for an atheist and a republican. Augustus published an edict to tell his subjects how happy they all were in spite of the suggestions of malcontents; commanding them to stick close to their old religions; and threatening, that whoever was not active in assisting the government, should be treated as an enemy to Church and State. Upon this occasion Horace read—or affected to read, for I will not take my oath to his sincerity—a recantation. In one part of the ode he says—"Jupiter, who generally thunders and lightens in cloudy weather, now has driven his chariot through the serene air." This is so plain an emblem of Augustus fulminating his censures in a time of perfect tranquillity, that it needs no further comment. Our author refers to this circumstance again (carm. vii. 5): "*Cælo tonantem credidimus Jovem regnare: præsens Divus habebitur*

¹ This letter and translation allude, with great delicacy, ingenuity, and *fine se*, to the visionary alarm about republican principles raised at the beginning of the present war.

Augustus—"We have believed that Jupiter reigns thundering from heaven : Augustus shall be esteemed a present God." In another place he expressly calls Augustus Jupiter (Epist. i. xix. 43) : "*Rides, ait, et Jovis auribus ista servas*"—"You joke," says he, "and reserve your verses for the ear of Jove."

For all sovereigns, while they are in power, are compared to the Sovereign of the Gods, however weak, wicked, or worthless they may be—

Nihil est quod credere de se,
Non possit, cum laudatur Dis aequè potentas.

I must not forget to add that this edict of the emperor was followed with numerous addresses from large bodies of the men who were once called Romans, allowing the reality of the plots, lamenting the decay of piety, and promising to resist all innovation, and to defend his sacred Caesarean Majesty with their lives and fortunes.

TILL now I held free-thinking notions,
Gave little heed to my devotions ;
Scarce went to church four times a year,
And then slept more than prayed, I fear :
But now I'm quite an altered man—
I quit the course I lately ran ;
And giving heterodoxy o'er,
Unlearn my irreligious lore.
Yet lest you entertain a doubt,
I'll tell you how it came about.

Jove seldom lets his lightnings fly,
Except when clouds obscure the sky,
As well you know ; but t'other morning,
He thundered without previous warning,
And flashed in such a perfect calm,
It gave me a religious qualm :
Nor me alone—the frightful sound
Reached to the country's utmost bound ;
And every river in the nation,
From concave shores made replication.¹

¹ Shakspeare's "*Julius Cæsar*," Act. i. sc. 1.

The brutish clods, in shape of cits,
Were almost frightened into fits.
Henceforth I bow to every altar,
And wish all infidels a halter.
I see what power your Gods can show,
Change low with high, and high with low ;
Pull down the lofty from his place,
And in his stead exalt the base ;
Thus Fortune's gifts some lose, some gain,
While mortals gaze, and guess in vain.

RICHARD PORSON.

IMITATION OF HORACE.

LIB. I. OD. 27.

MR. EDITOR,

We have several translations of Horace ; but none that I have seen appear to do the author justice. There is in Horace a grace, a delicacy, a liveliness, a fulness of expression, and a harmony of versification, that at once captivate the ear and the heart. I need not explain to you how far short of these excellences our translators in general have fallen. Having myself studied this poet with uncommon attention, I have, with all my might, endeavoured to preserve these qualities in my version, of which I send you the inclosed ode as a specimen. If you judge it to have less merit than the partial parent believes, you will still allow it, I hope, to soar above the common flights of modern poetry. It is not heavy as lead, like Mr. — ; nor dull as ditch-water, like Anna Matilda ; nor mad as a March hare, like our present excellent Laureat ; nor stupid—— but I should never make an end, if I went on with my comparisons. If this sample takes, I mean to publish a translation of the whole by subscription : it will be printed on wire-wove paper, and hot-pressed—not to exceed two volumes quarto. A great number of engravings will be added by the most eminent artists. The obscenities will be left out of the common copies ; but printed separately for the use of the curious and critical owners. The passages which have an improper political tendency shall be carefully omitted ; such as—

Sed magis
Pugnas et exactos tyrannos
Densum humeris bibit aure vulgus.

"This catering mob is more delighted to hear of battles and the foul rage of tyrants."

Or that address to Fortune—

Purplei metuunt tyranni,
Injurioso ne pede proruas
Stantem columnam ; neu populus frequens
Ad arma cessantes, ad arma
Concitet, imperiumque frangat.

“Purple tyrants dread thee, O Fortune, lest thou shouldst kick down the standing pillar [of existing circumstances] ; lest *the thronging populace should summon the loiterers* TO ARMS ! TO ARMS ;—and demolish the empire.”

But these passages, thank God ! are very few, and shall be studiously suppressed. Luckily, Horace is full of loyal effusions, which I shall endeavour to render with spirit as well as fidelity. What, for instance, can be more applicable than the following passage to the present holy war ?—

Diu
Lateque victrices catervae,
Consiliis Juvenis repressae,
Sensere, quid mens rite, quid indoles
Nutrita faustis sub penetralibus
Posset, quid Augusti paternus
In pueros animus Neronis.

“The armies, so long and so far victorious, were checked by the conduct of a young prince, and became sensible what could be done by a mind and a disposition nurtured under an auspicious roof—what could be achieved by the paternal affection of Augustus to his young Neros.”

But it is time to release you from this tedious preface, and give you my specimen.—Why, thus it runs, then—

FYE, friends ! were glasses made for fighting,
And not your hearts and heads to lighten ?
Quit, quit, for shame, the savage fashion,
Nor fall in such a bloody passion.

“Pistols and ball for six !” what sport !
How distant from—“Fresh lights and Port !”
Get rid of this ungodly rancour :
And bring your—elbows to an anchor.

Why, though your stuff is plaguy heady,
I'll try to hold one bumper steady,
Let Ned but say, what wench's eyes
Gave him the wound, of which he dies.

You won't?—then, damme if I drink !
A proper question this to blink !
Come, come ; for whomsoe'er you feel
Those pains, you always sin genteel.

And were your girl the dirtiest drab—
(You know I never was a blab)
Out with it ; whisper soft and low ;—
What ! is it she ? The filthy frow !
You've got a roaring sea to tame,
Boy, worthy of a better flame !

What Lapland witch, what cunning man,
Can free you from this harridan ?
St. George himself who slew the dragon
Would idly waste himself this hag on.

RICHARD PORSON

HYMN TO THE CREATOR.

BY A NEW-MADE PEER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "MORNING CHRONICLE."

Ὡ τοῦ κρατίστου παῖ Ποσειδῶνος Θεοῦ
 Χαῖρε κ' Ἀφροδίτης.
 Ἄλλοι μὲν ἢ μακρὰν μάλ' ἀπέχουσιν Θεοὶ,
 Ἡ οὐκ ἔχουσιν ὧτα,
 Ἡ οὐκ εἰσὶν, ἣ οὐ προσέχουσιν ἡμῖν οὐδὲ ἔν,
 Σὲ δὲ παρὸνθ' ὀρώμεν,
 Οὐ ξύλινον οὐδὲ λίθινον, ἀλλ' ἀληθινόν·
 Εὐχόμεσθα δὴ σοι,
 Πρῶτον μὲν εἰρήνην ποίησον, φίλτατε,
 Κυρίως γὰρ εἰ σύ.

ATHENAEUS, vi. p. 253. D.

SIR,

We were discoursing the other day on the fashion once so prevalent in Rome of deifying those benefactors of mankind, the Emperors. A person in company observed, that it was not original, or peculiar to Rome; that many instances of it might be found in the Greek history; at the same time he mentioned Alexander the Great and Demetrius Poliorceta. The latter example not being quite so well known as the other, he informed us that the Athenians, besides paying other compliments to Demetrius, sang an hymn to him at his entrance to Athens, from which this gentleman repeated the verses above quoted. Being requested by the unlearned part of the company to explain the verses, he gave the following translation: "Hail, O son of the most powerful God Neptune, and of Venus!"

(N.B.—“Son of Neptune,” in poetry, we know, signifies a king with a mighty naval power, and “Son of Venus” denotes that air of grace and dignity mixed, which is inseparable from royalty.)

“For all other gods are either at a great distance from us, or have no ears, or exist not at all, or pay not the least attention to us: but thee we behold a present Deity, made neither of wood nor of stone, but a real God. We therefore pray thee, first of all, to give peace in our time, O dearest; because thou only fightest for us.”

Another observed that there was something in the general spirit of this address extremely like a late composition that had been much handed about in manuscript. The poem was read, of which I send you a copy, if it can be of any use to your paper. We all agreed, however, that the author had, with great judgment, avoided the pacific conclusion of the Greek verses, which shows that the Athenians were sorry cravens in comparison with true British Hearts of Oak.

T. STERNHOLD.

HAIL, gracious Sire! to thee belong
My morning pray'r, my evensong;
My heart and soul are thine:
Inspire me, while I chaunt thy praise,
In zealous, tho' in feeble lays—
And show thy power divine!

Late, while I lay a senseless mass,
As dull as peasant, ox, or ass,
Unworthy note and name,
Methought thy *flat* reached my ear—
“Let Mr. SCRUB be made a peer!”
And Scrub a peer became.

Of such a change in Nature's laws
What pow'r could be th' efficient cause,
Inferior to a God?
All public virtue, private worth,
Conspicuous talents, splendid birth,
Attend the sovereign's nod.¹

¹ In Latin, *nomen*.

I'm now a Member of that Court
 That settles, in the last resort,
 The business of the nation ;
 Where, since I'm kicked upstairs by thee,
 I'll clearly prove my pedigree
 As old as the *creation*.¹

But not omnipotence alone
 Adorns the owner of the throne,
 His attributes pass counting :
 Of justice, when he hangs poor knaves,
 Of mercy, when rich rogues he saves,
 He's rightly called the fountain.

In part of payment for thy favours,
 I tender thee my best endeavours,
 If haply thou shalt need 'em ;
 Nor shall I grudge thy shirt to air,
 For all the bed-room Lords declare
 Thy service perfect freedom.

The Devils of old, as Milton sings,
 Were angry with the King of Kings,
 And thought he'd reigned too long :
 Of late the herd of Gallic swine
 Dar'd to deny the right Divine
 Of Kings to govern wrong.

"Go," said the Lord, "my son, pursue
 This factious, diabolic crew,
 And on them pour my ire :

¹ "*Clown*. You were best say these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie, do ; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born. *Autolycus*. I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clown. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours."—
 "Winter's Tale," act. v. sc. 2.

In hell, then, let them count their gains,
There dwell in adamantine chains,
And roast *in penal fire !*"

So didst thou send thy chosen son,
With sword and bayonet and gun,
French Atheism up to root ;
He fought, he beat, the rebels fell ;
He sent their armies all to hell—
Or tried at least to do't.

Yield never to such fiends accursed ;
Fight on, and bid them do their worst,
And if thy Commons still
Shall vote thee cash, to subsidize
Our trusty, firm, sincere allies,
We'll not reject the bill.

These truths, when first we rise to speak,
With voice irresolute and weak,
As is the mode, we utter ;
But, in the progress of th' oration,
Enflamed with lordlike indignation
At Jacobins I sputter :—

" My *Lads*, you've heard a noble *Lud*
Wisely advise to shed more blood ;
For who that wears a star,
While honour in this house survives,
Values a rush plebeian lives?
I therefore vote for war.

What, leave Religion in the lurch !
NO !—sink our commerce—save the Church.
Nor spare men, money, nor ship.

Fresh millions after millions fling—
 For if we lose our Church and King,
 What will be left to worship?

“ My *Luds*, the reverend Peers in lawn
 Have laid their precious souls in pawn
 Upon the war’s success.
 These wizards know a curious spell,
 Which, rightly used, will Heaven compel
 The British arms to bless.

“ Let every soul forbear to treat
 His hungry maw with drink or meat,
 On We’n’sday next till e’en ;
 The grumbling of our famish’d inwards
 (So ’tis decreed by holy Synods)
 Cures God Almighty’s spleen.”

But I digress—*whoever wishes* ¹
 To share the treat of loaves and fishes
 The courtier’s faith must cherish ;
 Which faith, unless each mother’s child
 Keep pure and whole, and undefiled,
 He shall most surely perish !

All epithets of God to thee
 Belong in th’ infinite degree,
 Just, powerful, good and wise ;
 And, what behoved me first to sing,
 As God’s eternal, so the King
 Of England never dies.

¹ Quicunque vult.

Then hymn his praise, ye chosen few,
Whom he vouchsafes a nearer view
Of his effulgent glory ;
Avaunt, ye Whigs ! no peace expect,
For none is numbered with th' Elect,
Except an arrant Tory.

This faith like Vicar erst of Bray
I'll hold until my dying day
And persevere steadfast in ;
And whoso dare gainsay or scoff
The smallest particle thereof,
Be damned to everlasting.

ATHANASII SYMBOLUS.

(RICHARD PORSON.)

ON THE POPULAR PLAY OF PIZARRO.

Sheridan's adaptation of Kotzebue's stilted tragedy, "Die Spanien in Peru," was produced at Drury Lane on May 24, 1799. It ran for thirty-one nights in its first season, and the king went to see it, though he had not been to Drury Lane for some years. It was admirably acted by Mrs. Siddons and her brother, but its success was mainly occasioned by the audience applying the passages referring to the woes of Montezuma to George III. and his supposed ill-treatment. The poem appeared in the "Morning Chronicle," over the signature "Brogue."

As I walked through the Strand so careless and gay,
 I met a young girl who was wheeling a barrow :
 "Choice fruit, Sir," said she—"and a bill of the play :"
 So my apples I bought, and set off for Pizarro.

When I got to the door I was squeez'd, and cried, "Dear
 me,
 I wonder they made the entrance so narrow !"
 At last I got in, and found every one near me
 Was busily talking of Mr. Pizarro.

Lo ! the hero appears—(what a strut and a stride !)
 He might easily pass for a marshal Suwarrow !
 And Elvira so tall, neither virgin nor bride—
 The loving companion of gallant Pizarro.

But Elvira, alas ! turn'd so dull and so prosy
That I longed for a hornpipe by little Del Caro :
Had I been 'mong the gods I had surely cried, "*Nosy*,
"Come, play up a jig ; and a fig for Pizarro !"

On his wife and his child his affection to pay,
Alonzo stood gazing, and straight as an arrow :
Of him I have only this little to say—
His boots were much neater than those of Pizarro.

Then the priestess and virgins, in robes white and flowing,
Walked solemnly on—like a sow and her farrow,
And politely inform'd the whole house they were going
To entreat Heaven's curses on noble Pizarro.

Then at it they went. How they made us all stare !—
One growl'd like a bear, and one chirp'd like a sparrow :
I listen'd : but all I could learn, I declare,
Was, that vengeance would certainly fall on Pizarro.

Rolla made a fine speech with much logic and grammar,
As must sure rouse the envy of Counsellor Garrow—
It would sell for five pounds, were it brought to the hammer ;
For it rais'd all Peru against valiant Pizarro.

Four acts are tol-lol—but the fifth's my delight,
Where hist'ry's traced with the pen of a Varro ;
And Elvira in black and Alonzo in white,
Put an end to the piece by killing Pizarro.

I have finished my song ; if it had but a tune
(Nancy Dawson won't do, nor the Sweet Banks of Varrow)
I vow I would sing it from morning till noon
So much am I charmed with the play of Pizarro.

BROOK.

(RICHARD PORSON.)

ON DR. DOUGLAS' MARRIAGE WITH MISS MAINWARING.

William Lort Mansel (1752-1820) entered Trinity College in 1770, and graduated as B.A. in 1774. In 1788 he was appointed Public Orator of the University, in 1798 Master of Trinity, and in 1808 Bishop of Bristol. However, he never resided in his diocese, and continued to make Trinity Lodge his home until his death. In the early part of his career he gained an immense reputation as a writer of epigrams, and never lost his quickness of repartee. In a scurrilous poem written in 1793, and called "An Irregular Hymn in Praise of the Illustrious Twenty-Seven," Mansel is referred to as a "dead-hand at a dark lampoon." At a time when the Heads of Houses led a jealously exclusive life, Bishop Mansel was genial and affable, and when a dance was improvised at the Lodge would himself turn an organ. This affability, said the envious, was due to the fact that he had three marriageable daughters. The next six pieces are from his hand.

Philip Douglas entered Corpus Christi College in 1776, and took the degrees of B.A., M.A., and D.D., respectively, in 1781, 1784, and 1795. In 1795 he was elected master of his college. Miss Mainwaring was the daughter of the Lady Margaret Professor of Theology. It is curious to notice how completely the title "Benet College" has died out. It is said to have come into use as early as the fourteenth century, Corpus Christi College being in the parish of St. Benet, and using the parish church as its chapel. The name lasted until about sixty years ago, when the correct name of the college came once more into general use.

ST. PAUL has declared that persons though twain,
In marriage united one flesh shall remain :

But, had he been by when, like Pharaoh's kine pairing,
Dr. Douglas of Bene't espoused Miss Mainwaring,
The Apostle no doubt would have altered his tone,
And cried, "these two splinters shall make but one bone."

W. L. MANSEL.

THE RIVAL BISHOPS.

Bishop Watson built a house on the west side of St. Andrew's Street, which is still known as Llandaff House. It was built on the site of an inn called the "Bishop Blaise," and these facts were commemorated in an epigram by W. L. Mansel. Richard Watson, of Trinity College, was Second Wrangler in 1759, and shortly afterwards became Tutor of Trinity and Professor of Chemistry. The Regius Professorship of Divinity falling vacant in 1771, Watson, although, as he acknowledges himself, "with this curta supellex in theology to take possession of the first professional chair in Europe seemed too daring an attempt even for my intrepidity," obtained it. If we may judge from his own ingenuous "Anecdotes," Watson was an admirable man of business, and he particularly plumed himself on the fact that although he "found the Professorship not worth £330 a year," he left it "worth £1000 at the least." He appointed Kipling, and afterwards Ramsden, his deputy in the Professorship, and although he was thirty-four years Bishop of Llandaff, he is said never to have visited his diocese. Professor Pryme says he had thirteen pieces of preferment, and did not live within a hundred miles of any of them.

Two of a trade can ne'er agree—

No proverb can be juster ;

They've ta'en down Bishop Blaise, you see,

And put up Bishop Bluster.

W. L. MANSEL.

ON SPRAY,

A WRITHELY BAD SINGING-MAN IN TRINITY COLLEGE CHAPEL,
APPOINTED BY JOHN HINCHCLIFFE, MASTER 1768-89, AND
BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH, BECAUSE HE HAD A VOTE FOR
THE COUNTY OF NORTHAMPTON.

A SINGER and not sing !

How justify your patron's bounty ?

Excuse me—you mistake the thing :

My voice is in another county.

W. L. MANSEL.

HELL'S HOLIDAY.

Henry Gordon, butler to Trinity College, served the fellows' table with such execrable wine, that the junior fellows exerted themselves to get him removed. The seniors with great reluctance consented, and he was dismissed; but before long contrived to get himself back into his old place again. Bishop Mansel then wrote the following lines. They were given to me by Mr. J. W. Clark, to whom they were repeated by the Rev. R. Allott (B.A. 1805), one of the senior Fellows of Trinity College.

WHEN news was brought down to the sulphurous lake
That old Harry was whitewashed again and restored;
The Devils huzzaed, and got drunk for his sake,
And brimstone and brandy were pushed round the board.

Old Satan himself, in a voice that shook Hell,
In a rapture of congratulation to all,
Cried, "Courage, my lads! since things turn out so well,
I've hopes now myself of recovering my fall.

"But come,—on base bumpers we've trifled too long,
A liquor congenial our revels require:
A liquor dark, turbulent, heady and strong,
With a twang of our Styx, and our Phlegethon's fire.

"Such a ferment I've by me—behold the dark juice;
It will burn thro' our ichor, new madden our veins:
Tho' poison to mortals, it's cordial to us:
To the children of sorrow damnation and pains.

“ Behold the full hamper, in yon dusky cell :
There’s a liquor congenial to these dark abodes,
A liquor well suiting the genius of Hell,
As distant from nectar as we are from Gods.”

So they opened the store : it was Harry’s own wine.
The Devils drank deeply : grew raving, and swore
That tho’ used to the stench of flames, brimstone, and brine,
They had ne’er tasted liquor so hellish before.

W. L. MANSEL.

“LAUGH AND BE FAT.”

The following is an extract from a letter from W. L. Mansel to Mathias (author of “Runic Odes, imitated from the Norse Tongue, in the manner of Mr. Gray” and of the “Pursuits of Literature”), dated October 12, 1782.

“You have heard of our Emmanuel Jubilee, no doubt. All I can say is, that I was not invited; so do not ask me any particulars thereof. One circumstance, however, is droll enough. During the very midst of the celebration of the jubilee, that is, while they were at the noon of eating, proposals were circulated round the table for having an engraving of the Master (Dr. Richard Farmer) struck off as soon as possible. That circumstance gave rise to the following little wagery.”

From 1775 to 1797 Richard Farmer was Master of Emmanuel College. He had a great reputation for geniality, and the hospitalities of Emmanuel parlour were justly celebrated. As a conversationalist he had scarcely a rival in Cambridge; and when Pitt came to visit his constituents, Farmer’s presence was considered indispensable. He belonged to what Dr. Barnes called the “Shakespeare gang,” and never failed to be present at the performances at the Stourbridge Theatre.

Stevens, referred to in line 17, is the celebrated scholar and editor of Shakespeare’s works.

AT feasts of yore, the sumptuous lord,
To please the pamper’d guest,
Plac’d drolls and antics at his board,
Whose business was to jest.

Farmer, of antiquarian flower,
At Mildmay’s ¹ late repast,

¹ Sir Walter Mildmay was the founder of Emmanuel College, A.D. 1584.

To cheer the hospitable hour,
Renew'd the good old taste.

To make men laugh as well as eat,
The merry master knew,
Was doubling the luxurious treat
And heartier welcome too.

As to the eating part, of that
Good plenty was at hand ;
Twelve bucks in larder, firm and fat
From good Lord Westmoreland.

Melons and pines from Stevens came,
(Stevens himself a feast !)
Huge hampers of outlandish game,
And turtles ready drest.

To crown the whole with one good laugh,
The master, merry elf,
Hails round proposals to engrave
A likeness of—himself.

W. L. MANSELL.

THE CAMBRIDGE COMMENCEMENT.

The Public Commencement was held in Great St. Mary's Church, until the completion of the Senate House in 1730. It corresponded to the Oxford Commemoration. Sometimes on the occasion of the commencement a speech, called a music speech, in which a good deal of licence was allowed, was delivered. But this was not the invariable custom. This poem is printed in Barker's "Anecdotes," ii. 39. A "pensioner" is one who paid a "pensio," or rent, for rooms in college. He does not differ from the Oxford commoner. Dr. Randall was Professor of Music from 1755 to 1799. For an explanation of sizar, see p. 108.

A CAMBRIDGE Commencement's the time
 When gentlemen come for degrees ;
 And with wild-looking cousins and wives
 Through a smart mob of Pensioners squeeze.

The music, that plays in the church,
 Attracts them, though boiling the weather ;
 Like the good folks by Orpheus of old,
 Who sat list'ning and steaming together.

Dr. Randal stuck up in the front
 (With the gay London fiddlers behind)
 Like a fine paper-punch, pulled by strings,
 Throws his arms and his legs to the wind.

The pretty town misses have each
Some Sizar their humble beholder,
While the nymphs of the Lodge think there's nought
Like a bit of gold lace on the shoulder.

O'er the poor country curate that's near,
How their eyes (in fine language called "killers")
They carelessly glance, till they rest
On the silk gown and long nose of Villiers !

But now to the Senate in troops
They perspiring and panting repair,
Where the good lady President sits,
Like a lobster that's boil'd, in a chair.

And there the gruff doctor of physic,
And the dark little father of law,
Stretch their hands o'er their children, and there,
Divinity's Lion his paw.

With kisses, with rings, and with hugs,
The old gentlemen treat one another,
Till by magic of hugs they become
From a son in a moment a brother.

W. L. MANSEI

ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS REWARD.

On the 5th of March, 1793, many of the young trees in the fellows' garden at St. John's College were destroyed, and much damage done to the bridges and walks. This being a capital crime under the Black Act, Geo. I. c. 22, the culprits were advertised for, and a hundred guineas offered for their apprehension. Whereupon Francis Wrangham, of Trinity Hall, wrote the following, which is here printed for the first time from a manuscript in the important collection of University papers bequeathed to the Library by William Webb, D.D., Master of Clare Hall 1815-1856.

WHEN Brunswick's proud duke, in his errand to France,
Led the Austrians and Prussians and Russians a dance,
He thought to win over the stout sans-culottes
By kindly engaging to cut all their throats ;
So the Johnians their bridges most wickedly mangled,
And delicate sucklings atrociously strangled,
Invite the sly culprit who did the Black Act
To swing on a gallows by owning the fact.

FRANCIS WRANGHAM.

MAPS.

“Maps” was a Cambridge bookseller, who was justly celebrated at the end of the last century. He originally had an open stall in the street, but this he exchanged for a shop in Trumpington Street, on the site now occupied by the screen of King’s; he afterwards moved to Trinity Street. He was a most industrious man, and was to be seen every day going from room to room with a load of books, and shouting “Maps!” to herald his arrival. He is said to have died in the year 1796, and was succeeded in his business by his son, who gave up the name of Maps for the more prosaic appellation “Nicholson.” His portrait was placed in the University Library, at the suggestion of Dr. Farmer. He was the subject of the Tripos verses for 1781. The lines we quote below can pretend to no sort of literary merit; but they are interesting, as they recall to mind one of the eccentric characters of the last century.

Μάπς αὐτὸν καλέουσι θεοί, ἄνδρες δὲ Νίχολσον.

Snobs call him Nicholson! Plebeian name,
Which ne’er would hand a Snobite down to fame;
But to posterity he’ll go,—perhaps
Since Granta’s classic sons have dubbed him Maps.

“TO THE SCHOLLERS OF SAINT JOHN
HIS COLLEGE.”

The following appeared in the “Gentleman’s Magazine” for 1796. An attempted explanation of the expression “Johnian Swine” will be found in the Introduction.

Chelsea, January 3.

MR. URBAN,

Perusing a very old and, I believe, also a very scarce little book of epigrams, written by one Master James Johnstone, clerk, printed anno 1613, I, the other day, found the following *jeu d’esprit* against the Cambridge Johnian hogs. If you approve of its insertion, your university readers may perhaps be pleased with perceiving your judicious correspondent W. Williams’s assertion corroborated with regard to the antiquity of the appellation.

ANTHONY HUS.

YE Johnishe men, that have no other care,
Save onelie for such foode as ye prepare,
To gorge your foule polluted trunks withall;
Meere SWINE ye bee, and such your actyons all;
Like themme ye runne, such be youre leaden pace.
Nor soule, nor reasonne, shynethe in your face.

ODE ON A COLLEGE FEAST-DAY.

The following ode is reprinted from the "Spirit of the Public Journals" (1799). In every college Commemoration Day, on which prayers and thanks are offered to the pious founders and benefactors, concludes with a "feist" in Hall. The term "gyp," to denote a college servant, is said to be derived from γύψ, a vulture.

I.

HARK ! heard ye not yon footsteps dread,
That shook the hall, with thund'ring tread ?
 With eager haste
 The Fellows pass'd ;
Each, intent on direful work,
High lifts his mighty blade, and points his deadly fork.

II.

But hark ! the portals sound, and pacing forth,
 With steps, alas, too slow,
The College *Gyps*, of high illustrious worth,
 With all the dishes, in long order go :
 In the midst a form divine
 Appears, the fam'd *Sirloin* ;
And soon, with plums and glory crown'd,
Almighty pudding sheds its sweets around.
 Heard ye the din of dinner bray ?
 Knife to fork, and fork to knife :
Unnumber'd heroes in the glorious strife,
For fish, flesh, pies and puddings, cut their destin'd way.

III.

See, beneath the mighty blade,
Gor'd with many a ghastly wound,
Low the fam'd sirloin is laid,
 And sinks in many a gulph profound.
Arise, arise, ye sons of glory !
Pies and puddings stand before ye.
See the ghost of hungry bellies
Point at yonder stand of jellies ;
While such dainties are beside ye,
Snatch the goods the gods provide ye ;
Mighty rulers of the state,
Snatch before it is too late ;
For, swift as thought, the puddings, jellies, pies,
Contract their giant bulk, and shrink to pigmy size.

IV.

From the table now retreating,
 All around the fire they meet,
And, with wine, the sons of eating
 Crown at length their mighty treat.
Triumphant Plenty's rosy graces
Sparkle in their jolly faces ;
And mirth and cheerfulness is seen
In each countenance serene.
 Fill high the sparkling glass
 And drink th' accustomed toast ;
 Drink deep, ye mighty host,
 And let the bottle pass.
Begin, begin the jovial strain ;
 Fill, fill the mystic bowl,
And drink, and drink, and drink again ;
 For drinking fires the soul.

But soon, too soon, with one accord they reel ;
Each on his seat begins to nod ;
All-conquering Bacchus' pow'r they feel,
And pour libations to the jolly god.
At length, with dinner and with wine oppress'd,
Down in their chairs they sink and give themselves to rest.

A BACCHANALIAN SONG.

The following song appeared in the "Morning Chronicle" in 1800, and may be from the hand of Porson, of whom, with the exception of the last verse, it is by no means unworthy.

I.

COME, ye good college lads, and attend to my lays,
 I'll show you the folly of poring o'er books ;
 For all you get by it is mere empty praise,
 Or a poor meagre fellowship and sallow looks.

Chorus.

Then lay by your books, lads, and never repine ;
 And cram not your attics
 With dry mathematics,
 But moisten your clay with a bumper of wine !

II.

The first of mechanics was old Archimedes
 Who played with Rome's ships as he'd play cup-and-ball ;
 To play the same game, I can't see where the need is—
 Or why we should fag mathematics at all !
Chorus—Then lay by your books, lads, etc.

III

Great Newton found out the Binomial Law,
 To raise $x+y$ to the power of b ;
 Found the distance of planets that he never saw,
 And what we most probably never shall see.
Chorus—Then lay by your books, lads, etc.

IV.

Let Whiston and Ditton star-gazing enjoy,
 And taste all the sweets mathematics can give ;
 Let us for our time find a better employ—
 And knowing life's sweets let us learn how *to live*.
Chorus—Then lay by your books, lads, etc.

V.

These men *ex absurdo* conclusions may draw ;
 Perpetual motion they never could find :
 Not one of the set, lads, could balance a straw—
 And longitude-seeking is hunting the wind.
Chorus—Then lay by your books, lads, etc.

VI.

If we study at all, let us study the means
 To make ourselves friends, and keep them when made :
 Learn to value the blessings kind Heaven ordains—
 To make other men happy, let that be our trade.

Chorus.

Let each day be better than each day before ;
 Without pain or sorrow
 To-day or to-morrow,
 May we live, my good lads, to see many days more !

ON E. D. CLARKE.

Edward Daniel Clarke, fellow and tutor of Jesus College, took his B.A. degree in 1790, and that of M.A. in 1794. While an undergraduate he failed to distinguish himself, and it was only after several years had been spent by him as a travelling tutor that the powers of his mind became recognized. Between 1799 and 1802 he travelled through Scandinavia, Russia, Greece, and Palestine, and returned to Cambridge with an immense reputation and a vast collection of plants, manuscripts, minerals, and statues, among which was the so-called Ceres, referred to in the epigram on p. 98. In 1808 he was made Professor of Mineralogy, and became at once the most popular of lecturers. Though those among his listeners who had studied the subject often found him tripping, his enthusiasm and eloquence placed him out of the reach of criticism. He was never a profound scholar or an accurate observer, but he had an ardour for miscellaneous knowledge which amounted to "literary heroism," and a faculty for being interested in all topics which, though dangerous, was at least fascinating. On one occasion he purchased and exhibited at the University Library a picture which he asserted to be a portrait of Shakespeare, but which connoisseurs at once decided to be a forgery. On another occasion he constructed, out of the bones of mice and rats which he found at the bottom of a well, an animal which he said was a "Jerboa mouse," but which never existed outside his imagination. The following lines sufficiently hit off his brilliant style of lecturing and his schoolboy passion for any odds and ends which could be denominated "curiosities." They are frequently attributed to William Smyth, of Peterhouse, who from 1807 to 1849 was Professor of Modern History. They are printed here from a manuscript in the possession of Mr. J. W. Clark.

Of the statue of Ceres referred to in the ninth stanza, something is said in the next poem. The "Corps" was a volunteer corps, consisting of members of the University, which was established in Cambridge in 1802, in consequence of the scare caused by the French war. Captain Bircham, of the 30th Foot, was appointed to drill it. Clarke displayed much enthusiasm in organizing the Jesus contingent.

I SING of a Tutor renowned,
Who went roving and raving for knowledge,
And gathered it all the world round,
And brought it in boxes to College.

And because Mathematics was clear,—
Too clear for our Metaphysicians—
Introduced Dr. Gall, as I hear,
To enlighten his Academicians.

Tol de rol, etc.

His pupils flocked eagerly round
When they heard there was nothing to bore 'em,
But guess their surprise when they found
A lot of old skulls placed before 'em !

Astonished, confused, and perplexed,
They stared at their lecturer able,
And the Freshmen expected that next
Old Nick would pop up through the table.

"Come round me, Sophs, Freshmen, and all,"
Cried the Doctor, and sprang from his chair ;

"You shall hear of the wonderful *Gall*,
And of skulls and their mysteries rare.

Of Thought, how it comes and it goes,
And of Life in the marrow descending ;

And I'll tell you what nobody knows,
And you'll see me begin at the ending.

"First there's life that must fashion and warm,
And when figure and form have begun,

The skull is the seat of the charm ;
'Tis there you must look for the fun.

And you've only to peep in the brain
Just to see how it bumps and it bends ;

And when the whole matter is plain,
Why 'tis plain the whole mystery ends.

“Observe now this skull I pick out ;
'Tis hard ; see how slowly it moulders ;
And hence I conclude without doubt
'Twas on some Fellow Commoner's shoulders.
And *this*, by the lines on the face,
Belonged to some famed Rhetorician ;
And *this*, by this little soft place,
Was the head of a Metaphysician.”

Then he talked in a *capital* strain
Of the Lion, the Bear, and the Fox,
Of Parrots with musical brain,
And of men with mechanical blocks ;
That the Organ of Courage was clear
To the test of an Investigation ;
And he talked till his pupils looked queer,
Of an organ of assassination.

Next he showed how the Organ of Thought
Was developed, as easy as may be ;
How Man to perfection was brought
By tinkering the nob of the Baby.
The Doctor grew more and more able,
And his eloquence clearer and clearer,
Till he knocked round the skulls on the table,
And knocked up the skull of each hearer.

But alas ! while the Doctor was prosing
Of Brains, and their wonderful parts,
In entered a German imposing
To sell him a lump of Red Quartz.
Red Quartz ! There was no standing that ;
Besides, he had within a gander
Which he swore had grown jolly and fat
At the tomb of the Great Alexander.

And Flaxman was now at the door
 To talk of the Ceres divine,
 And Bircham to settle the corps,
 And *Caldwell* to sell him bad wine.
 In the court were five Lions from town,
 And a message came hot from the master,
 So that round about up-stairs and down
 The plot thickened faster and faster.

“Oh *me !*” cried poor Clarke in a stew,
 And to lecture no longer was able.
 Off, whizz ! like a rocket he flew,
 Overturning the skulls and the table.
 And he cried in a *whiff* as he went
 That now nothing was more expedient,
 That in short they all knew what he meant,
 And that now he must be their obedient.

So huzza for all Tutors and Lectures
 And our able promoters of knowledge,
 And the rest of our learned protectors,
 Not forgetting the Cooks of the College.
 And long may a Tutor be found
 To explain Dr. Gall's lucubrations,
 And his humbugging system profound
 Of praneing and proud botherations.

WILLIAM SMYTH (Professor of History)

EPIGRAM.

THE STATUE OF CERES SPEAKS.

The following epigram, reprinted from Professor Pryme's "Recollections," was written on the statue of Ceres, which E. D. Clarke, of Jesus, brought from Eleusis, and confidently asserted to be "the known work of Pheidias and the gift of Pericles." Of this work, which is now generally acknowledged to be a Cistophorus, not a Ceres, the entire face is worn away. James Lambert, the author of the epigram, was Tenth Wrangler and Senior Medallist in 1764. From 1771 to 1780 he was Professor of Greek. He was one of the few senior fellows of Trinity whose moral character escapes condemnation in Gunning's "Reminiscences."

NAY, flout not, girls ; 'tis not more strange than true,
 I once was lovely and admired as you.
 Transported now to Beauty's happier shore,
 I feel abashed, and show my face no more.

JAMES LAMBERT.

THE SOCIETY OF MATHEMATICIANS.

This paper on the Society of Mathematicians appeared in a periodical called the "Galvanist," which was published in Cambridge in the year 1804. It was conducted chiefly by small college men, the principal contributor being William Downing Whittington, of Pembroke Hall. The editor called himself "Hydra Polycephalus, Esq.," and justified the title of the "Galvanist" by stating that the purpose of his periodical was "by forming the basis of conversation, at length, by a Promethean touch, to heat life through the university at large." The specimen of the magazine which we print here was written by R. Morritt, of St. Catharine's Hall.

"Curvo diagnoseere rectum."

HOR., Epist. ii.

TO HYDRA POLYCEPHALUS, ESQ.

SIR,

Impressed with the liveliest sentiments of admiration, permit me most humbly to address you. I am Secretary to an Undergraduate Society of Mathematicians, which office I recently gained, after a long, but interesting examination; by throwing a few of the first definitions of Euclid into verse.¹ I understand that you are of a benevolent disposition, and therefore conclude, you will never shrink

¹ N.B. Alluded to the success my Poetry had met with, permit me to send you a specimen:

A point no parts, or magnitude can boast;
A line all claim to depth, and breadth has lost!
When straight, where'er protracted it is seen,
It still lies evenly it's points between.

from, or decline any situation, where your exertions will be essentially useful to any of your fellow-creatures. Indeed, should you lend a favourable ear to this petition, you will render the Society, on whose behalf I have the honour to address you, a most important service.

Finding, Sir, no one among us worthy of being elected President, we humbly beseech you to accept the vacant chair. Two weighty reasons determined our choice ;—first, the facility your number of heads must afford you of solving Problems ; and secondly, the quantity of tea, which, in a given time, you must be able to imbibe. These are perfections, which no one, but yourself, possesses, by the aid of which, I doubt not, at the expiration of three years, to see elevated to the grand pre-eminence of Incomparabilis.

We have, Sir, hastily thrown together a few rules and regulations, which, should they not coincide with your ideas, we shall be very happy to correct.

At a general meeting of the members of the Under graduate Mathematicians, the following resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

Resolved—

I. That no beverage be allowed but tea, excepting on our Anniversary, when coffee will be added ; it being our fixed and unalterable opinion, that these, properly speaking, are the only exhilarating liquors.

Resolved—

II. That each Member wear, on the days of assembly, a coat at least 3 years old, adorned with white metal buttons having the letters Q.E.D. engraved on them, as that is ultimately the Focus to which all our labours converge.

Resolved—

III. If it can be clearly demonstrated, that any Member has his coat made in Bond-street, he shall be immediately considered an evanescent quantity, and no longer accounted a member of our body.

Resolved—

IV. Any Member, who shall be seen too frequently disguised in

clean linen, shall, for each separate offence, be prohibited the use of scribbling paper for one week.

Resolved—

V. That we shall be called the *circle* of mathematicians of which all the Members are equal *radii*, and the President the *Periphery*; it being his office to circumscribe, and keep within due bounds, the other Members.

Resolved—

VI. That the Members shall be called, A. B. C., etc., beginning from the right hand of the Chair; the President always remaining P. for reasons specified in regulation the 5th.

Resolved—

VII. That the Armorial Bearing be, on a field argent, Proposition the 47 of the 1st book of Euclid rampant.

Resolved—

VIII. That no Member shall be excused attendance, unless it can be clearly proved, that he is actually engaged in scholastic avocations.

Resolved—

IX. That the Secretary do submit the above to Mr. Hydra Polycephalus for his inspection, humbly beseeching him to accept the vacant Chair, and to receive us under his protection.

Should our good stars so befriend us, as to enroll us beneath your banner; should we be so favoured, as to be placed under the same *vinculum* with you; I, Sir, together with my brethren, should consider it, as the greatest blessing in our existence. What a satisfaction will it be, what an infinite series of delight, to pore over your problems, to attend your solutions, and to attempt to imitate, as far as lies in our power, that *lucidus ordo*, which doubtless must diverge from the author of the Galvanist.

I am, Sir, with every sentiment of esteem and respect,

Your most obedient

N. SECRETARY.

Unknown, though if you please, a constant quantity.

DEDICATION.

“Phaëbe fave, *novus* ingreditur tua templa sacerdos.”

This bitterly satiric dedication to Mansel, for whom see above, p. 76, is taken from “A Few Verses, English and Latin,” 8vo, London, 1812.

They were written by Edward Smedley, M.A., of Trinity College, B.A. 1809. He was afterwards elected to a fellowship at Sidney College, and died young.

HAIL! arbiters profound of knowledge,
 All-sapient autocrats of college!
 Hail each! but chiefly hail to thee,
 Model of mitred dignity!
 Hail! “God-knows-most-unworthy Peer,”
 Right-reverend lover of small beer;
 The churchman’s shame, the scholar’s scorn,
 Lampoon, and Epigram in lawn!
 Ne’er was by silken apron hidden
 More precious stock of fruit forbidden,
 Ne’er lurk’d the pious robe within
 More full epitome of sin.

Proceed, great patron of us all,
 In virtues right episcopal:
 Friendship, a play of words with thee,
 Sincerity, a *jeu d’esprit*;
 Thy love of God, the love of siller,
 Thy daily manual, Joe Miller.

Proceed, and may your glories close
On the same stage where first they rose ;
Feel, ere you yield your parting breath,
The ruling passion strong in death ;
And, mindful of your speeches past,
Make from a cart your best and last !

EDWARD SMEDLEY.

JOHNIAN MELODIES.

About 1814 there were current in Cambridge a number of jeux d'esprit called *Johnian Melodies*, written in imitation of Tom Moore. The following is quoted in "*Notes and Queries*," 1st series, xii. 319. It is addressed to a fellow-commoner, who would, of course, dine at the high table. The president referred to is Rev. James Wood, afterwards master (1815-39), a position in which he was succeeded by Ralph Tatham. Sir Isaac is Sir Isaac Pennington, one of the senior fellows and Regius Professor of Medicine (1793-1817) ; and Hopper the bed-maker.

WHEN in hall you go to dine,
 O take your seat by the President's chair ;
 Tell him I'm going to Tatham's wine,
 And hope to meet Sir Isaac there.
 Bid him not set me an imposition,
 For cutting his lectures this morning at eight ;
 For Hopper swears with deep contrition,
 She called me half an hour too late.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY A COLLEGE EXAMINATION.

Lord Byron entered Trinity in 1805, and having been absent from his College for a year, finally left in 1808. He did not pay much attention to the studies of the University, and was chiefly notable for the irregularities of his conduct. He seems to have had as great a contempt for the University to which he belonged as Gray or Smart. "Magnus," referred to in the following poem, is Dr. Mansel, Master of Trinity. Dr. Hooper "left three silver goblets for the three best English declamations." These prizes are ridiculed below.

HIGH in the midst, surrounded by his peers,
Magnus his ample front sublime uprears :
Placed in his chair of state he seems a god,
While Sophs and Freshmen tremble at his nod.
As all around sit wrapt in speechless gloom,
His voice in thunder shakes the sounding dome ;
Denouncing dire reproach to luckless fools,
Unskilled to plod in Mathematic rules.

Happy the youth in Euclid's axioms tried,
Though little versed in any art beside ;
Who scarcely skilled an English line to pen,
Scans Attic metres with a critic's ken.
What though he knows not how his fathers bled,
Where civil discord piled the fields with dead,
When Edward bade his conquering bands advance,
Or Henry trampled on the crest of France :

Though marvelling at the name of Magna Charta,
Yet well he recollects the laws of Sparta :
Can tell what edicts sage Lycurgus made,
While Blackstone's on the shelf neglected laid ;
Of Grecian dramas vaunts the deathless fame,
Of Avon's bard remembering scarce the name.

Such is the youth whose scientific pate
Class-honours, medals, fellowships await ;
Or even perhaps the declamation prize,
If to such glorious heights he lifts his eyes.
But lo ! no common orator can hope
The envied silver cup within his scope.
Not that our heads much eloquence require,
Th' Athenian's glowing style, or Tully's fire.
A manner clear or warm is useless, since
We do not try by speaking to convince.
Be other orators of pleasing proud :
We speak to please ourselves, not move the crowd :
Our gravity prefers the muttering tone,
A proper mixture of the squeak or groan :
No borrowed grace of action must be seen,
The slightest motion would displease the Dean ;
Whilst every staring graduate would prate
Against what he could never imitate.

The man who hopes to obtain the promised cup,
Must in one posture stand, and ne'er look up,
Nor stop, but rattle over every word—
No matter what, so it can *not* be heard.
Thus let him hurry on, nor think to rest ;
Who speaks the fastest's sure to speak the best ;
Who utters most within the shortest space
May safely hope to win the wordy race.

The sons of science these, who, thus repaid,
Linger in ease in Granta's sluggish shade ;
Where on Cam's sedgy bank supine they lie
Unknown, unhonoured live, unwept for, die.
Dull as the pictures which adorn their halls,
They think all learning fix'd within their walls ;
In manners rude, in foolish forms precise,
All modern arts affecting to despise ;
Yet prizing Bentley's, Brunck's, or Porson's note,
More than the verse on which the critic wrote ;
Vain as their honours, heavy as their ale,
Sad as their wit and tedious as their tale ;
To friendship dead, though not untaught to feel
When Self and Church demand a bigot zeal.
With eager haste they court the lord of power,
Whether 'tis Pitt or Petty rules the hour ;
To him, with suppliant smiles, they bend the head.
While distant mitres to their eyes are spread.
But should a storm o'erwhelm him with disgrace,
They'd fly to seek the next who filled his place.
Such are the men who learning's treasures guard !
Such is their practise, such is their reward !
This much at least we may presume to say—
The premium can't exceed the price they pay.

LORD BYRON.

THE SIZAR'S TABLE.

The following verses are said to have been written by William Wilson Todd, of St. John's, between 1822 and 1826. Todd was a sizar at the time. Charles Simeon, of King's College (B.A. 1783), who is referred to in line 8, was Vicar of Trinity Church, Cambridge. When first appointed to the living he met with a storm of opposition, on account of his evangelical tendencies. For many years his church, and the streets in its neighbourhood, were the scene of the utmost disorder. The ultra-pious members of the University who supported him were called "Simeonites," or "Sims."

A sizar is a student who is admitted to the University at lower fee than a pensioner. He got his name from "size," an allowance of provisions. In earlier times some indignity was connected with the position of a sizar, but this has long ceased to be the case.

The description of a sizar, given in Fawkes' translation from Smart's Tripos verses on "Yatening," is gloomy enough :

" Thus the lank Sizar views, with gaze aghast,
The harpy tutor at his noon's repast ;
In vain his teeth he grinds—oft checks a sigh,
And dusts a silent censure from his eye :
Now he prepares, officious, to convey
The lessening relics of the meal away—
In vain, no morsel 'scapes the greedy jaw,
All, all is gorg'd in magisterial maw ;
Till at the last observant of his word,
The lamentable waiter clears the board,
And inly murmuring miserably groans
To see the empty dish, and hear the rattling bones."

SUCH comical characters honour our table,
As never were heard of since Adam and Abel ;

Some wondrous witty—some poor silly elves,
Who are witty and learned alone to themselves ;
Some full of politeness, some rough as a boar,
In their outward appearance and manners much more ;
Some carnally given to women and wine,
Some apostles of Simeon all pure and divine—
Some poets whose brains are most vacantly wise,
Suspended halfway 'tween the earth and the skies.
Some stiff as a poker, some crooked as a pin,
And some like a skeleton, shamefully thin ;
Some fair as the cedars of Lebanon, some
As yellow and pale as the great China Chum ;
Some perfumed and scented—some dirty in knowledge,
As the gyps are with cooking the meat of the college.
All characters scramble like dogs in the street,
To snarl at the half-plundered relics of meat,
Which fall from the table of wealthier Dons,
While we, like poor Lazarus, pick up the crumbs.

WILLIAM W. TODD.

A LETTER FROM M—— V——, OF TRINITY
COLLEGE, TO A FRIEND AT OXFORD.

On Tuesday the ceremony of laying the first stone of the new buildings of Trinity College was performed. About a hundred and fifty gentlemen afterwards sat down to a most splendid banquet in the noble Hall of the college. The hilarity of this most interesting part of the ceremony was, however, interrupted by one unfortunate proceeding. It has been the custom upon previous occasions of a like nature for the fellows to take their wine and make their speeches without removing from the Hall, and the younger members of the college have been uniformly invited to remain and participate in the conviviality and kindly feeling of the event. Upon the present occasion the master and seniors determined to exclude all members *in statu pupillari* immediately that the cloth was drawn from the table and the cork from the claret; and the bachelors, scholars, pensioners, and sizars, naturally indignant at this encroachment of prerogative, resolved unanimously to absent themselves altogether from the Hall. The lower end of the Hall presented a very ludicrous appearance—venison in plenty, and none to eat; beer in abundance, and none to drink; gyps in crowds, and none to require their services.

The following *jeu d'esprit* was handed about the next morning—

“Outspoke the Rover
To his gallant crew;
Up with the black flag
And down with the blue.”

This account, together with the poem, appeared in the “Cambridge Independent Press,” August 16, 1823.

THERE was a feast, a mighty feast,
For science and the gown;
The college buildings were increased,
The Speaker was come down;

And men of war and men of prayer
And men of every sort were there,
Peer and professor, monk and mayor,
 And Simeonite and sinner :
Sweating and swearing, fretting and frying,
Bowing and bustling, crowding and eyeing,
And very fond of speechifying,
 And very fond of dinner.

Then, looking big and looking blue,
Outspoke unto his gallant crew
 The gracious king of Trinity ;
“ ’Tis contrary to rule and right
That we, the Seniors, should invite,
To see us drink and hear us speak,
The beardless bunglers in bad Greek,
 The learners of Latinity.
We will not make the striplings sick
With claret and with rhetoric ;
The streams of eloquence and liquor
Shall only flow for vice and vicar,
The Court and Caput sweetly blent,
And members of the Parliament,
 And doctors of Divinity.
’Tis proper for young men to pay
And keep the peace, and keep away !
They’ll find the dinner quite a treat,
And hear the band, and eat the meat ;
But to stay drinking, strange vagary
For men in statu pupillari ! ”

All undergraduates are vermin ;
The conclave did that day determine,
 For fear of noise and squeeze,

The master should remove at once
The emptiness of dish and dunce,
Thick beer and thirsty bachelor,
Plum pudding and pert Pensioner,
 Young scholar and old cheese ;
That all unseen and all unheard
The ancient ones might be absurd ;
That all might join in port and pranks,
In reasoning and returning thanks ;
That none might note the trifling slips
Of roaring oaths from reverend lips ;
That medallists might praise the haunches,
And wranglers fight about the branches,
And sober Tutors drain the bottle,
And pedants quote from Aristotle.

A child might see how this would end.
Hot were our passions, O my friend,
 And very hot the weather ;
We all resolved in either court
To cut the business very short,
 And cut it altogether.

Was it a most atrocious sin
To hurry to the Eagle Inn,
And there to fret, and there to fume
In a great passion and small room ?
Perhaps it was ! I only know
I sat me down at five or so
And dined upon a charming plan,
Clean cloth, stewed eels, and Mary Anne.
I am egregiously witty ;
And Mary Anne is rather pretty
And so we grew immensely merry,
And drank the Doctor's health in sherry !

HOCK VERSUS FALERNIAN.

The following lines are to be found in the "Facetiae Cantabrigienses," published 1825.

As some Peter-house fellows, one day, as I have heard,
 Were disputing which liquor old *Horace* preferred,
 While some were for this sort, and others for that,
 And backed their belief with quotations quite pat ;
 Whilst, in spite of their joking, the contest ran high,
 And some would have quarrell'd, but couldn't tell why :
 Old P—ne, who till now had not moved tongue or breech,
 Put an end to the war by this comical speech :—
 " You may talk of your wines, with a name purely classic,
 Such as Chian, Falernian, Lesbian, and Massic ;
 But of this I am sure, and it worthy of note is,
 Hock, hock was his liquor,—‘ Hoc erat in votis ! ’ ”

¹ *Vide* Hor., Sat. lib. 2, 6.

THE COLLEGIAN AND THE PORTER.

The following poem, which was founded upon fact, and tells its own story, has been attributed to J. R. Planché. It is printed in the "Facetiae Cantabrigienses" (1825).

AT Trin. Coll. Cam.—which means, in proper spelling,
Trinity College, Cambridge—there resided
One Harry Dashington ; a youth excelling
In all the learning commonly provided
For those who choose that classic station
For finishing their education.

That is—he understood computing
The odds at any race or match ;
Was a dead hand at pigeon-shooting :
Could kick up rows, knock down the watch,
Play truant and the rake at random,
Drink, tie cravats, and drive a tandem.

Remonstrance, fine, and rustication,
So far from working reformation,
Seemed but to make his lapses greater ;
Till he was warned that next offence
Would have this certain consequence,—
Expulsion from his *Alma Mater*.

One need not be a necromancer
To guess that, with so wild a wight,
The next offence occur'd next night ;
When our incurable came rolling
Home as the midnight chimes were tolling,
And rang the college bell.—No answer.

The second peal was vain—the third
Made the street echo its alarum ;
When, to his great delight, he heard
The sordid Janitor, old Ben,
Rousing and growling in his den.
“Who’s there?—I ’spose young Harum-scarum.”
“’Tis I, my worthy Ben—’tis Harry.”
“Aye, so I thought, and there you’ll tarry.

“’Tis past the hour—the gates are closed ;
You know my orders—I shall lose
My place if I undo the door.”
“And I” (young hopeful interposed)
“Shall be *expelled* if you refuse ;
So prythee”—Ben began to snore.

“I’m wet,” cried Harry, “to the skin ;
Hip ! hallo ! Ben ! don’t be a ninny ;
Beneath the gate I’ve thrust a guinea,
So tumble out, and let me in.”
“Humph !” growled the greedy old curmudgeon,
Half overjoyed, and half in dudgeon,
“Now you may pass ; but make no fuss,
On tiptoe walk, and hold your prate.”
“Look on the stones, old Cerberus,”
Cried Harry, as he passed the gate ;
“I’ve dropped a shilling—take the light ;
You’ll find it just outside—good night.”

Behold the porter in his shirt,
Cursing the rain, which never stopped, ,
Groping and raking in the dirt,
And all without success ; but that
Is hardly to be wondered at,
Because no shilling had been dropped ;
So he gave o'er the search at last,
Regained the door and found it fast !

With sundry oaths and growls and groans,
He rang once—twice—and thrice ; and then,
Mingled with giggling, heard the tones
Of Harry mimicking old Ben.

“ Who’s there ?—’Tis really a disgrace
To ring so loud—I’ve locked the gate—
I know my duty—’tis too late—

You wouldn’t have me lose my place ? ”

“ Pshaw ! Mr. Dashington ; remember
This is the middle of November ;
I’m stripped ; ’tis raining cats and dogs.”

“ Hush, hush ! ” quoth Hal ; “ I’m fast asleep : ”
And then he snored as loud and deep
As a whole company of hogs.

“ But hark ye, Ben, I’ll grant admittance
At the same rate I paid myself.”

“ Nay, master, leave me half the pittance,”
Replied the avaricious elf.

“ No ; all or none—a full acquittance ;—
The terms, I know, are somewhat high ;
But you have fixed the price, not I.

I won’t take less—I can’t afford it ; ”

So, finding all his haggling vain,

Ben, with an oath and groan of pain,
Drew out the guinea and restored it.

“Surely you’ll give me,” growled th’ outwitted
Porter when again admitted,

“Something, now you’ve done your joking,
For all this trouble, time, and soaking.”

“Oh ! surely, surely,” Harry said,
“Since, as you urge, I broke your rest,
And you’re half-drowned and quite undress’d,
I’ll give you—leave to go to bed !”

N. M. M.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.

UTRUM HORUM. A CAMBRIDGE BALLAD.

In 1826 Sir J. Singleton Copley and Viscount Palmerston were opposed by W. J. Banks and H. Goulburn in the election of members to represent the University in Parliament. It was thought that, if either Banks or Goulburn retired from the contest, the chances of the one who retained the confidence of his party would be the stronger. Goulburn, however, declined to come to terms, and the result was that Copley and Palmerston were returned. The following appeared in the "Times" for June 10, 1826.

"I authorized my committee to take the step which they did, of proposing a fair comparison of strength, upon the understanding that whichever of the two should prove to be the weakest, should give way to the other." (Extract from Mr. W. J. Banks's letter to Mr. Goulburn.)

Νικα μαν ουδ' αλλος, αν ΑΣΣατοι δ'εγενοντο.

THEOCRITUS.

B—NKES is weak, and G—lb—rn too,

No one e'er the fact denied ;—

Which is "*weakest*" of the two

Cambridge can alone decide.

Choose between them, Cambridge, pray ;

Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

G—lb—rn of the Pope afraid is,

B—nkes as much afraid as he ;

Never yet did two old ladies

On this point so well agree.

Choose between them, Cambridge, pray ;

Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

Each a different mode pursues,
Each the same conclusion reaches ;
B—nkes is foolish in Reviews,
G—lb—rn foolish in his speeches.
Choose between them, Cambridge, pray ;
Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

Each a different foe doth damn,
When his own affairs have gone ill ;
B—nkes he damneth Buckingham,
G—lb—rn damneth Dan O'Connel.
Choose between them, Cambridge, pray ;
Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

B—nkes, accustomed much to roam,
Plays with Truth a traveller's pranks ;
G—lb—rn, though he stays at home,
Travels thus as much as B—nkes.
Choose between them, Cambridge, pray ;
Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

Once, we know, a horse's neigh
Fix'd th' election to a throne ;
So, whichever first shall bray,
Choose him, Cambridge, for thy own.
Choose him, choose him by his bray ;
Thus elect him, Cambridge, pray.

THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN'S TRIP TO CAMBRIDGE.

AN ELECTION BALLAD. (1827.)

In 1827 Mr. W. F. Bankes, who had already been the University's representative in one Parliament, came forward again as the champion of Protestantism, avowing his "full concurrence with those who apprehend danger to the Protestant Establishment by any further concessions to the Catholics." He was opposed by Sir Nicholas Tindal, afterwards Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, by whom he was defeated by 101 votes. Apropos of this election, T. B. Macaulay, who two years previously had graduated as M.A., wrote "The Country Clergyman's Trip to Cambridge."

As I sate down to breakfast in state,
At my living of Tithing-cum-Boring,
With Betty beside me to wait,
Came a rap that almost beat the door in.
I laid down my basin of tea,
And Betty ceased spreading the toast,
"As sure as a gun, sir," said she,
"That must be the knock of the post."

A letter—and free—bring it here—
I have no correspondent who franks.
No! Yes! Can it be? Why, my dear,
'Tis our glorious, our Protestant Bankes.

“ Dear sir, as I know you desire
That the Church should receive due protection,
I humbly presume to require
Your aid at the Cambridge election.

“ It has lately been brought to my knowledge,
That the Ministers fully design
To suppress each cathedral and college,
And eject every learned divine.
To assist this detestable scheme
Three nuncios from Rome are come over ;
They left Calais on Monday by steam,
And landed to dinner at Dover.

“ An army of grim Cordeliers,
Well furnished with relics and vermin,
Will follow, Lord Westmoreland fears,
To effect what their chiefs may determine.
Lollards' Tower, good authorities say,
Is again fitting up for a prison ;
And a wood-merchant told me to-day
’Tis a wonder how faggots have risen.

“ The finance scheme of Canning contains
A new Easter-offering tax ;
And he means to devote all the gains
To a bounty on thumb-screws and racks.
Your living, so neat and compact—
Pray, don't let the news give you pain !
Is promised, I know for a fact,
To an olive-faced Padre from Spain.”

I read, and I felt my heart bleed,
Sore wounded with horror and pity :

So I flew, with all possible speed,
To our Protestant champion's committee.
True gentlemen, kind and well-bred !
No fleeing ! no distance ! no scorn !
They asked after my wife who is dead,
And my children who never were born.

They then, like high-principled Tories,
Called our sovereign unjust and unsteady,
And assailed him with scandalous stories,
Till the coach for the voters was ready.
That coach might be well called a casket
Of learning and brotherly love :
There were parsons in boot and in basket,
There were parsons below and above.

There were Sneaker and Griper, a pair
Who stick to Lord Mulesby like leeches ;
A smug chaplain of plausible air,
Who writes my Lord Goslingham's speeches.
Dr. Buzz, who alone is a host,
Who, with arguments weighty as lead,
Proves six times a week in the Post
That flesh somehow differs from bread.

Dr. Nimrod, whose orthodox toes
Are seldom withdrawn from the stirrup ;
Dr. Humdrum, whose eloquence flows,
Like droppings of sweet poppy syrup ;
Dr. Rosygill puffing and fanning,
And wiping away perspiration ;
Dr. Humbug, who proved Mr. Canning
The beast in St. John's Revelation.

A layman can scarce form a notion
Of our wonderful talk on the road ;

Of the learning, the wit, and devotion
Which almost each syllable showed :
Why divided allegiance agrees
So ill with our free constitution ;
How Catholics swear as they please,
In hope of the priest's absolution.

How the Bishop of Norwich had bartered
His faith for a legate's commission ;
How Lyndhurst, afraid to be martyr'd,
Had stooped to a base coalition ;
How Papists are cased from compassion
By bigotry, stronger than steel ;
How burning would soon come in fashion,
And how very bad it must feel.

We were all so much touched and excited
By a subject so direly sublime,
That the rules of politeness were slighted,
And we all of us talked at a time ;
And in tones, which each moment grew louder,
Told how we should dress for the show,
And where we should fasten the powder,
And if we should bellow or no.

Thus from subject to subject we ran,
And the journey passed pleasantly o'er,
Till at last Dr. Humdrum began ;
From that time I remember no more.
At Ware he commenced his prelection,
In the dullest of clerical drones ;
And when next I regained recollection
We were rhabbling o'er Tringington stones.

LORD MACAULAY.

TIMBUCTOO.

W. M. Thackeray's connection with "The Snob," of which eleven numbers were published in Cambridge in 1829, constituted his first literary venture. According to the "Tatler in Cambridge" (1871), "The Snob" was written by Thackeray, Letson, and perhaps Brookfield. Thackeray probably wrote nothing before "Timbuctoo," a good-humoured ridicule of Alfred Tennyson's poem, which gained the Chancellor's English Medal in 1829. In the first edition of "The Snob" this was signed T., and in the next number, among the "Replies to Correspondents," we read these words, "We shall be glad to hear from T. again," pointing, perhaps, to the fact that Thackeray was a new contributor. To the later numbers of the same periodical he contributed much. "To Genevieve" he acknowledges; while he claims for himself the credit of the jocular advertisement, "Sidney Sussex College.—Wanted, a few freshmen; please apply at the buttery." With the editor's aid, he wrote the whole of No. 8 in five hours.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SNOB."

SIR,—Though your name be "Snob," I trust you will not refuse this tiny "Poem of a Gownsmen," which was unluckily not finished on the day appointed for delivery of the several copies of verses on Timbuctoo. I thought, Sir, it would be a pity that such a poem should be lost to the world; and conceiving the *Snob* to be the most widely circulated periodical in Europe, I have taken the liberty of submitting it for insertion or approbation.

I am, Sir, yours, etc., etc., etc.

T.

TIMBUCTOO. PART I.

The
situation. IN Africa (a quarter of the world)
Men's skins are black, their hair is crisp and curl'd;
And somewhere there, unknown to public view,
A mighty city lies, called Timbuctoo.

The natural history.	There stalks the tiger,—there the lion roars,— Who sometimes eat the luckless blackamoors : All that he leaves of them the monster throws To jackals, vultures, dogs, cats, kites, and crows : His hunger thus the forest monster gluts, And then lies down 'neath trees called cocoa-nuts. 10	5
The lion- hunt.	Quick issue out, with musket, torch, and brand, The sturdy blackamoors, a dusky band ! The beast is found,—pop goes the musketoons,— The lion falls, covered with horrid wounds.	
Their lives at home.	At home their lives in pleasure always flow, But many have a different lot to know !	15
Aboard.	They're often caught and sold as slaves, alas ! Thus men from highest joys to sorrow pass.	
Reflec- tions on the fore- -sight.	Yet though thy monarchs and thy nobles boil Rack and molasses in Jamaica's isle ! Desolate Afric, thou art lovely yet !! One heart yet beats, that ne'er shall thee forget. What though thy maidens are a blackish brown, Does virtue dwell in whiter breasts alone ? Oh no, oh no, oh no, oh no, oh no ! It shall not, must not, cannot, e'er be so. The day shall come when Albion's self shall feel Stern Afric's wrath, and writhe 'neath Afric's steel. I see her tribes the hill of glory mount, And sell their sugars on their own account ; While round her throne the prostrate nations come, Sue for her rice and barter for her rum. 32	20 25

W. M. THACKERAY.

[1] 1, 2. See Guthrie's Geography.
 [2] 1. Timbuctoo is doubtful; the author has neatly expressed
 the uncertainty by "some time ago,"—a very slight hint relieving
 the reader of the necessity of guessing.
 [3] 5. See Herodotus and Strabo for an account of the blacks.

Line 8. Thus Apollo—

ελωρια τευχε κυεσσιν

Οιωνοισι τε πασι.

Lines 5-10. How skilfully introduced are the animal and vegetable productions of Africa! It is worthy to remark the various garments in which the poet hath clothed the lion. He is called, first, the lion; second, the monster (for he is very large); and third, the forest monarch, which undoubtedly he is.

Lines 11-14. The author confesses himself under peculiar obligations to Denham's and Clapperton's travels, as they suggested to him the spirited description contained in these lines.

Line 13. "Pop goes the musketoons." A learned friend suggested "bang," as a stronger expression; but, as African gunpowder is notoriously bad, the author thought "pop" the better word.

Lines 15-18. A concise but affecting description is here given of the domestic habits of the people—the infamous manner in which they are entrapped and sold as slaves is described—and the whole ends with an appropriate moral sentiment. The poem might here finish, but the spirit of the bard penetrates the veil of futurity, and from it cuts off a bright piece for the hitherto unfortunate Africans, as the following beautiful lines amply exemplify.

It may, perhaps, be remarked that the author has here "changed his hand;" he answers that it was his intention so to do. Before it was his endeavour to be elegant and concise; it is now his wish to be enthusiastic and magnificent. He trusts the reader will perceive the aptness with which he hath changed his style; when he narrated the facts he was calm, when he enters on prophecy he is fervid.

The enthusiasm which he feels is beautifully expressed in lines 25, 26. He thinks he has very successfully imitated, in the last six lines, the best manner of Mr. Pope, and in lines 12-26 the pathetic elegance of the author of "Australasia" and "Athens."

The author cannot conclude without declaring that his aim in writing this poem will be fully accomplished, if he can infuse into the breasts of Englishmen a sense of the danger in which they lie. Yes—Africa! If he can awaken one particle of sympathy for thy sorrows, of love for thy land, of admiration for thy virtue, he shall sink into the grave with the proud consciousness that he has raised esteem where before there was contempt, and has kindled the flame of hope on the mouldering ashes of despair.

THE PROCTOR.

"*The Snob*" was succeeded by "*The Gownsmen*," of which seventeen numbers were issued between November 5, 1829, and February 25, 1830. In the conduct of this journal, too, Thackeray is said to have had a considerable share. A writer in the "*Athenæum*" for January 1, 1887, states that his contributions were signed *Θ*. If this be the case, the majority of them are of little merit. The best, "*I'd be a Tadpole*," is printed below. Anthony Trollope seems half inclined to attribute the dedication of "*The Gownsmen*" to Thackeray. It runs as follows:—

"To all Proctors, past, present, and future,
Whose taste it is our privilege to follow,
Whose virtue it is our duty to imitate,
Whose presence it is our interest to avoid."

The authorship of "The Proctor," which appeared in No. 9, is unknown.

"*Parmeno.* At non novi hominus faciem.
Pamphilus. At faciam ut noveris :
Magnus, rubicundus, crispus, crassus, caesius¹
Cadaverosa facie.
Parmeno. Dii illum perduint."

TER.

Who is it, that with bull-dogs two,
With brass-bound book, and cloak of blue,
Is capped on Sundays *by a few* ?
The Proctor.

¹ Qui i felis oculis habet.

Who is't in bands and silk so fine,
Is seen about soon after nine,
Like glow-worm doomed at night to shine ?
The Proctor.

Who was it when I *doused a glim*,
Dispatched to catch me bull-dog Jem,
And *begged* that I would *call* on him ?
The Proctor.

Who was it too, when sporting hat
On Queen's bridge rails one night I sat,
Just asked my name—no more than that ?
The Proctor.

Who was it, when a row began,
Between the Snobs and Gownsmen ran,
And seized me, as I floored a man ?
The Proctor.

And when I bribed with half-a-dollar
The bull-dog to let go my collar,
Who was it run and beat me hollow ?
The Proctor.

And when he caught me,—asked my name,—
Who was it found I could *die game* !
(For I kicked his shins and made him lame,)
The Proctor.

Who was it of this aggravation
Before the Vice laid accusation,
Who kindly sentenced rustication ?
The Proctor.

Who was it, when *Degree* was near,
By frowning looks taught me to fear
He meant to harass me?—oh dear!
The Proctor.

Who was it said, “Sir, if you please,
I’ll trouble you to pay your fees,
We never *trust* for *no* degrees”?
The Proctor.

Who after all this long delay,
Examination, lots to pay,
Declined to make me a B.A.
—And then got licked that very day?
The Proctor.

ξ.

AN ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN THE LONG VACATION.

This poem appeared in No. 11 of "The Gownsmen."

THE vacant streets proclaim the "*parting* day,"
The loaded coaches setting off, you see,
The gownsmen homeward bends his joyous way,
And leaves the college and the town to me.

No wine, no supper-parties glad the sight ;
O'er all the court a solemn stillness reigns ;
Save where some gambling Gyps o'er skittles fight,
When Fortune robs them of their easy gains.

Save that at intervals from yonder tow'r
You hear some moping questionist complain,
Condemned to toil thro' many a weary hour
O'er Newton, Smith and "Calculus" again.

(Haply the Porter or some Gyp may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the break of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dew away,
And take his seedy walk across the lawn.")

All else is hushed !—the spider here has made
His web o'er books in many a mould'ring heap ;
And on the shelf till next October laid,
Euclid and Wood and Aristotle sleep !

TOGATUS.

MODERN SONGS.—No. 5.

Air—"I'd be a butterfly."

I'd be a tadpole, born in a puddle,
Where dead cats, and drains, and water-rats meet ;
There under a stone I so snugly would cuddle,
With some other tad which was pretty and sweet.
I'd never seek my poor brains for to muddle,
With thinking why I had no toes to my feet ;
But under a stone I so snugly would cuddle
With some other tad as was pretty and sweet.

If I could borrow the wand of a fairy,
I'd be a fish and have beautiful fins—
But yet in this puddle I'm cleanly and airy,
I'm washed by the waters and cool'd by the winds !
Fish in a pond must be watchful and wary,
Or boys will catch them with worms and hooked pins.
I'll be a tadpole, cleanly and airy,
Washed by the waters and wiped by the winds.

What though you tell me each black little rover
Dies in the sun when the puddle is dry,—
Do you not think that when it's all over
With my best friends I'll be happy to die ?

Some may turn toads with great speckled bellies,
Swim in the gutter, or spit in the road ;
I'll stay a tadpole, and not, like them fellers,
Be one day a tad and another a toad.

θ.

W. M. THACKERAY.

An Anglo-Sapphic Ode,
 dedicated
 (with French leave)
 to
 Robert Mackintosh Beverley, Esq.,
 entitled
 The Friend of Veracity
versus
 The Lie-Grinder,
 being
 a Burlesque Imitation of Mr. Canning's Stanzas,
 "The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder."

 Not by a Can-ning, but a Can-tab.

 Cambridge.
 1833.

In 1833, the notorious Mr. R. M. Beverley wrote a letter to H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, then Chancellor of the University, in which he made a vigorous attack on the morals and learning of the University of Cambridge. The letter occasioned the utmost indignation in Cambridge, and the writer was finally silenced by Professor Sedgwick's "Four Letters to the Editor of the Leeds Mercury." The following lines appeared in the form of a pamphlet.

PREFACE.

IN the ensuing stanzas, the writer is fully aware that he has fallen far short of the elegant example which he has

attempted to copy, but he nevertheless hopes that the reader will make all possible allowances for the attempt. He has not made the *Lie-grinder* answer the *Friend of Veracity*, because he did not exactly see what the former could say in his defence, considering that the *poor man's* conscience must be by this time, or at least ought to be, sufficiently burdened by ruminating on his bouncing hyperboles. We must suppose that the sharpness of his cuts at the university is all owing to the goodness of his grindstone.

THE FRIEND OF VERACITY VERSUS THE LIE-GRINDER.

Friend of Veracity.

SILLY Lie-grinder, what have you been doing?
Great is the scrape your pen has got you into,
Deep are our threats :—your head has got a crack in't,
So have your brains, Sir.

Dirty Lie-grinder.—little thought the Cantabs,
Who in their gowns walk for a Constitution-
id, that a biped in the human form could
Write such a pamphlet.

Tell me, Lie-grinder, how came you to write such
Lies against Cambridge? was it out of spite? or
Was it in hopes of sharing in the Uni-
versity plunder?¹

¹ I think Mr. Beverley hopes to have a 1/2 of University property, which he will give to the people of England to put it out to those never-ending and long enough institutions.

Was it from spite? or sense of unrevenged wrongs?
 Did some old Don tyrannically use you?
 Master or Tutor, Moderator or Vice-
 Chancellor? Eh, Sir?

Was it the Dean, for not attending chapel?
 Or the Pro-proctor finding you in mischief?
 Or did your Tutor put you out of Sizings,
 Absent at Lecture?

Did you the night-capped citizens awaken,
 Night after night drunk, did you break the lamps, and
 Hope to escape (you votary of *Liber*¹)
 Proctorization?

Mack! I maintain *immaculate*² we are, for
 No Robert Whig Mack Beverley, Esquire, now
 Kicks up a row, gets drunk, or flanks a tandem—
 Whip out of window.

Be not deceived by Beverley's aspersions;
 Send all your sons to Eton or to Rugby;
 Afterwards, parents, pray take my advice, and
 Send them to Cambridge."

¹ We must suppose Mr. Beverley thought that because Bacchus's name is also "*Liber*," that if he made free with a little wine, that god would keep him free from Proctors.

² We may, we hope, by poetical licence, for once step aside from the proper derivation of the word *immaculate*, and suppose it to be derived from *in*, *not*, and *maculate*—from *Mack*, the Lie-Grinder; therefore we are immaculate if we have *not Mack*. Certainly he is not a "*macte puer*."

³ See what Mr. Beverley says against Eton, etc. He has also these memorable words of advice "to parents who value the religion of their sons—send them not to Cambridge."

Few the Newmarket races have attracted,
 London in term time seldom sees a Cantab ;
 Balls are but scarce, we'll Bury them in silence :
 Rarely frequented.

How can you talk of mummary and *mass*,¹ *Sir* ?
 “ *Massa*, me no like such a buckra fellow ; ”
 White though your skin, your principles are black as
 Ink in a bottle.

Surely you read the *Rights of Man*, to *write* such
 Lies, *Sir* ; a stick now trembles in my hand, quite
 Ready to fall, as soon as I may see your
 Rascally worship.

Bobby,² you've told a multitude of stories,
 Lies without end, *Sir* ; *chequered* is your pamphlet,
 As the world sees and knows, I hope, with acrid
 Radical humbug !

Constables ought, indeed, to take you into
 Custody ; they should walk you to a justice,
 Who, if he's wise, should put you in the Cambridge
 Stocks for a rascal.

¹ See what Mr. Beverley says about mass, etc., which he proposes to be restored in the college chapels, by its own proper name, for he says “ now adopted in all but the name. N.B.—This is the individual who, it may be remembered, proposed to the Archbishop of York to convert York Minster into a Catholic church, asserting that that church was founded and endowed by Roman Catholic, and therefore should be restored to the priests of that religion for having been originally built. See His “Anti-Church Letter to the Archbishop of York.”

² Some of the translators propose “ Bobby ; ” but I imagine it is contrary to custom, as the Trinity porter said to the fireman who came to see whether he was to get on Sunday : “ Perfectly hogtrotal, and the boys,” was the answer.

I should be glad to break your honour's head with
One stick or two, if ever I may see you ;
But, for my part, I never like with such to
Dirty my fingers.

Libelling Bob Mack Beverley, Esquire, you
Wretch, whom no sense of shame can keep from lying,
Sordid, unfeeling reprobate, degraded
Radical outcast !

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY THE NEW CAIUS GOWN.

Previously to the year 1835 the undergraduates of Trinity were distinguished from other members of the university by wearing a blue gown. In this year, however, the Caius men discarded their short gown of sable hue for one which somewhat resembled that of Trinity. This called forth the following protest from an indignant Trinity man.

AWAKE, my Muse ! and leave all meaner things
To humble Queen's Men, or to men of King's ;
To mightier themes my daring strains aspire,
Touch thou my pen with thy celestial fire.
I sing the deeds of those, who think Renown
Dwells in the folds of our caerulean gown.
Unhappy youths ! whom nature ne'er endowed
With aught to raise them from the vulgar crowd,
Yet eager too to fill the rolls of fame,
And gain the empty honour of a name,
Have vainly tried the paths which science shews,
And Alma Mater with her prizes strews.
Their feeble minds, unable to contend
With those where genius and where learning blend.
Thine equal contest shunned, and sought to gain
By readier means the object of their pain.
But then, my friends, while I in haste describe
The dwelling place of this eccentric tribe,

Know ye the spot where the cross-spikes and bars
Are emblems of those who attempted to climb,
But not being nimble or active as tars

Fell—and suffered the lasting effects of their crime?
Know ye the College where men never shine
In aught but in quaffing the juice of the vine;
Where clouds of tobacco send forth a perfume,
That is plainly perceived pouring out from each room?
The sounds that ye hear there are not like the lute,
For the voice of the “*rowing-man*” seldom is mute;
But the ale that they sell there,—I own it will vie
With any that’s made—or sold—under the sky;
And the hue of their copus is brightest in dye.
’Tis the College of Caius—’tis the land where the “bum-
curtain” lately was sported by each jolly chum,
But now black and blue are the gowns that they wear,
Like the eye of a drunkard, returned from a fair.

Grief long had worn these hapless men,
The cause I need not say again;
With one consent they then agreed—
’Tis said—their general cause to plead.
The sapient conclave having met,
With pipes and bakky duly set,
A youth with not too much of wisdom blessed
Th’ assembled brethren in these words addressed:
“Shall *we alone*, my friends, *alone* shall we,
(Spurned though we are by lofty Trinity.)
Contented wear this odious *curtailed* gown,
Laughed at by each pert *puppy* of the town;
While round us stalk in haughty grandeur all,
Men of each other college, and each hall?
No; since, alas! no other road their lies
By which ourselves we can immortalize,

With one loud voice the Master let us sue—
Oh! let us wear a beauteous gown of blue!”

With cheers full loud this wise proposal came,
And their fond wish was wafted into flame;
The Master heard; he smiled and gave assent.
To Creeke and Ratnett straight the orders went
For gowns of blue, with sable patches pied,
One at the back, and one at either side.

Vain fools!—and have ye then so soon forgot,
In Aesop’s tales, the unhappy ass’s lot;
How in the lion’s hide the creature brayed,
And by his voice his witless self betrayed?
So will *your* hopes as signally be wrecked,
Though in your gowns of slaty hue bedecked.

If ye desire the name of Caius to raise,
And reap at least some honourable praise,
’Tis not our *gowns* that can exalt your name.
In *learning*—strive to emulate our fame,
Though vain, I fear, the tedious task you’d find;
You’d still be left so very far behind.
Sport if ye will our robes of purple hue,
Ye guiltless freshmen,—we laugh not at *you*;
Our only aim has here been to disclose
The idle plot, that wrought your early woes.

Yet weep not, Caius Men, in your lowly den;
Well may ye envy Trinity her men.
Their bright examples ever yet have stood
Foremost in all we deem most wise and good,
And till the world in hapless ruin fade
Still shall their memories be undecayed;
In vain assailed by Envy’s cankering breath,
Their names remain unperishing in death.

THE SNOBIAD, OR TOWN AND GOWN
ROW IN CAMBRIDGE.

November 5, 1835.

This poem was written down, from the dictation of the Hon. and Rev. P. Y. Savile, by the late Dr. Potts, in 1881, and a copy of it is now preserved in the Registry at Cambridge. Another town and gown row is described on p. 199.

IN college rooms a crowded conclave sat,
November five just dusk, in close debate ;
A steaming punch-bowl purified the room,
And fragrant pipes distilled a blue perfume.
As the curled smoke ascended to the ceiling,
So up curvetted each heroic feeling ;
And loud the menaces and dire the works
Vowed against Snobs in memory of Fawkes.
High and yet higher the discussion rose,
Who should be leader, where attack the foes,
How armed each youth, how every troop arrayed ;
Some lay the bet, and some the ambushade.
Deep in the liquid realms of Cam with fright
For the forthcoming horrors of the night,
The guardian Sprite inflitted as they spoke,
And straightway hovered o'er a pipe of smoke.
Just then a youth of most undoubted worth
Had blown a cloud of weedy vapour forth,
And as he oped his mouth to puff again,
The Sprite flew in and settled on his brain—

A vacant spot, where, sitting at her ease,
 She might dictate such sentiments as these :
 " Permit me, gentlemen, if in submitting
 A trifling word or two (excuse my spitting)
 I should admit what ill becomes my college ;
 But, sirs, remember that I speak from knowledge.
 This night six hundred foes are in the town,
 We scarce can reckon on a hundred gown ;
 Six hundred blackguards armed with stones and bricks,
 While we can lean on nothing but our sticks ;
 On jagged missiles all their strength reposes,
 And, ere we reach them, we have lost our noses.
 Now list ; to-morrow night you'll all confess
 Their force will be considerably less.
 With quite as much excitement, fun, and noise,
 Six hundred Snobs will fall on sixty boys,
 And from the moment that we sally out
 We shall enjoy a long victorious rout.
 Now, oft of yore have I and my two cousins
 By such prudential measures slaughtered dozens—
 Caught with our toes the miscreants as they fled,
 And made the pavement answer to their head."
 His boasting words mere windy sounds disclose,
 While tumorous buzzings of applause arose.
 The chairman puffed in silence for a minute,
 Then softly murmured, " there was something in it."
 One only from the central mass of smoke—
 A wildly fierce deluded freshman —spoke :
 " My sentence is for war without distinction—
 For thorough, signal, absolute extinction.
 Then, then, false comrades, blench ye from the fight,
 For I at least will have a mill to-night !"
 He fled, and rushing to the streets pell-mell,
 He cried, " It is fair a fight, and fighting I'll !

Ah ! valiant youth, of generous noble spirit,
Strange that the fates should so reward thy merit.
One eye bunged out, both nostrils battered wide,
With two ribs fractured on the dexter side,
Of cap and gown bereft, his coat uptorn,
Back to his college is the hero borne.
Two Proctors, kindly holding either arm,
Staunch the dark blood, and gate him for the term.
The Sprite of Camus sought the top of King's,
And calmly lighting, slowly closed her wings ;
She then, with anxious forethought looking down,
Surveys each hole and corner of the town,
Where it is best to lead the headstrong host,
What places favour, what endanger most.
Oh for a throat of brass and blacksmith's bellows,
To tell the mustering of these gallant fellows ;
To say what college, fired by thirst of fame,
On-led by fancied wrongs, to battle came !
See ! they advance from every college door ;
With waving caps and flowing gowns outpour.
These are the Tufts of Trinity, and these
The Sons of Queen's and all the Bunch of Caius.
Saint John's sends forth a Bacchanalian train,
Corpus peeps forth and skelters back again,
And little Sidney issues all she can,
Her force concentrated in a single man.
Six Donning men had promised their assistance,
But, like poor Blucher, could not save their distance.
Four had at early morn their march begun,
But reached not Cambridge ere the fight was done ;
The other two, while slipping on their garters,
Their wives had threatened and detained in quarters.
Rough, bluff, and sturdy, though in numbers few,
The Aulites muster, one united crew ;

Their gowns with care around their bodies tied,
For fear the Snobs should claim them for their side.
Far in another quarter of the town
A togaed phalanx bear their foemen down
In combat close ; they wage it hand to hand,
Each for himself, regardless of command ;
Only one Magdalene youth withheld the blow,
Bent o'er the body of a prostrate foe,
Parting his locks, beneath a lighted lamp,
To trace the features of his forehead damp.
Heard ye that shriek ? “ Yes, yes ! 'tis he, 'tis he !
I've slain, I've massacred our own Bargee !
Oh, Bargee, Bargee, wherefore could you fight us ? ”
Here Alexander lost another Clitus.
The Bargee deeply groaned, and loudly cried
Belching forth one foul word, and then he died.
The Sprite of Cam now leaves the battle-field,
A gentle youth of valiant Caius to shield,
Wending his homeward way at half-past nine
To get his tea and save the Porter's fine.
A youth was he, on study all intent,
With swipes and College commons quite content.
His friend he left in Pembroke College attics,
Deeply engaged in mixed mathematics.
Scarce had he left the college in his rear,
When three fell Snobians were seen drawing near.
Two slashing hits first bend his body double ;
The third then floors him, and saves further trouble.
With eyes impatient starting from their sockets,
In vûn the conquerors dive into his pockets ;
No chinking gold, no watch nor jewels rare,
Answer their feelings or repay their care—
Naught but some sheets of scribbling paper there.
“ Oh, curse the mongrel, he's not worth a groat ! ”

They cry ; “ we’ll stuff the papers down his throat.”
In vain the youth resists the doughty three ;
They force into his mouth the Laws of Gravity ;
And, what was far more difficult and cruel,
They try to make him bolt Magister Whewell.
But soon the angry Sprite relieved him from it,
Soothing his pains by a most timely vomit.
The fight is o’er, and well it was no worse !
Each party claims the victory, of course.
While beer and baccy calm the Snobian soul,
The gownsman revels in the purple bowl,
And many a vaunt and many a boast goes round.
One shows his body whole, one boasts his wound ;
This thought it humbug, and that thought it fun,
But every man a thousand deeds had done.
First, Hobbs of Trinity had fought his way
Alone, unaided through the thickest fray,
And challenged every gentleman to tell
A feat of chivalry performed so well.
But Dobbs of John’s, his back against a wall,
Daring full sixty Snobians one and all,
Floored every man, and on their bodies jumped ;
So the First Trinity was fairly bumped.
The Sprite of Cam had sunk beneath her river,
To paint her lance and to renew her quiver ;
And as Aurora gilds the eastern morn,
By playful zephyrs on each sunbeam borne,
Leaps to the water-lilies’ perfumed bud,
Waves her bright wand, and reassumes the flood.

VICE-CHANCELLOR V. MAYOR.

On February 22, 1837, a grace was offered to the Senate " To authorize the Vice-Chancellor, the proceedings at Law having been instituted against the late V.C. with a view to try the right, which the University has for so long a period claimed and exercised, of licensing persons to keep Public Houses within its limits: to take and act upon the advice of the University Counsel, assisted by such other Counsel as the V.C. may deem it expedient to consult, for the purpose of protecting the University in the enjoyment of its privilege." The question was decided in 1838 in favour of the University.

MASTERS of Arts! who value independence,
And cannot brook tyrannical proceedings,
What's the excuse that you did not attend the
Late Congregation?

Had you been true, we could have struck a blow, which
Would have put down Vice-Chancellors for ever,
Disannulled all their privilege and made them
Just what they should be,

Servants, to wit, depending on the town, and
Armed with no more authority than seemeth
Fit to the most Right Worshipful the Mayor and
New Corporation.

When the Dissenters volunteer to help you
To overrule your chief Magistrate, and sinking
Minor disputes, make common cause for this de-
sirable object,

Who that would crave the favour of O'Connell,
Morpeth and Russell, hesitates to vote that
Privilege, right, immunity and all our
Liberties are not
Worth the defending? When the Camp's in danger
Surely there is discretion in surrender,
And he that first capitulates ensures re-
ward for his service.
Masters of Arts, then, rally round "the Mayor," and
Help him to send Vice-Chancellors and Proctors,
Taxers, etc. (all but Liberal Professors)
Into the Town Jail.

NUGAE BARTLOVIANAE.

The two barrows on Bartlow Hills were opened in 1835 and 1838 respectively. On both occasions Whewell, Sedgwick, and others were present, and the following verses by Whewell were published for private circulation in 1838. They were afterwards included in the volume of his poems, called "Sundry Thoughts and Other Verses" (1847). The following is a contemporary account of the opening of the second barrow: "Lodge, and Sedgwick, and Whewell, and Henslow went from Audley End with a large party. They found a box (some four feet long, three broad, and three high), in which were run by Roman glass bottles, pateras, bronze jugs, and a ring, also some small bones (supposed to be chicken-bones); the urn containing the skeleton of a man was not yet found. Sedgwick exhibited to the company a sword which he declared had belonged to Julius Caesar. Whewell wrote a copy of humorous verse on the occasion (viz. a complaint of the dead man for being disturbed)."

DEDICATION.

NOBLES and learned Clerks, and Ladies gay,
 Who all, in fair assembly ranged, were by
 When antiquarian pickaxe broke its way
 Through Bartlow's old mysterious tumuli;
 Would you indeed the tinkling still retain
 Of bells that jingled for your disport then?
 Take here the moment's rhyme; the trifling strain
 (Scorned with you from churlish critic's ken)
 May bring some pleasant days back to your thoughts again.

W. W.

ANNALS OF LITERATURE, 17, 1838.

BARTLOW HILLS.

AN ECLOGUE.

April 21, 1835.

Mr. Gage. My antiquarian bosom burns to explore
These relics of the art of men of yore.

Professor Sedgwick. Stay, my good sir ; control your zeal
or lose it.

This is no work of art ; 'tis a *deposit*.

Gage. Geologist, avaunt ! and hide your head ;
Ne'er was deposit thus deposited.

Sedgwick. I hold, despite your antiquarian pride,
That Bartlow's tallest hill is stratified.

G. Your theory of strata, sir, is rickety :
'Tis a Romano-Dano-Celt antiquity.

S. Sir, your antiquity's a joke to me :
'Twas left here by "the last catastrophe."

G. I tell you, sir, that Queen Boadicea
Killed fifty thousand men, and put them here.

S. Sir, throw your queens and battles to the dogs :
'Twas when the Deluge made the Gogmagogs.

Lady Braybrooke. O gentle swains ! be for a moment
mute,

For here is that will settle your dispute.

The spade proceeds, the earth is outward thrown,
And now at last we find a bit of bone.

G. Ha ! give it me. It is, upon my word,
A British heel chopped by a Roman sword.

S. No ; with your idle tales no longer weary 'em :
'Tis a new fossil beast—the Bartlotherium.

Dr. X. Now, gentlemen, since bones are my affair,
 I, as anatomist, the truth declare :
 The bone is a heel-bone—observe it thus—
 The beast, the *Asinus domesticus*.
 No theorist is safe from trifling ills :
 So the Lord and Lady of these hills
 Pay, as becomes you, thanks and reverence due,
 And then proceed to theorize anew.

April 17, 1838.

Where Bartlow's barrows of wondrous size
 Stand side by side to puzzle the wise,
 In a certain year, on a certain day,
 A voice was heard in the morning grey :
 'Twas a grumbling, growling, muttering din,
 Like a man who talks a box within ;
 And it seemed to come, to the standers by,
 From the center of one of the tumuli.
 The language, as well as the ear could take it,
 Was Latin—but such as a Briton would make it.
 And this is a close translation penn'd
 For Carolus Neville of Audley End :—
 " Brother Icenius Crispus Caius !—
 Close together our friends did lay us,
 Seventeen hundred years ago,
 And our two cousins, all in a row :
 Tell me, Caius, how do you lie ?
 Do you find any change as the years go by ?
 Are you still in your quarters narrow,
 Still in the mould of the tall one a barrow,
 Close to the ribs of your friend, far and you lying
 In a row ? Do you console you for dying
 By the slow wind that the cold slow air
 Blows like a way to my bones so late :

It seems as if the sharp north-west
 Were somehow getting within my *chest* ;
 And if the cold very much increases,
 I shall sneeze my barrow all to pieces.
 Are you cold too ? I feel, by Bacchus !
 An epidemic disease attacks us ;
 And I really fear, as learned men say,
 ‘ A touch of a tumular influenza.’ ”

And another voice, from another hill,
 Replied in a hoarser grumble still :—
 “ What ! O Jupiter !—Cousin Verus,
 Haven’t you heard what pass’d so near us ?
 Poor Icenius, don’t you know
 They carried him off three years ago ?
 Certain robbers, call’d antiquaries,
 Came and disturbed his quiet Lares ;
 Bored his barrow, and stole, alas !
 His urns and bottles, his bronze and glass ;
 His worship’s chair, that he used to sit in
 At the quarter sessions for Eastern Britain ;
 His handsome funeral *praefericulum* ;
 His wife’s new-fashion’d enamel *ridiculum* ;¹
 Bagg’d the whole !—it did not matter a
 Pin whether vase, or lamp, or patera.
 Even his bones, though stript of their clothing,
 They took away, and left him nothing.
 All are gone,—and the world may see ’em
 Making a show in the *Maynard Museum*.
 “ And now I fear these folk intend
 To rob you too, my respected friend ;

¹ Resembling the modern reticule.

And, following up their barbarous custom,
They've dug a hole to your very *bustum* ;
And that's the reason, or I'm mistaken,
You feel so *bored*, and so sadly shaken.

" It is really hard that one's very great age
Can't save one from prying *Fellows* like *Gage* ;¹
When one comes to one's *teens of centuries*, clearly
One should not be treated so cavalierly.

" But since it is so, and the move's begun,
I trust we shall meet when all is done.
So, when near Caius you're set on the shelf,
Tell him I hope to be there myself ;
And say that the thing which I doubt the least on
Is our coming together again at *Easton*."²

WILLIAM WHEWELL.

¹ John Gage, Esq., F.S.A.

² Easton Lodge, the seat of Viscount Maynard, the proprietor of the Bartlow Hills.

THE RAPE OF THE WHISKER.

In 1837, Temple Frere (who was unfortunately drowned in the Cam three years later) cut off the whiskers of C. S. Stokes, of Trinity, under circumstances which the following poem will render clear. In another lampoon on the subject, called "Fuz-whiskiana," the names of the actors in the tragedy are very thinly veiled, as these lines will show—

"Why didst thou close thy eyes, confiding S——s?
 A Cambridge man and yet not up to jokes!

 None will deny, altho' his name I've hid it,
 Free was his weapon, 'freer' he who did it!"

WINE and the man I sing, who woke at morn,
 And found, by some stern fate, his whisker shorn.
 Say, muse divine, what unrelenting Fate
 Pursued so fair a youth with such dark hate?
 Were not the common ills of life enough,
 The blunted razor, and the beard too tough?
 Why this last stroke, "the unkindest cut of all,"
 Which bade the duly-cherished whiskers fall?
 Those whiskers, once, alas! the boast of Trinity
 On which their owner doated to infinity.
 Say, O ye gyps, and ye too, ladies fair,
 Whose gossip dwelt on "Mister Stiggins' hair,"
 Did great Apollo, with his unshorn grace,
 Envy the honours of that blooming face?
 Or wise Minerva, frowning at such vanity,
 Lay low the darling pride of his insanity?

And came there as of old, from realms of air,
 Some hostile Sylph, to violate the hair?
 Alas! the bitter truth I would have shrunk
 From telling, but—in fact, the youth was drunk.
 For, who in sober mood, not over-bold,
 Would seek a lion's den, a giant's hold?'
 Yet this youth ventured—oh, fit theme for bards—
 To taunt the giant while he played at cards.
 'Tis true, the giant was an infant still,
 But yet no common Jack could such a giant kill;
 In mind and manner—scarce a three-months' child,
 In bulk—a Pelion on Olympus piled.

Like bull at bay, while baiting bull-dogs bark,
 Like crouching tiger, or like hungry shark,
 Like dark volcano smouldering till the hour
 Arrive to shew the world its hidden power,
 So dark—so stern—so sullen sat the giant,
 Quite silent, yet in temper far from pliant.
 Meanwhile friend Stiggins never dreamt of battle,
 But joked the Baby-giant on "his rattle."
 But Fate impended, big with retribution,
 And Sleep brought Stiggins into destitution.
 Buried in wine and sleep—so Virgil sung—
 So Stiggins lay, with snore-resounding lung.

Now, all good tipplers, take a timely warning;
 Remember that Repentance comes with morning.
 For morning came, and sadly from his bed
 Poor Stiggins crawled, and cursed his aching head.
 But still he crept, as usual, to the phials
 To moisten whiskers, but a loud "Alas!"
 Was all he uttered, as he looked at sin,
 And then once more he looked, and looked in vain
 At what was the whisker?—Perk had was the grace.

The nicely-balanced beauty of the face :
One side remained ; but what could profit One ?
’Twere better if together both had gone.
So reasoned Stiggins, feeling no slight wonder
To find his brother whiskers set asunder.
Sadly he mused on all the anxious toil,
The frequent shaving, and the fragrant oil,
Now all bestowed in vain. What precious plaster
Would quickest serve to heal the sore disaster ?
Not all Macassar could prevent alarm,
Nor all Circassia’s cream, Columbia’s palm.

Two sores were now to heal—the wounded *face*,
And wounded *honour*. For the first disgrace
Sad remedy was found, to send the other—
“ His sole remaining joy ”—to seek its brother.
’Twas hence the streets beheld, with wild affright,
Our ravished Hero (while he shunned the light)
Wandering, with covered head, and seeking harbour ;
He could not trim his locks without a barber !
The doctor came too, found no need of pill,
Yet pledged his written word, the Youth was ill.
A slight “ Aegrotat ” healed the injured face,
And saved the Youth from shewing his disgrace.
He next, as seems most proper, wrote a letter,
But People say he should have written better.
They may be right, or wrong—it might be clever,
Or might be stupid ; but it seems, however,
Its object, when he read it, did not cool—
Still less, when Stiggins came to call him Fool.

Great was the clamour, bitter was the wail,
When Stiggins dared at length to tell his tale :
The sons of John’s and Trinity deplore,
And all the Union echoes with the roar.
For all who hoped for whiskers, dreamt of beard

Listened, and while they listened, sadly feared :
Then each Adonis felt his cheek in pain,
And smiled to find the embryo hairs remain.

O gallant band of youths ! O noble Few !
Who *can* feed whiskers with Macassar dew,
O hear my counsel ; *don't* get drunk at night,
And *don't* provoke young giants to the fight ;
So shall you sleep at night, and wake at morn
Without an aching head, without a whisker shorn.

*EXTRAORDINARY ASTRONOMICAL
DISCOVERY.*

A REMARKABLE and interesting discovery has just been made at the Cambridge Observatory, by means of the splendid telescope recently fitted up there, the liberal gift of a noble and munificent Duke ; nor is the ingenious method pursued in bringing this wonderful phenomenon to light less remarkable than the novelty of the appearance of a body, whose existence, though frequently suspected, had never been satisfactorily established. It had long been supposed, that in addition to the many small planetary bodies which revolve at various distances round the glorious and brilliant sun of Trinity College, and which are commonly known by the name of minor establishments, or small colleges, there might be some so small that their existence had never become known to any member of Trinity. This idea received great support from the learned researches of the talented astronomical observer, Professor Challis. In his paper "On the True Law of Collegiate Distances," published in the Transactions of the Cambridge Philosophical Society, he had demonstrated the numerical law which regulates the distances of the small colleges from the centre of the system. At the same time he found that this law was in default in one place, as the distance between Sidney and Jesus was greater than that assigned by calculation. He conceived, therefore, that it was highly probable that another college would be found

somewhere in the interval. He had accordingly searched long and carefully with the instruments which he then possessed, but always without success, as their strength was not sufficient to exhibit a body which now is known to be of so small a size, and to shine with so feeble a light. But as soon as the magnificent gift of the noble Duke was in a state fit for working, he employed it with indefatigable zeal in the search of this long suspected body. His efforts have now been crowned with success; and no greater proof need be given of the excellence of this wonderful telescope, than the fact of its having been able to detect a body so small that it had eluded the observation of all previous astronomers.

This new body, which the researches of Professor Challis have added to our system, is by far the smallest known, being about one-half of the size of Sidney. The ratio of its mass to that of Trinity, considered as unity, is $\cdot 0000000012$. It has a dull leaden colour somewhat like St. John's, and though its inhabitants have not yet been distinctly seen, from sundry considerations they are conjectured to be of less size than even those men of Emmanuel who have been seen. These are all the particulars the learned Professor has as yet been able to determine, but he is now employed in investigating the latitude and longitude of its Hall and Chapel, if indeed it do possess the latter. He conceived at one time that he heard the sound of an organ, but as this is an appendage unknown in any of the existing small colleges, it is conjectured that so remarkable a deviation from the usual nature of these bodies has no foundation in fact.

Never since the discovery of Olbers was there so great an excitement among astronomers, as when the learned Professor announced his discovery; and they are all now diligently employed in searching the whole heavens in expectation of finding another of these bodies, but as yet without success. The highest credit is due to Professor Challis

for the ingenuity of reasoning by which he arrived at the conclusion that such a body did exist, and the dexterity by which he verified his suspicions ; and his name will be handed down to posterity with those of Herschel, Olbers, and Piazzi, as one of those who have done most for astronomical science.

1838.

PROSPECTUS OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE
TRANSLATION OF CAMBRIDGE MATHE-
MATICAL BOOKS INTO INTELLIGIBLE
ENGLISH.

This "prospectus," which is said to have been written by D. F. Gregory, Fellow of Trinity, will speak for itself. The only passage which calls for comment is that in which the Society returns its "thanks to Mr. Hopkins for the kindness with which he has favoured it with the use of his private manuscripts, from which so many of the works recently published have been taken." Mr. Hopkins was the Routh of his time, and from 1828 to 1849 inclusive, i.e. in twenty-two years, had among his pupils 175 wranglers. Of these 108 were in the first ten, 44 in the first three, and 17 were senior wranglers. Naturally, therefore, the manuscripts of Mr. Hopkins would throw considerable light upon the mathematical works published in Cambridge during the second quarter of the present century.

At a time like the present, when the extension of scientific education has created so great a demand for mathematical works in the English language, the expectations of the public were naturally directed towards the University of Cambridge, as the fountain from which the stream of knowledge was to be supplied ; and, from the scientific reputation of so many of its members, the highest anticipation has been formed. Considerable disappointment, however, has ensued, on its being found that, from the singularity of dialect which prevails among the works published at this University, together with other sources of studied obscurity, these works are

wholly unintelligible to people at large unconnected with Cambridge. Fear has even been entertained that the imperishable works of a Miller, a Hymers, an Earnshaw, a Phelps, an Ottley, and a Hall, may be obscured in the eyes of posterity, by the language in which they are written being no longer understood. Animated by these considerations, and anxious to rescue the University from the opprobrium which must fall upon her, should the productions of her illustrious offspring be allowed to fall into oblivion, a Society has been formed, for the purpose of endeavouring to put these works within the reach of ordinary comprehensions, by translating the most admired of them into the vernacular tongue. These translations it is proposed to bring out at no stated intervals, but as rapidly as the difficulty of the task will allow, and the following will be the principal objects kept in view in the Society's publications.

I. To translate the letter-press into the English language. In performing which task, the Society will not consider itself restricted to the ordinary proportion of one line of explanation to seven pages of symbols.

II. To correct the numerous errata which disfigure the fair pages of these works, and in particular to collate them carefully with the original authors from whom they have been copied, either with or without acknowledgment. The Society begs to return its sincere thanks to Mr. Hopkins, for the kindness with which for this purpose he has favoured it with the use of his private manuscripts, from which so many of the works recently published have been taken. The Society hopes that, by paying particular attention to the printing department, the list of errata will be so small, that it shall not require more than four supplementary sheets of small type for each volume.

III. Where possible, to discover and explain the author's

meaning in those passages where he does not seem to have fully comprehended it himself.

IV. To correct errors in analysis, and to supply those omissions which appear to have arisen from the accident of the author, in copying, having turned over two pages instead of one. In connection with this, the Society much regrets that persons ignorant of a foreign language should attempt to copy from the works of Continental writers, as they have thereby been reduced to the necessity of copying the analysis alone, without the accompaniment of the corresponding explanation.

V. Inasmuch as, from the language used in these works being ill-adapted for continuous prose, they are never accompanied by prefaces, the Society in the translations (where the same difficulty will not occur) will take care to have suitable prefaces prepared by competent persons, who may have read through the various works, and have been able, so far as possible, to understand them.

The Society will be happy to receive offers of literary assistance (with the terms), and any communications which may tend to further the objects of the Society. In particular, authors are invited to give their opinions as to the interpretation of difficult passages in their own works, but the Society does not pledge itself to be always guided by their views.

The first number of the Society's publications will contain "Miller's Differential Calculus." It will appear some time within the next ten or twenty years; and when the difficulty of the task is considered, and when it is remembered, that for the accurate execution of the work the Society will have to examine one hundred and seventy-three works on the same subject, which have issued from the Cambridge Press, besides some minor works of French and other writers: and

moreover, since from the statistical tables of the last five years it appears that seventeen treatises per annum on the "Differential Calculus" may be expected, all of which must also be examined, this time will not be deemed excessive. The Society prefers this plain statement to the modern practice of announcing works for ten years in the Cambridge Calendar, as "in the press, and shortly will be published."

A future object of the Society will be, the translation of these works into other modern languages, that foreign nations may be able to participate in the rapid progress which Mathematical Science is making in this University.

CAMBRIDGE, *November 21*, 1838.

SATURDAY EVENING.

In the Lent Term, 1838, the masters and seniors of Trinity College issued a new regulation, to the effect "that all undergraduates, scholars, and foundation scholars do attend chapel eight times at least in every week, that is twice on Sunday and once on every other day," and that after three reprimands from the dean, tutor, and master, "the offender shall, ipso facto, be removed from the college either entirely or for one or more terms." In self defence the undergraduates established a club, which they called "The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Undergraduates," the primary object of which was to mark the attendance of the dons in chapel. The results, issued in tabular form with printed comments, were published weekly, and though they attained a wide circulation, all attempts at fixing the authorship on individuals failed. The Society claimed to be as "anxious to reward merit as to punish immorality," and it therefore proposed a prize to be given to that one among the fellows who was most regular in his attendance at chapel. At the end of the term a class-list was issued, in which the junior and senior deans stood first. They, however, were disqualified from receiving the prize, as attendance at chapel was obviously their duty. It was, therefore, given to the third on the list, C. Perry, afterwards Bishop of Melbourne. After the publication of the papers for six weeks, the master and seniors withdrew the most obnoxious of the regulations. There can be no doubt that the dons were exceeding their right in imposing the penalties they did for non-attendance at chapel. The statute of the college is quite sufficient on the subject. It required all members of the college to attend public worship, i.e. every morning in the week as well as the evenings of Sundays and saints' days. The following penalties are attached to non-attendance. Fellows are to be fined three shillings for every absence, bachelor scholars one penny, undergraduates under eighteen one halfpenny, while undergraduates under eighteen are to receive corporal punishment at the hands of the dean in the college school. The scale of punishment proposed in the present year was entirely

different. From the mass of squibs, for the most part disgracefully scurrilous, which the dispute called forth, we print "Saturday Evening," which was published in the form of a leaflet.

Air—"If you're waking, call me early."

A Trinity man addresses his gyp, and gives orders to be called for chapel.

YOU must mind and call me early—call me early, d'ye hear?
For I in morning chapel to-morrow must appear :
'Twill be the first on Sunday morning that ever I did keep ;
Then I'll run to bed again, and try once more to sleep.

The Master's notice came to me—it came and took away
My breath when first I read it, and my spirits all the day ;
New rules are now in force, my gyp, and we for ever lose
The Sunday morning breakfast, and the Sunday morning
snooze.

He dwells with regret on a past state of happiness,

Time was we did just as we liked ; we lay in bed all day,
And Sunday made a day of rest, as who denies we may ?
And Saturday night we played at whist, and we sat playing on
Till the stars had ceased their twinkling, and the day began
to dawn.

and pours out the vials of his wrath on those who have disturbed and destroyed it.

There's scarce a Don that ever goes ; the Master lies in
bed :
I only wish I had him here—by Jove, I'd break his head !
I wish Lord Radnor 'd see and get a commission from the
Queen ;
I long so much to see 'em here to worry well the Dean.

It now strikes him on a sudden that dishonour will come upon his college ; and he becomes in a moment a hero, ready for resistance to the new order of things,

Small college men will crow at us from each obscure
retreat,
And e'en sleek snobs make bold to sneer while passing in
the street ;
And Trinity's great glories will fly, never to return—
But I will stand alone, my gyp, these cruel rules to spurn.

And when I'm rusticated, and when snug at home I sleep, and prepared to
The poor, poor Devils will, I hope, each Sunday chapel encounter rusti-
keep; cation.

Before the clock strikes eight, be seen early at the door,
When B——s is warm asleep and Dons most comfortably
snore.

* * * * *

You'll come to call me, mind you, some time before 'tis
eight,

And you'll look in once afterwards, for fear I should be late ;
You needn't pull the clothes off—I shall hear you as you
tread,

With that big heavy foot of yours all round about my bed.

A train of reason-
ing, which aste-
risks seem to
show is not com-
municated to the
gyp, causes the
Trinity man as
suddenly to fore-
go the plan of
resistance. He
reverts to his
original intention
of being called
in the morning ;

I've been six times and more this week, but that won't
answer now ;

If I'm not there to-morrow, I shall get into a row.

Well, well: you needn't care, though rustication be my doom,
You'll get another master when another takes my room.

and having be-
nevolently sug-
gested to the gyp
a source of con-
solation, in the
event, now be-
come impro-
bable, of his own
rustication,

“Get up, get up,” when you have cried,—“get up, the bell's
begun,”

And when, unwashed, unshaved, half-dressed, to chapel I
have run,

Don't let Mrs. Newcome make my bed before I have come
out ;

For I shall want to sleep again, there cannot be a doubt.

You'll find some trousers lying at the bottom of the drawer ;
You may take 'em ; they are yours ; I shall never wear 'em
more.

But wait: before you go—don't for goodness' sake forget
To dry my shirt and stockings, which came in to dry so wet.

he proceeds to
make minor ar-
rangements,
which principally
related to his
robe. Meanwhile
the excitement
under which he
at first laboured
seems to subside,
and his indigna-
tion to evaporate.

You may go : you'll come and call me, mind, some time
before 'tis eight ;

I sleep so sound, that of myself I never wake till late,
But I in morning chapel to-morrow must appear,
So mind and call me early—call me early, d'ye hear ?

A (VERY) FREE IMITATION OF THE
FIRST ECLOGUE OF VERGIL.¹

The following poem, as well as the sketches entitled "Characters of Freshmen," appeared in the "Cambridge University Magazine," vol. i., 1840—a periodical which, under the title of "The Symposium," came out first in March, 1839. It was published twice a term, No. XII., the last issue, appearing in October, 1842. G. Brimley, C. B. Wilcox, and W. M. W. Call were among the contributors. The term "gulf'd," in line 27, is equivalent to the more modern "ploughed;" while the "wooden spoon," which was and still is presented to the last of the "junior ops," who form the third class of the Mathematical Tripos, is too well known to need explanation.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN SMART AND WALKER, TWO CANTABS,
B.A. OF A FEW MONTHS' STANDING.

SCENE.—*The Walks.*

WALKER.

You lie reclined, friend Smart, at ease
Beneath these old wide-spreading trees,
And calmly sum, embow'r'd in shade,
Your profits from your pupils made:
But I, poor dog, obliged to start
To-morrow from fair Learning's mart,

¹ The precise date of this translation is uncertain. Consequently it is unknown to which year's Tripos Mr. Walker belongs.

Forth from my college studies hurl'd,
Am turn'd adrift upon the world,
While you in literary leisure
Can in these gardens take your pleasure,
And con with cool untroubled eye
The mysteries of x and y .

SMART.

E'en so, friend Walker, as you see,
Thanks to my capital degree !
To mathematics, as you know,
My fame and fellowship I owe ;
(And long shall shine my glory's taper,
Lit by the Cambridge Tripos paper)—
Hence with the Dons I daily dine,
In Combination-room sip wine.

W.

I trust to keep all envy under,
And yet must own you raise my wonder ;
So many of the men I know
Were "flummox'd" at the last great-go ;
E'en I, the young hope of my college,
In spite of all my skill and knowledge,
Was well-nigh gulf'd, unlucky loon,
And lighted on the wooden spoon.
I might have look'd for this disaster,
Remembering how my cross old master
Said, " You'll do better when you're older,"
And wish'd it—over his left shoulder,
Winking the while with malice sly :—
But how came you to stand so high ?

S.

I used to fancy, like a fool,
 Cambridge was like the country school
 Where I long since spent many a day,
 In boyish tasks and boyish play.
 I thought the University
 Of course must somewhat larger be ;
 A dog is large, a puppy small—
 In size they differ—that is all !—
 So till I hither came—no later—
 I thought !—but with great Alma Mater,
 Blessing and glory of our nation,
 The minor seats of education
 Can no more stand comparison
 Than can a Whig with Wellington.

W.

True, Smart—but say (you won't refuse)
 What first to college turn'd your views.

S.

When my first pair of whiskers curl'd,
 I thought 'twas time to see the world,
 So left my master in the lurch,
 And took my leave of tasks and birch ;
 For I was eager to be free
 From school and all its drudgery,
 Where, plod however I might plod,
 I work'd for nothing but the rod.

W.

And so you bade to school adieu,
 Although the master's trunk for you

Hung on the trees, a tempting prey ;
To school—where your initials may,
Carved by your pocket-knife, I ween,
On desks and benches still be seen.

S.

What could I better, O my friend,
Than hitherward my footsteps bend ?
Here first to Optics, Hydrostatics,
And the whole range of Mathematics,
In earnest I gave up my mind,
And now the rich reward I find :
At yearly audit I my share
May claim, and feast on Fellows' fare.

W.

Ah, lucky dog ! in learned pride,
In college you may still reside,
Unplagued by what your friend befalls,
Far exiled from old Granta's walls :
Of beef and mutton you your fill
May eat, and dread no butcher's bill.
Ah, lucky dog ! you still may dream
Nigh sluggish Cam's familiar stream—
Still nigh the shaded ditch that bounds
The Trinity and Johnian grounds,
The bawling hear of hoarse bargees,
Or blackbirds whistling in the trees.

S

Sooner shall King's men¹ wranglers be,
 Or Hobson's Conduit run with tea,
 Or Downing College be transferr'd
 To Magd'len bridge, "which is absurd,"
 Than I become so base a traitor
 As to forget dear Alma Mater.

W.

But we unable here to stay,
 Must each begone his sev'ral way.
 Confined in schools to fag and sweat,
 As ushers some their bread will get ;
 Some with advent'rous daring fired,
 Will emigrate,—and some retired
 Far from the world, as country curates,
 Will learn to talk of beeves and poor-rates.
 Ah, Granta ! shall it ever be
 That I once more shall visit thee ?
 Once more admire King's turrets tall
 Down-looking upon fair Clare Hall ?
 Must a new undergraduate race
 Of Sophs and Freshmen fill my place,
 To all my haunts and toil succeed—
 In College keep—for honours read ?—
 Now, Walker, on your Newton pore,
 Now scrawl your scribbling paper o'er !

¹ For the information of country friends, it may be right to state that no satire is here intended. King's College men do not try for mathematical honours, because, owing to a peculiar composition between their colleges and the university, they are admitted to their B.A. degree without any university examination.

Alas ! the labour now were vain—
I cannot run my course again !
No more in Senate-house shall I
My skill in solving problems try :
No more, by glory onward beckon'd,
Hope 'mongst the wranglers to be reckon'd !
Now farewell, pupils ! farewell, fame !
I off the boards have ta'en my name.

S.

Yet come what will hereafter, stay,
And dine with me in hall to-day ;
Then at my rooms your evening spend,
And sup on college fare, old friend—
Cold lamb and sallad, bread and cheese,
And ale and grog, so if you please.—
But hark ! the welcome bell I hear
Proclaims that dinner-time is near ;
The walks are emptied at the call,
And hungry loungers flock to hall.

J. G.

CHARACTERS OF FRESHMEN.

BY THEOPHRASTUS THINGEMBOB.

NO. I.—THE STUDIOUS FRESHMAN.

THE Studios Freshman cometh up red-hot from school, and thinketh much of astonishing the cosines. He considereth himself now decidedly a man ; and hath lurking desires that he is also a great man. He calleth with the governor upon the College Tutor, who inhumanly throweth cold water upon the governor's confident prediction that his son will be senior wrangler. He hieth forth with the College Tutor, and getteth him becapped and begowned. He getteth a very long gown, vainly supposing that it betokeneth a very long head. He putteth on his gown inside out, and his cap back foremost. Nevertheless, he paradeth the streets considerably that day, nothing doubting that all are admiring him, though he wondereth not a little that the people laugh so at him. He goeth to hall, and requesteth his neighbour to curve for him. He purloineth his neighbour's potatoes. He drinketh small beer and sizeth not. He repaireth to ———s, and spendeth the five pounds his uncle gave him in books. He buyeth one dozen of Cambridge port, half a dozen of Cambridge sherry, and wondereth he cannot prevail on the wine-merchant to let him pay. He keepeth fourteen chrepels a-week. He beginneth to read at seven in the morning, and leaveth off at eleven at night ; and findeth

that he knoweth not what he hath been reading about. He taketh ferocious constitutional walks. He writeth for all the University and College Prizes, and sitteth for all the University and College Scholarships, but getteth none. He pulverizeth the ass's bridge in lecture, and thinketh himself a genius. He respondeth to and argueth with the lecturer familiarly. He goeth to a small bitch-party,¹ and findeth his new gown taken "by mistake." He calleth it stealing, and is laughed at. He seeth not the lions of Cambridge for the first term. He maketh no acquaintance, readeth atrociously, goeth home ill, and ultimately turneth out a Junior Op.

NO. II.—THE FLAT FRESHMAN.

The Flat Freshman asketh the Boots at the Hoop to recommend him a good college to go to.² He appeareth in a white choaker, aspiring shirt-collars, penurious breeches, and antediluvian cut-away coat. He goeth to Hall in his surplice. He sitteth in the Fellows' seats at Chapel. He putteth his cap on the wrong way. He receiveth a note asking him to wine with his Tutor, and going, findeth it a hoax. He sendeth a present of a Yorkshire ham to the Master of his College.³ He cappeth every big-wig and Fellow-Commoner whom he chanceth to meet. He speaketh deferentially unto his bedmaker. He taketh his walking-stick out when becapped and begowned. He walketh out ten miles into the country in his academical toggery. He calleth his private tutor "Sir." He goeth out by himself on the fifth of November. He buyeth much wine on the recommendation of a Cambridge wine-merchant, who assureth him he hath very little left of such prime brew. He hangeth out a box of cigars. He biddeth high for

¹ A tea-party.

² Fact.

³ Fact.

books at sales, and findeth he could have got them for half the money at shops. He subscribeth to the "Symposium." He ordereth supper whenever his friends require him, and findeth he hath a nice little bill to pay the college cook. He standeth up during the singing at St. Mary's, and discovereth not his error till the rest rise, when he sitteth down in confusion. He getteth cheated much, but suspecteth it not. He considereth the whigs a very respectable kind of people, and Saint John's a very bigoted college. He goeth to sign a petition for the admission of dissenters, and findeth he hath signed one for their exclusion, by mistake. He playeth at cards, and loseth not a little. He thinketh his own College the best in the University, and himself the sharpest fellow in it. He goeth home in the vacation, and taketh his gown with him in a blue bundle,¹ to show mamma how he looketh therein (which is flatter than he suspecteth). He walketh about the town with only his cap on. He buyeth him a dog, of a gentleman in top-boots and game-keeper's garb, who warneth him not to let it be 'ticed away. Nevertheless he loseth it in a day or two, and is not a little astonished at seeing the runaway brought home by his brother from Oxford, whither he supposeth it must have migrated from a desire to see the world. Being accidentally surprised by a row in the street, he getteth knocked down by a snob, and immediately seized upon by the Proctor and rusticated, *sine die*, as a disorderly character. And so the Flat Freshman goeth home in disgrace.

NO. III.—THE CONCEITED FRESHMAN.

The Conceited Freshman may be known by his pea-coat, long grey hair, eye-glass, and ante-meridian cigar, these being the accoutrements wherewith he astonisheth the weak

¹ Fact.

minds of the snobs and snobesses daily on the King's Parade. He nourisheth moustaches, and pretendeth that he really hath not had time to shave that day. He gesticulateth incessantly with an ebony walking-stick, having a large silk tassel appended thereunto. He cocketh his hat over his right eyebrow, and twisteth the hair on each side of his face into ropes, wherewith to *draw the belles*. He goeth to King's Chapel during the service, and strutteth up and down the middle of the ante-chapel, with his gown hanging from his elbows, and fully believing that he is universally admired. In Hall he endeavoureth to attract notice by talking loud, standing up to carve, wearing an obsolete gown, swearing at the waiters, and smashing plates. On Sunday evenings he walketh alone along Trumpington road, facing the crowd, and mistaketh their laugh of contempt for a smile of admiration. He telleth all his friends how he is really very clever, though they may possibly not perceive it; and hinteth that were it not for the mathematics, he should surprise some persons by his place in the Classical Tripos. He hangeth his room with sundry domestic experiments in painting, and throweth out insinuations that the fair artist thereof was hopelessly enamoured of his own sweet self. He thinketh it a capital joke to finish the "tail of his cigar" in the ante-chapel, and then to walk into chapel with his surplice unbuttoned. He hath at all times a great antipathy to the toga, the same being incompatible with the display of his figure and cut-away coat. In Lectures he committeth very atrocious blunders, and desireth to make his friends believe that he did so on purpose. Being too clever to do like the rest at the first College Examination, he getteth posted, and so posteth off home, looking rather smaller than he did when he first came up.

NO. IV.—THE FAST FRESHMAN.

The Fast Freshman buyeth a gig and a boat the first week of his arrival, and calleth them his rattle-traps. He ordereth a cut-away coat on a new principle, which he setteth off with a scarlet choaker (overwhelming his shirt-collars), pea-green Dutch slacks, thin-soled Wellingtons, two gold rings, and a shocking bad cap and gown. He swaggereth past the Master of his College with a cigar in his mouth, and without capping him—and getteth a swingeing imposition for his pains. He rideth to Newmarket, regardless of hall, during race week. He keepeth nine chapels the first week; and only two the next, finding it considered as a slow thing. Being asked his name and college by the Proctor, he answereth, “Snooks of All Saints.” He engageth a private tutor, but only visiteth him twice in the term. He getteth through little reading and much wine. He becometh a member of his College Boat Club, being partial to “a hoar.” He fighteth lustily on the fifth of November, though he knoweth not for why, and telleth the Proctor to be d—d. He maketh a point of being “gated” nightly. He rejoiceth in surmounting his brain-pan with a very small piece of cap, the “timber” of which he smasheth and extracteth piece-meal, thinking, no doubt, that there is enough wood already in the upper works. He keepeth a large dog. He contracteth debts with all the wine-merchants and none of the booksellers in the town. He never goeth to church on Sunday. He never dineth in hall. He getteth rebuked for his expenses by the College Tutor, and taken from the University by his father at the end of his first term. He prideth himself in assuring his governor that he knew half the men in every college, and facetiously narrateth how that he made a false start in

reading when he first came up, but will never do so again on any consideration,—to which determination he most meritoriously adhereth.

NO. V.—THE POOR FRESHMAN.

The Poor Freshman buyeth a second-hand gown when he arriveth. He taketh the furniture of his apartment at a valuation, and contenteth himself therewith. He sizeth not in hall. He weareth blue worsted stockings and hob-nailed shoes. He appeareth in a chocolate-coloured coat and drab trousers. He subscribeth to Stevenson's library. He always walketh out in cap and gown, having no hat. He advertiseth for pupils on very moderate terms, but getteth none. He drinketh no wine, and taketh in only one butter per diem. He writeth his mathematics on a slate, to save paper. He hath tea directly after chapel. He recommendeth himself by his diligence to his College Tutor, who procureth him an exhibition. He standeth high in his college examinations, and getteth a scholarship. He is despised and caricatured by the men of his college, and unknown to the rest. He maketh few, but attached and kind friends. He getteth washed, booked, clothed, grubbed, breaded, buttered, beered, and pocket-monied at the expense of his College, to the great benefit of the governor's purse, and the relief of a poor sister, to whom he manageth to despatch an odd ten-pound out of his savings every Christmas. He always appeareth healthy, light-hearted, and happy, to the astonishment of the "fast birds." He persevereth in his studies silently unto the end, and turneth out Senior Wrangler—by which both he and his family are rich to the end of their lives.

NO. VI.—THE HOME-BRED FRESHMAN.

The Home-bred Freshman, being suddenly emancipated from small nursery thralldom, plungeth headlong into college life much as a raw beef-steak doth into the frying-pan. He is bewildered with the transition from the pinafore to the toga, and looketh upon his recent elevation in the world in somewhat the same light that a butterfly regardeth its elopement from the chrysalis. He immediately contracteth a furious friendship with the unhappy second-year man, whom the Tutor hath considerably saddled with the green-horn (besides about twenty others); and can hardly credit the catalogue of liberties which he hath recited unto him, particularly touching the late hour of ten for closing the gates, and the delightful privilege of going to bed whenever he liketh. Having now more pounds in his pocket than ever he had halfpence before, he exhibiteth a marvellous ignorance of the ratio which a pound doth bear unto a halfpenny, and an inclination to disencumber himself of his first allowance with a brave celerity quite enchanting to certain flat-catchers of his College. He ordereth him a superfluity of smart clothes, handsome furniture, and costly books; not as yet sufficiently discriminating between ordinary prices and Cambridge prices. He is entranced at the obliging confidence of tradesmen in allowing *tick*, and hesitateth not to run up many pretty little bills, all of which he directeth with delectable *nonchalance* to be sent in to the Tutor. Being peculiarly innocent in the ways of the world, he getteth readily entrapped by a *clique* of “deuced pleasant fellows,” who kindly press upon him their services in teaching him “the right sort of thing,” merely requesting, in return, his frequent company at agreeable card-parties, where they effectually relieve him of his superfluous cash. Being invited

to "champagne and loo" at the *Pigeon and Fleece*, he findeth, with a feeling of shame, that to be fuddled with three glasses is considered a very slow thing; and resolveth to practise drinking daily in private, by which magnanimous determination he soon learneth to "stand" as much Cambridge alcohol as the most approved red-nosed toppers in the University. He now swaggereth about the horrid tyranny of "the governor," and protesteth that the nursery is decidedly unfit for a man of spirit. He escheweth all books (except novels) after the first fortnight, and becometh, in that short space, transformed from an interesting specimen of the "flat freshman" into a fine sample of the genus "fast freshman" (both which animals we did accurately delineate in Number Three of our popular Periodical). In fine, the Home-bred Freshman, never having met with temptations in life, seldom knoweth how to resist the numerous allurements to vice, which are presented all at once unto his irresolute mind, (and which indeed have not been far overdrawn by the unpopular Mister Beverley¹): so that he eventually getteth into such a scrape as can only be atoned for by immediate rustication; at the intelligence of which mamma and sisters turn white, the governor looketh black, and the culprit himself, however green he may have been at first, now findeth it high time to begin to look decidedly "blue."

NO. VII.—THE PESTILENT FRESHMAN.

The Pestilent Freshman is a kind of practical amplification of the school pickle—a sort of locomotive pepper-box, whose delight is in bespattering the Dons with pungent jokes, and tickling them with unseasonable waggery. He is only a modification of the "Fast Freshman;" the chief difference

¹ See above, p. 134.

being that while the latter maketh a fool of himself, the former maketh fools of others. He is the dread and annoyance of all the College authorities, against whom he is constantly engaged in discharging a battery of unwarrantable wit. If of St. John's (which hath had the honour of nurturing several excellent specimens of Pestilent Freshmen), he investeth the stone eagle over the new gateway with a surplice, and poketh a walking-stick into his claw; he tieth spectacles on to the swans' beaks, and setteth them adrift on the river to enjoy the benefit of their "new light;" he twisteth a Conservative flag on an inaccessible pinnacle, and laugheth hugely at the ineffectual efforts of the porter to tear down the same. He putteth a night-cap on Lady Margaret, and chamber-pots on the lamp-posts; with numerous other funny pranks, very amusing to himself, but equally offensive to the gravity of the Dons. He goeth to the market and selecteth sundry large tea services of yellow pottery-ware, desiring them to be sent immediately to the Rev. Mr. A. of St. John's, or the Rev. Mr. B. of Trinity, as it may be, (giving the names of certain College Tutors), to be paid for on delivery; by which successful joke half the Dons of his College are agreeably surprised to find their doors barricadoed with extensive assortments of vulgar crockery, all domestic appurtenances duly included. He delighteth in sending other Freshmen to the top of Castle Hill to *see* the term divide at midnight. He taketh lessons from other pestilent practitioners in "screwing in" the Deans, and painting the doors of the Lecturers' rooms red. He is very pugnacious, and walking in the streets suddenly turneth and asketh a huge snob "what the deuce do you mean by that?" Whereat the snob (having done nothing at all) coolly answereth (as the Pestilent Freshman intended he should), "Hooky Walker," provocative of a combat, of which the snob soon getteth a bellyfull, being no match for his practised antagonist. He goeth into

chapel with a white sheet over his shoulders instead of a surplice, and substituteth sundry popular songs for the anthem-books of the choristers. He taketh much credit unto himself for making the organ-blower drunk, and otherwise discomposing the service. He is constantly lounging about the College in a pea-coat, with his hands buried in the pockets thereof, staring in the face of the Dons whom he meeteth (and he meeteth them purposely), and whistling an insubordinate kind of ditty, to indicate his defiance of them. He procureth him a fiddle and goeth round in the dead of night, tweaking the catgut in every staircase of the College, by which he bringeth a very unpleasant *scrape* upon himself as well as his somnolent hearers. He delighteth in incurring the displeasure of the College authorities, and setteth at nought the penalties imposed. When "gated to six o'clock" for a week, he systematically absenteth himself from College until one, and when asked for his imposition, coolly sendeth word to the Dean that he hath not yet received it from his amanuensis. And the Pestilent Freshman continueth his obnoxious career until he either findeth that College is not the place wherein to display school tricks, or getteth a serious warning from the Master and Seniors, or taketh more to his books and less to his jokes, or groweth grave by discovering that College Examinations are "no jokes," or, in fine (which is usually the case), findeth it expedient to post off to Oxford, to kick his heels there, and practise waggery upon the Dean of Christ Church, or similar deserving objects.

NO. VIII.—THE MUSICAL FRESHMAN.

The Musical Freshman we do incline to classify as a distinct species, although considered by most Freshmanologists as perfectly identical with the Pestilent Freshman. Moreover, we do deem it vastly essential to pourtray the genuine Musical Freshman accurately, seeing that there be no small number of pretenders as sham Musical Freshmen; for verily most Freshmen, if asked, will arrogate unto themselves that popular appellation. The genuine Musical Freshman, then, is generally likewise a home-bred as well as a pestilent freshman; music being an “extra” rarely taught (except by the birch rod) in schools. He may be known by having his rooms crammed like an Egyptian catacomb with a peculiar kind of lumber, strongly resembling mummy cases, and containing the bodies of defunct fiddles and superannuated wind-instruments. He always sporteth a pianoforte, and seldom less than four flutes, wherewith he keepeth up such a perpetual “pothor o’er the heads” of the unhappy students underneath, as to compel them two or three times a week to fire pistols up their chimneys as a counterblast to the hideous annoyance. He never goeth to hear the sacred music in the college chapels (pronouncing it “execrable”); but invariably payeth his seven-and-sixpence to hear Italian ditties squalled, and slip-shod fantasias attempted, at concerts, upon which he delivereth elaborate critiques to his admiring friends for a month afterwards. He is perpetually humming and whistling tunes, at the end of which he ejaculateth, “splendid thing that!” or “sweet as this!” He hath a whole library of obsolete music, which he holdeth off as a “glorious collection,” though he knoweth not the contents of one-tenth, he having purchased them at great bargains at sales. He ordereth coffee and fiddles for

four, for the purpose of favouring the whole court with what he is pleased to dignify by the name of a “quartett;” after which he inflicteth on the company an “original” composition of his own, which (albeit it smelleth strongly of plagiarisms from Jem Crow and the Dead March in Saul) is nevertheless highly applauded. In his second term the Musical Freshman becometh emboldened to hang out a “septett” in the same style; wherein No. 1 puffeth the flute, No. 2 punisheth the pianoforte, No. 3 tweaketh the fiddle, No. 4 pummelleth the drum, No. 5 murdereth the violoncello, No. 6 grunteth on the bassoon, and No. 7 playeth variations with his closed hand in imitation of the French horn; when the Dean unhappily breaketh in upon them, and gateth the drummer as a public nuisance for a month, and the rest for a week each, desiring them severally not to be so unpleasantly musical in future.

NO. IX.—THE SPORTING FRESHMAN.

Of Sporting Freshmen there be annually imported many from the country into the University. They being usually *high-breds* we do therefore incline to consider them as a cross-breed between the Fast Freshman and the Home Freshman, though partaking mostly of the former character. The genuine Sporting Freshman doth of necessity keep him one horse at the least, with the paraphernalia, or rattle-traps whereof he not unfrequently garnisheth the walls of his room, thereby assimilating it as far as possible into a stable; which interesting illusion he heighteneth by a judicious disposition of whips, spurs, hunting pictures, racing cards and similar miscellaneous knick-knackery pertaining unto horsemanship, besides many guns, fishing-rods, and other rural vanities. Indeed, we did personally know one

very Sporting Freshman, who kept his hunting-saddle and leather breeches constantly on his book-shelf. The Sporting Freshman knoweth the pedigree of every horse and the name of every black-leg at Newmarket,—of the latter, indeed, he sometimes knoweth to his cost more than the mere names. He never toucheth a book of any kind by any chance or under any circumstances; his governor, the Squire, having assured him that *he* never learned how to worm a dog or sit in a saddle from Arrian or Xenophon, and therefore opineth that his hopeful son will not feel the want of them either,—indeed, he rather questioneth whether those worthies knew too much about the matter. As to Euclid, he shrewdly abjureth it; most wisely concluding that a man of spirit wanteth no straight lines except those which he cutteth across country, and no circles beyond such as are described round a race-course. For divinity—why, he never so much as goeth near a church except in a steeple-chase. He is constantly talking vociferously at dinner-time, to a party of “sporting birds” about *the* old mare, or *the* bay colt, or *the* grey filly, or *the* chestnut something; and recounteth to them what and who he met in his ride that morning, with every particular (saving and excepting the precise number of posts he ran against, or of tumbles he got). He is soon well known at all the livery stables, where he runneth many bills up and many horses down. He indulgeth likewise in shooting in a small way, going out and scaring the blackbirds most magnanimously, but not as yet venturing to pop at more aspiring game, lest he should himself be popped upon by certain obnoxious keepers in the neighbourhood, which verily would be no game at all. He always weareth a cut-away coat, and red or green shawl by way of choker. He even sporteth a red coat in his second term, which unlawful vestment being quickly pounced upon by the Tutor, is sent home to the governor as a

notification that the owner is afflicted with a severe *scarlet* fever, and as a proof of his advancement in polite letters ; whereupon the said governor immediately sendeth it back to the son, commending his good taste, and telling him that health, air, and exercise are worth all musty, fusty Greek books and rubbishing mathematics in the University, or the universe either,—in which old-fashioned opinion of the governor's we assuredly do most particularly coincide.

OHE, JAM SATIS.

THE VISION OF ST. BRAHAMUS.

TOUCHING THE RESTORATION OF MONASTERIES.

“Cuius velut aegri somnia vanae
Fingentur species.”

*In 1843, J. Brame, of St. John's, brought forward a motion at the Union, "That the suppression of monasteries by Henry VIII. has been most injurious to the country, and the circumstances of the present time imperatively demand the restoration of similar institutions." The motion was carried, after a debate which lasted three nights, by 88 to 60. Mr. Charles Baget Cayley, of Trinity (B.A. 1845), wrote the following *l'a d'esprit* upon the subject.*

ST. BRAHAMUS had fasted
From ten o'clock till four,
Then a little slice of pork he took—
I'm told he took no more.

St. Brahamus
reposed from his
pious exercises.

He took a little Audit Ale
For his poor stomach's sake ;
He sat him down in his armchair,
And strove to keep awake.

He yielded unto no light thoughts
That rose his mind within ;
But fought the Devil in his doze,
And sorrowed for his sin.

St. John
bringeth
unto him the
Ladye Mar-
garet, and
reproveth
him for giv-
ing place to
the infirmity
of his flesh.

St. John unto the sleeper came,
That by the fire was set ;
And he led in his hand a saintly maid —
The Ladye Margaret.

“ Rise, sluggish spirit, look upon
Her countenance divine ;
I lead her to thee, sinful man,
A pearl thrown unto swine.”

St. Brahamus bestirred himself
(For his saintly zeal was rare) ;
But he could not shake away his sleep,
Nor rise from his arm-chair.

“ We thought to find thee combating,
With spirit strong and fresh,
The world’s temptation manifold,
The Devil and the flesh.

while the
sins of his
country are
unatoned for.

“ But since thou’rt grown less vigilant
To purge thy country’s sin,
Thou shalt bear all the weight thereof
Till thou canst rescue win.”

St. Brahamus bestirred himself
(Yea, with unwonted zeal),
And it seemed he did a monstrous weight
Upon his body feel :

St. Brahamus beareth
the burden
of the con-
vents that
were sacri-
legiously
defaced.

As if the Cross of Waltham Cross
Were on him suddenly thrown,
And Grinstead Abbey’s walls and roof
Were added thereupon.

And crash came goodly convents,
 And churches fall'n to bits,
 And buried him deep in his troubled sleep,
 And fluttered his five wits.

And still the tempest thickened,
 And higher grew the pile,
 But ever he'd a wink of the lady through a chink,
 And the light of her bright smile.

St. Brahamus within him groaned,
 For he was sore dismayed,
 And thus to the blessed Margaret
 His orison he made.

St. Bra-
 mus con-
 verseth with
 the Lady de
 Profundis.

“O Margaret, bright Margaret,
 What may all this betide?
 How long must I be buried thus,
 All sick and squashed inside?”

Then said the clerkly Margaret—
 “Donec templa refeceris,
 Atque ordines monasticos ;
 Delicta majorum luis.”

“O Margaret, bright Margaret,
 Don't lay it on so thick ;
 I'll get up a joint stock company,
 And I'll do it like a brick.

St. Bra-
 mus maketh
 a proposi-
 tion

“I'll get up a joint-stock company,
 And found a Convent here,
 And a Nunnery fair in Barnwell town,
 And I'll be all night there.”

“ Now hold thy peace, thou monk unclean,
 Or thy door I ne’er shall enter ;
 For a Johnian is ever a Cretan in soul ;
 Prava bestia, tardus venter.

The Ladye
 Margaret’s
 prophecy.

“ But I’ll have monks throughout the land,
 And veiled sisters too,
 Who shall spend their lives in charity,
 With nothing else to do.

“ And because this people is gone astray,
 Like sheep on a precipice,
 Our friars shall instruct them every one
 After his own device.”

She leaveth
 a token with
 St. Brahma-
 mus.

So she left him a parchment sealèd fair,
 Which the Bramian Rule did state,
 Likewise a speech made ready for him,
 To speak at our debate.

C. B. CAYLEY.

TRINITY COLLEGE, *November*, 1843.

THE TRINITY JANUS.

“Matutine pater, seu Jane libentius audis,
Unde homines operum primos¹ vitaeque labores
Instituunt (sic dis placitum,) tu carminis esto
Principium !”

HOR.

The following verses, which were published as a leaflet in 1846, were written by Mr. William Knox Wigram, of Trinity, who took his B.A. degree in 1845.

SAID the laughing Hyaena,
While mouthing a man,
“ My civil demeanour
Deny if you can !
‘ In modo suaviter,’
Gaily I grin ;
But, ‘ in re fortiter ’
Tickle your skin.”
So smiles Billy Janus,
As friendly and warm
As willing to gain us,
As loath to alarm ;
But, once in his power,
And, lo, the black Fates
Descend in a shower
Of chapels and gates.

¹ S. H., morning chapels.

Then we catch t'other side
Of the duplicate phiz ;
Nor wonder he hide
One as ugly as HIS !

STERNHOLD REDIVIVUS.

TRINITY COLLEGE, 1846.

A DELECTABLE BALLAD OF THE JUDGE AND THE MASTER.

This ballad, which was published in "Bentley's Miscellany" for 1843, was occasioned by the back gate of Trinity College being closed when the judge's carriage came to it. Dr. Whewell, the master, overlooked a clause in the charter, granted to the College by Henry VIII., which constituted the Lodge the judge's quarters during the assizes.

THE stout Master of Trinitie
A vow to God did make,
Ne Judge, ne Sheriff through his back-door
Their way from court should take.

And synce he hath closed his big, big book,
And synce laid down his pen,
And dour and grimly was his look,
As he called his serving men :—

“Come hither, come hither, my porter Watts !
Come hither, Moonshine, to me !
If he be Judge in the Justice Hall,
I'll be Master in Trinitie.

“And Sheriff Green is a lordly man
In his coat of the velvet fine ;
But he'll rue the day that he took his way
Thorough back gate of mine !

“ Now bolt and bar, my flunkies true,
Good need is ours, I ween ;
By the trumpet so clear, the Judge is near,
And eke bold Sheriff Green.”

Oh, a proud, proud man was the Master to see,
With his serving men behind,
As he strode down the stair, with his nose in the air,
Like a pig that smells the wind.

And they have barred the bigger gate,
And they have barred the small,
And soon they espy the Sheriff’s coach,
And the Sheriff so comely and tall.

And the Sheriff straight hath knocked at the gate
And tirmed at the pin :
“ Now open, open, thou proud porter,
And let my Lord Judge in ! ”

“ Nay, Sheriff Green,” quoth the proud porter,
“ For this thing may not be ;
The Judge is Lord in the Justice Hall,
But the Master in Trinitie.”

Then the Master smiled on Porter Watts,
And gave him a silver joe ;
And, as he came there with his nose in the air,
So back to the lodge did go.

Then out spoke the grave Lord Justice—“ Ho !
Sheriff Green, what aileth thee ?
Bid the trumpets blow, that the folk may know,
And the gate be opened free.”

But a troubled man was the Sheriff Green,
And he sweated as he did stand ;
And in silken stock each knee did knock,
And the white wand shook in his hand.

Then black grew the brow of the Judge, I trow,
And his voice was stern to hear ;
As he almost swore at Sheriff Green,
Who wrung his hands in fear.

“ Now, out and alas, my Lord High Judge,
That I this day should see !
When I did knock from behind the lock,
The porter thus answered me,
That thou wert Lord in the Justice Hall,
And the Master in Trinitie.

“ And the Master hath bid them bar the gate
‘Gainst kaiser or ‘gainst king.”
“ Now by my wig !” quoth the Judge in wrath,
“ Such answer *is not the thing*.

“ Break down the gate, and tell the knave
That would stop my way so free,
That the wood of his skull is as thick to the full
As the wood of the gate may be !”

That voice so clear when the porter did hear,
He trembled exceedingly ;
Then soon and straight he flung open the gate,
And the Judge and his train rode by.

TOM TAYLOR.

ON "*THE PLURALITY OF WORLDS*" BY
DR. WHEWELL.

IF you through the regions of space should have travelled,
And of nebular films the remotest unravelled,
You'll find as you tread on the bounds of infinity,
That God's greatest work is—the Master of Trinity.

SIR FRANCIS DOYLE.

THE FIGHT OF THE CRESCENT.

A LAY OF MODERN CAMBRIDGE.

On March 6, 1846, a disturbance took place at the Town Hall, where General Tom Thumb was being exhibited, and terminated in what was called the Tom Thumb Riot. For several days severe fights took place in the neighbourhood of the market-place and Rose Crescent. "Fierce Free-stone," one of the constables mentioned in the following poem, was too fierce in his attacks on the under-graduates, and for his conduct on this occasion was dismissed from the force, and sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment. There never was a time when a feud did not exist between the town men of Cambridge and the members of the University. To find the origin of this hostility would be a difficult matter. Perhaps unreasonable contempt on the one hand, and ill-founded jealousy on the other, is sufficient to account for it. But whatever is their cause, frequent conflicts have taken place between the town and the gown from earliest times. In a letter written by William Soone (afterwards professor of civil law), and dated 1575, we read of serious fights between the opposing parties. In 1597 a strong feeling of animosity prevailed, and the undergraduates hit upon a most ingenious device by which to revenge themselves on the townspeople. A play called "Club Law" was performed in Clare Hall, and the townspeople were invited to witness it. The "Philister," as the modern German student would call them, were mercilessly caricatured in the play, but once in the hall they were obliged to sit it out. On pp. 7 out 137 will be found descriptions of quarrels between the town and gown, which were settled without force. But peaceful methods were not always followed. Gunning tells us that in 1788 a drayman was killed near "The" Taylor, of Trinity. The University authorities naturally showed little approval upon disturbances in the street, but on one occasion undergraduates were publicly thanked for their prowess in resisting a riot in the town. This was in 1833, when the townsmen were in the anatomy schools, alleging that Dr. Clark had improperly

taken a body for dissection. The attack being repulsed by the gownsmen, the anatomy schools were saved, and the charge against Dr. Clark was afterwards proved to be entirely without foundation. The Battle of Peas Hill, the fight described in the present poem, which was published in Punch, vol. x. p. 163, and that which took place in 1835 (see p. 142), are justly celebrated. The last serious conflict of the kind was the "Death Riot," in 1875, in which the undergraduates testified their dislike of John Death, who in that year was mayor.

THE sturdy undergraduates
 Are pouring in amain,
 Up thro' the fair Rose Crescent,
 The Market-place to gain—
 From many a wild wine-party,
 From many a sober tea,
 From the distant halls of Downing,
 And the Courts of Trinity.

From lowly Queen's Quadrangle,
 Where muffins are the go ;
 From Magd'lene, famed for fast men,
 From Cath'rine, famed for slow ;
 From Caius, where anxious proctors
 To keep the gates shut try ;
 From Clare, where Dons chivalrous
 Unlock them on the sly.

There be twenty chosen gownsmen,
 The foremost of the band,
 Pupils of Sambo Sutton,
 To keep the Crescent stand.
 They can't run if they wish'd it ;
 Perforce they bear the brunt,
 For the gownsmen in the rear-rank
 Push the gownsmen in the front.

And all within the Market-place,
And Market Hill along,
The townsmen, far as words can go,
Come it uncommon strong.
But as yet no nose is bleeding,
As yet no man is down ;
For the gownsmen funk the townsmen,
And the townsmen funk the gown.

When lo ! a cad comes brimful
Of bravery and beer—
“To arms ! to arms ! The Borough
Police will soon be here !”
Thro' Market Street, to eastward,
Each townsman turn'd his eye,
And saw the hats and truncheons
Rise fast along the sky.

And plainly and more plainly,
Now may each gownsmen know,
By form and face, by port and pace,
Each big blue-coated foe.
There in the front, fierce Freestone,
Be-whiskered, may be seen,
And stalwart Serjeant Seabrook,
With buttons bright and sheen ;
And Buggins of the mutton fist ;
And Muggins with the fearful twist ;
And Hobbs, famed for his wavy curls ;
And Dobb's, adored by servant girls ;
And gruff Inspector Greene.

Then out spake a fellow-commoner,
In voice both sad and low,
And darkly looked he on his friends,
And darkly on his foe :
“They’ll be too many for us ;
Ten to one against the gown :
Unless we get to Trinity
We’ll be walloped by the town.”

Then out spake brave Fitz-Wiggins,
Though a small college man :
“To keep the Crescent ’gainst the cads
I’ll do the best I can !
And if none will stand beside me,
Alone I’ll face the snobs,
Despite fierce Freestone’s truncheon
And the staves of Hobbs or Dobbs !

Then out spake Sir Tom Noddy,
A son of Trinity,
“Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And the Crescent keep with thee.”
And out spake Merrypebbles—
A Johnian was he—
“I will abide at thy left side,
And the Crescent keep with thee.”

A great shout of defiance
From all the snobs arose,
But the three stand calm and silent—
A thumb to every nose !
And forth three Peclers rushing,
Attempt to storm the Pass ;
Truncheons are thick, but fists are quick,
And down they go to grass !

Fitz-Wiggins floor'd fierce Freestone,
Tom Noddy levell'd Hobbs,
And cheerful Merrypebbles
Black'd both the eyes of Dobbs ;
And the aggravated townsmen
Stand all appalled to see
On the flags the unconscious Peelers—
In the Pass the dauntless Three !
And on the leaguer'd Crescent
Was none would brave attack ;
But those behind cried " Forward ! "
And those in front cried " Back ! "

Meanwhile their legs the gownsmen
Right manfully have plied ;
And now they've got to Trinity,
And the gates are open wide.
" Come back, come back, Fitz-Wiggins,"
Loud cried they from the gate ;
" Back, Noddy, Merrypebbles,
Back, or you'll be too late ! "

But the police are on them,
And their truncheons fierce they ply ;
Now the Fates save brave Fitz-Wiggins—
What a terrible black eye !—
Though Merrypebbles' head be
The thickest in the ring,
It scarce can 'scape unbroken ;
Such staves must make it sing.

Alone stood Sir Tom Noddy,
But constant still in mind,
Policemen pitching in before
And Trinity behind.

“Down with him !” cried false Seabrook,
As he mopped his bloody face ;
“Now yield thee,” cried the Inspector ;
“Now yield thee, to our grace !”

But brave Tom Noddy never deigned
An answer ; no, not he ;
But he floored the Inspector neatly
As a man could wish to see :
And through the storming townsmen
And the irate police,
He fights his passage manfully,
And he wins the gate in peace.

And now, his gown in ribbands,
In the crowded court he stands,
And “to call upon the next day,”
Receives the Dean’s commands.
And then with shouts and clapping,
And hip, hip, hurrah, loud,
He passes on unto his rooms,
Borne by the admiring crowd.

But he was rusticated
By the Dons that very night ;
And when he showed them his black eye,
They said, “It served him right.”
But long at our wine-parties,
We’ll remember how, like bricks,
Stout Noddy kept the Crescent,
In Eighteen-forty-six !

TOM TAYLOR.

TRINITY COLLEGE COMMEMORATION.

The following verses were sent to the "Cambridge Chronicle," on the occasion of the tercentenary of Trinity College, by Charles Le Grice, of Trinity, who graduated as B.A. in 1796. At Cambridge he was a contemporary and friend of S. T. Coleridge, with whom he established a literary society, and under the pseudonym of "Cergiel" he published a considerable number of poems.

January 7, 1847.

SIR,

In a remote corner of the kingdom I have been perusing, with pleasure, the history of the grand doings at Trinity College on Commemoration Day. As trifles in verse as well as trifles of pastry seem to have been the order of the day, perhaps your readers (Mr. Vansittart especially) will be gratified if I pull out from the corner of an old scrap-book a song (never before printed) which was sung at Mr. Young's Rooms on Commemoration Day, 1793, who had won the first cup. The subject of his declamation was to the effect that "Oliver Cromwell's character had been much misrepresented by historians."

I am, yours,

CERGIEL.

(LE GRICE.)

A SONG SUNG AT MR. YOUNG'S ROOMS, TRINITY COLLEGE, ON COMMEMORATION DAY, 1793.

Let Mantuan Bard set a pair of dry souls
To challenge in verse for a pair of beech bowls;
But Hooper, a foe to such jingling vexation,
Give this splendid prize for some speechification.

Ulysses and Nestor, speech-makers of old,
Without a good cup could not gammon or scold ;
But Hooper's no Nestor, and thought when athirst
A man might speak better, so had the speech first.

And rightly he reasoned, for ofttimes we know
Their liquor was muddy, their speeches so so :
Nay, these orators oft were so deep in their cups,
That instead of fine language you had nought but hickups.

The Declaimer at Athens was blamed for his toil ;
His orations were said to smell strong of the oil :
At such nasal critics, Young, never repine ;
For, if you smell at all, it will be of good wine.

The sorcerer's cup magic wonders would work—
Make a Jew turn a Christian, a Christian a Turk ;
So if once with a draught from this cup you are mellow,
Even Cromwell you'd swear was a good kind of fellow.

'Tis a magical cup ; come, then, fill it, my boy ;
The gloom of dull sorrow 'twill light into joy ;
'Twill heal every strife of affliction's harsh rod,—
If you're never made Fellow, 'twill make you a God.

Fill, fill, and drink on ! see, its silvery light
Sheds the sunshine of triumph, whose beams are delight !
Fill, fill, and drink on, till at length you resign
The dregs of your life with the dregs of your wine !

CHARLES LE GRICE.

THE RIGHT DIVINE.

In 1847 the Chancellorship of the University was rendered vacant by the death of the Duke of Northumberland. His Royal Highness the Prince Consort was requested to allow his name to be offered to the Senate as a candidate. This he declined to do, as the nomination of Lord Powis by others in the university convinced him that there did not exist "that degree of unanimity which would leave him at liberty to consent to be put in nomination." The committee, however, which had been formed to further his candidature, convinced that he would be supported by a majority of the Senate, decided to carry the matter to the test of an election, and the result was that the Prince Consort was elected, after an exciting poll, by a majority of 117.

Dr. Whewell was Chairman of the Prince's committee, and Dr. Tatham, Master of St. John's, was Lord Powis's Chairman. The election was conducted with a great deal of acrimony on both sides, and the Prince lost some supporters on Dr. Whewell's insisting to carry the matter to a poll in spite of the Prince's expressed intention not to stand. Of these leaders the most prominent was Dr. Webb, of Clare Hall. It was said by Professor Sedgwick that Powis was patronised by three P's—Punch, Pungyile, and Pigs.

The Prince got the better of the election, but the following jeux d'esprit still show that the wit was decidedly on the other side.

To win the Court in many a flimsy line,
Tractarians prattled of the right divine ;
They said 'twere godless work to contravene
A holy Bishop or anointed Queen.
But when, their vain va-garies to retrench,
A sovereign moved the Apostolic Bench,

There was an end to meek obedience then,
The Crown was nought, the Bishops were but men ;
And so they left their prelates in the lurch,
To seek a vague Morgana of a Church ;
And now, revengeful, play the dastard's part,
To wound their sovereign in her woman's heart :
From whence I learn their creed, which is not mine
That a Tractarian is the right Divine.

WHOM DO YOU VOTE FOR?

The Tractarian.

WHOM do you vote for? My Lord Powis.
Why? Because I hope,
When the *time* comes, he will help us
To bring *back* the Pope.

The Johnian.

WHOM do you vote for? My Lord Powis.
Why? Because I read
Punch—and, like all godless noodles,
Only know his creed.

Country clergyman.

WHOM do you vote for? My Lord Powis.
Why? Because he's done
Russell out of five new Bishops—
And I may be one.

Loyalist.

WHOM do you vote for? For Prince Albert.
Why? Because I ween
He's the noble-hearted husband
Of our noble-hearted Queen.

THE RIVAL CANDIDATES.

The military hat invented by Prince Albert is well known. Lord Powis had "rescued a mitre" by strenuously opposing the amalgamation of the sees of Bangor and St. Asaph.

PRINCE ALBERT on this side, Lord Powis on that,
Have claims than which none can be slighter ;
The Prince's consist in inventing a hat,
The Peer's in preserving a mitre.

Then why, ye Collegiate Heads, do you run
Into all this Senate-House bother ?
Can it be that the youth who invented the one
Has a share in dispensing the other ?

A GLOSS.

SINCE Albert's refusal is plain to be seen,
Your conduct, O Dons, is unwary :
Do you think he means what we know you would mean
If you said "Nolo Episcopari" ?

STAFFORD O'BRIEN, M.A.

TRINITY COLLEGE.

THE ELECTION OF THE CHANCELLOR.

SCENE—LORD POWIS'S *Committee Room*.*Time—Night, February 25.**Enter* POWISITE, PUNCH, PUSEYITE.*Powisite.* ONCE the Prince hath gained the day,*Punch.* Once has Punch reviled in vain ;*Puseyite.* Popedom faints—bestir ! bestir !*All.* Round about the country run ;
Stir, ye Johnians, Sire and Son.*Lord P.* Promise to the Churchmen *sees*,
To the Welshman *toasted* cheese,
To the Radical the sport
Springing from an humbled Court.
Threaten these and these cajole,
Anything to swell the Poll.*He.* Be the burden of our song,
Wrong is right and right is wrong.*Punch.* Punchite scribblers ! Impish brood !
Dip your pens in cobra's blood !
Dignities, oh ! spare not one,
Spare ye least of all the throne ;
Gather still and still repeat
Shallow pun and crude conceit ;

Con and learn and get by rote
Every low-born anecdote,
Then with the assassin-knife
Stab alike the Queen and wife.

Puseyite. Puseyites, the hour is come ;
Up and strike a blow for Rome ;
Queen and Peers and Commons fall,
So *our* Church is lord of all.
Grant us, Fortune, but a day
Of the Torquemada's sway,
Rack and fire soon should be
Arbiters of victory.
Though with ire the heart be sick
'Gainst the hated heretic,
Needs must be we pause a while,
Hide it with the gracious smile,
Pliant tongue, and Jesuit wile.

All. Be the burden of our song,
Wrong is right and right is wrong.

PRINCIPLE AND PRACTICE.

By *moral* force a threatened Church to save,
You once your virtuous loves to Lyndhurst gave ;
But now, that danger o'er, a statesman needed,
To your affections Powis has succeeded.
Thrice happy Johnians ! equally discerning
In Church and State, in Morals and in Learning.

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

WHENE'ER, with loathing eyes, I view
The building which they're polling in,
I honour those heroic few
Who're fighting nobly for the U-
niversities of Englishmen.

Fair Freedom, maid of heavenly hue !
Whose form we once delighted in—
Alas ! our Senate then was true !
We loved her as becomes an U-
niversity of Englishmen.

Her faded form ! how swift she flew !
A royal chariot riding in,
Borne on the courtly breeze that blew
One gloomy day on this our U-
niversity of Englishmen.

What ! spurn we one who's proved him true
(The blood my veins is clotting in !)
To God, the State, to Churchmen too ?
And would we have a Lutheran U-
niversity of Englishmen.

What ! are our honoured peers so few,
So sunk the rank of Englishmen,
That we must dog-like fawn and sue
A foreign Chancellor for the U-
niversity of Englishmen ?

Sun, moon, and thou vain world, adieu,
That priests and such are plotting in !
Avaunt ! I'll never live to view
A German reigning in the U-
niversity of Englishmen.

*SPORTING INTELLIGENCE—UNIVERSITY
SWEEPSTAKES, CAMBRIDGE.*

The subjoined list will, we believe, as far as it goes, be found substantially correct :—

Prince Albert's	The Chancellor.
Lord Powis's	First Fault.
Dr. Tatham's	Dilemma.
Professor Sedgwick's	Robin Goodfellow.
Dr. Graham's	Balm of Gilead, out of Etiquette.
Dr. French's	Polish.
Mr. Hope's	Pope of Rome.
Mr. R. Williams's	Presumption.
Mr. P. Allix's	Top-boots.
Mr. Arlett's	Pluck.
The Vice-Chancellor's	Senior Wrangler, by First Class.
Sir F. Pollock's	Provisional Director.
The Public Orator's	Jaw-bone.
Mr. Bateson's	The Bagman.
Dr. Wordsworth's	Mistake, out of Birch Rod.
Mr. Hildyard's	Cantankerous.
Mr. Legh's	Puseyite (late Pro- testant Colt).

Dr. Webb's	Zig-zag.
The Marquis of Granby's	Manners ! ! ! ! !
Dr. F. Thackeray's	Alterative.
Mr. Hopkins's	Head-Coachman.
Dr. Hawtrey's	Whipper-in.
Lord Clive's	Riquet with the Tuft.
Mr. R. Birkett's	King of Trumps.
Duke of Buccleugh's	Scott's Lot.
Dr. Archdall's	Mrs. Gamp.
Bishop of London's	Canterbury Pilgrim.
Mr. Justice Patteson's	King's Bench.
Mr. Williamson's	Lady-bird.
Mr. Snowball's	Melting-day.
Lord Nelson's	E Nilo nihil fit.
Dr. Whewell's	Rough Diamond.
Mr. W. H. Thompson's	A-don-is.
Mr. Adams's	Airey-nothing — by Chalice out of Planet.
Mr. H. Mansfield's	Bottom the Weaver.

A FRAGMENT TOUCHING THE LYCEUM.

This letter is said, with what truth I know not, to have been sent to the "Standard," when the contest for the Chancellorship was at its height, and to have been inserted by the editor in total ignorance of its meaning. A few points require elucidation. The crown of the Lyceum is, of course, the "Chancellorship." Phocion is Lord Powis, and the defence of the "tomb of Aristotle" refers to his rescue of the diocese of St. Asaph. Phrancinus and Hyperboreus are Drs. French and Whewell, the Masters of Jesus and Trinity respectively; Anonetus is the Prince Consort; and Artemisia, the Queen.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "STANDARD."

SIR,

In an old English author, who (like Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy") abounds in passages of which the diction is cast in so antique a mould, that it is difficult to tell whether they were originally English, or were literally translated from the Greek, I find the following curious fragment. A learned friend has conjectured it to be a translation from Theophrastus, but it seems to myself to savour more of the style of Eudemus, and it looks exceedingly like a passage from one of the lost books of the Eudemian Ethics. Altogether, if the pressure of contemporary politics will allow you to insert it, I think it would be found full of interest to the learned world. The author might seem to be of the Cynical School, but the names of persons all nearly contemporary seem to fix it clearly on a Peripatetic teacher.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

RUBITER CANTABRIGIENSIS.

"Concerning literary men, why they should evermore be mercenary, and whether they be so, or whether this be a calumny of the multitude, it follows to inquire. Is it that,

while they say excellent things of the nobleness of virtue and the dignity of science, they do not believe in themselves, but repeat what is set down like actors in the mines? This were altogether base. Or is it that, being poor, and not having a sufficiency of daily things, neither gold in their souls, as Plato said, they are dragged away, like the incontinent, to act against their will the part of servile flatterers? This, again, were pitiable. Or is it rather that, where virtue and science are studied, not for the sake of good living, but for a livelihood, they make the intellect sharp, but leave the practical part of the soul no whit the better? Now we see this both in other cases and especially in academies, where men talk like philosophers, but live like sycophants, bowing down greatly to princes. Though some have thought this was rather the fault of the elder and craftier masters, who wheedle or compel the more generous and simpler sort. As in truth was seen in the crown of the Lyceum, which was by common consent to be given to the most worthy citizen. For this the larger and better part would fain have offered to Phocion, who was both in other respects worthy, and had defended the tomb of Aristotle against Demades and his rabble.

“But some of the elder and more worldly wise, among whom were Phrancinus and Hyperboreus, said among themselves, ‘Will it not be better to give the crown to Anonetus, who, being rich, and the friend of Artemisia, will procure us much good? Did not Artemisia give a prize to Theodectes, and if we choose Anonetus, will she not send us trees for our grove, and chairs for our old men, and also Persian mitres? Contrariwise, if we give the crown to Phocion, we shall do what is right indeed, but utterly unprofitable, and be praised only of the simpler sort of men.’

“Thus saying, the elder men appeared to themselves wise, and told the scholars it was seemly to be unanimous ;

so that many consented in the evening to that which in the morning they had grievously condemned. So the cunningness of the few prevailed against the simplicity of the many which loveth mostly to be generous. Some, however, murmured and thought it base; for this Anonetus, though eminent in wealth, and in the favour of Artemisia, was, in the matters of the Lyceum, that which his name declares.”
[Caetera desunt.]

MR. JEAMES'S SENTIMENTS ON THE CAMBRIDGE ELECTION.

The following letter, from the hand of Mr. Thackeray, appeared in "Punch," vol. xii.

"Anti-Junius." A long letter over this signature appeared in the "Times," while the election was in progress. In it the Master of Trinity was defended against the charges of self-interest which had been freely brought against him, but which his subsequent refusal of a bishopric by no means justified.

"If he doesn't allow young gentlemen to sit down in his presents." In forbidding undergraduates to sit down in his presence, Dr. Whetwell was carrying on the tradition of his office. The heads of houses had for generations let it be understood that between themselves and the undergraduates a great gulf was fixed. Thackeray is never tired of satirising this foolish donnishness. The following passage is taken from his essay on "University Snobs:"—"As for us undergraduates, we scarcely knew more about Crump than about the Grand Llama. A few favoured youths are asked occasionally to tea at the lodge; but they do not speak unless first addressed by the Doctor; and if they venture to sit down, Crump's follower, Mr. Toady, whispers, 'Gentlemen, will you have the kindness to get up? the President is passing;' or, 'Gentlemen, the President prefers that undergraduates should not sit down,' or words to a similar effect."

TO MR. PUNCH.

DEAR MR. P.,

Some vulgar and raddicle igspreshns in the last number of your mislany injuice me to edress you. I mean those in which you indulch in *mean snears* at the conduct of the Donns of Cambritch Unavussaty.

Being ony an individgl, and not a Unavussaty mann, it

ill becomes me, I know, to put in *my* or in the dispute about the Cambritch Chanslor. *My* vote (did I pesess that facklty) would be—where, I needn say. Art and sole with my Prins and Roil Concert of my Cround.

My sentimence is those of Doctor Whyouwewyouwhewell. I've stood behind his chair in fommer days, where I instantly reckonised his elygnt urbannaty, "his retiring modesty, his unfained umillaty, and his genuin cuttisy"—jest as "Anti-Junius," in the *Times*, igspresses 'em—and I've no doubt his pupils *was* his absobbing care. I've heerd say, by gents who were at Cambridg College, that his love for the young fellers was ackshly affecting to see; that one of 'em was never ill, but he sor him take his medsan and put his feet in hot water; that he wrote to the Mars of every 1 of them every mawning; that he used to weap when they went ome for the oladays; and that he ruined himself in making 'em presents, and giving 'em parties; in a wud there was no end to his kindness and femilliar regard for 'em.

If he doesn't allow young gentlemen to sit down in his presents now: you must remember, *Mr. Punch*, that the purshoots of these Schudents is already sednterry: and it's unwholesome for 'em to be too long in a sittn postar.

This however is not the pint which I wish at present to udj. What I like, is the bust of loilty which has placed my Prints at the head of the pole: and that manly exabition of indipendns which has caused Masters of Arts & Brittns to rally round him. Manly a Brittn *always* is—there's no truckling about *us*—*we* never kiss a great man's shoostings; and if the Unavussaty chooses a Young Jumman Prince of sixntwenty for its Chanslor depend on it it ad its reasns. Depend on it he'll be an honor to his Halmymater. He was chose not on account of his exalted rank, but on account of his "admirable virtues"—it was *them* that made him Chanslor, and no mistake.

Y—you've only to read his Roil Highness own roil note in reply to the Cambridge requisishn to convints you he's not a common man—I think it beats everythink in pint of style, in neatness of erangemint, and felissaty of igspreshn.

“The expression of the wish upon the part of so numerous and influential a portion of the Senate of the U. of C., including so many eminent names, that I should allow myself to be proposed for election into the vacant office of C. of the U. cannot be otherwise than highly gratifying to my feelings. Did it not appear from proceedings entered into by others in the university that there does not exist that unanimity which alone would leave me at liberty to consent to be put in nomination, I should have felt both the greatest pleasure and pride in acceding to the desire expressed in this address, and so personally connecting myself with your ancient and renounced seat of learning.”

There's a stile for you, Mr. P. “The expression *of* the wish *upon* the part *of* a portion *of* the senate including so many eminent names”—there's writing; see how the preposishns back up that sentns! “The wish upon the *part* of a *portion* of the senate”—isn't that neat?—and “including so many eminent names”—how plesntly that phrase comes in! It may be—

1. The senate includes eminent names

2. The wish ,, ,,

3. The expression ,, ,,

or quite the revuss, or any way you chews—it's elygant however you take it.

And “did it not appear that there does not exist that unanimity of feeling, I should have felt both the greatest pleasure and pride”—there's a happy modesty about that igspreshn which amounts to perfect Poitry. Unless the University's unanimous—unless every man every poor curick in Northumberland -every pius Bishop in Wes-

mister—is brought to see that the Prince must be Chanslor, that it's impawsible to think of any other,—to ignolledge that His R. H. is the man, as you ignolledge a Star or a Comick in Heaven—he can't come forrards. There never was such an instants of amiable diffidents. But the Eds of Ouses woodn let H. H. off. Our reveared Bishops sor his tricks—they knew what was for the good of Hengland and the advancement of learning; they took his Roil Highness *nolus bolus*, (to use a Lating igspreshun,) and carried him blushing to the head of the pole.

In that ellyvated poast I am proud to see him; and what's mor, I hope when little Mary Hann and Jeams are arrived at the proper age, I shall be able to take them to be confummed by that exlent prelick (and at present most Independent minister), Bishop Whyewyouwhoill.

I look forrard, I say, to see him on the Bench—an ideer which am sure has never entered into the head of that “honored and beloved man.” I say he deserves it; and Y? because he's worked for it. And I present my respeckfle complymence to Anti-Junius and the sperrited proprietors of the *Times*.

Your obeajnt savnt,

JEAMES DE LA PLUCHE.

(W. M. THACKERAY.)

THE CAMBRIDGE ADDRESS TO PRINCE ALBERT.

This free rendering of the speech delivered by the Public Orator on the installation of Prince Albert, which was written by Mr. Thackeray, appeared in "Punch," vol. xii. Thomas Crick, of St. John's (M.A. 1826), held the office of Public Orator from 1836 to 1848. It may be pointed out that Thackeray's gibes at the orator's expense are scarcely fair, for he only delivered the oration as a public official, and registered his vote for Lord Powis.

We have received a version of the above document, freely rendered into English by a gentleman of the name of Gyp, of Trinity College, Cambridge.

STERN fate hath clipped, with cruel shear,
 In spite of all physick,
 A worthy duke, a noble peer,
 To virtue and to Cambridge dear,
 (Says Reverend Mr. Crick.)
 He ruled us but for seven short year,
 His death was all too quick ;
 We howl, and drop the briny tear
 Upon his lamentable bier,
 (Says Reverend Mr. Crick.)

About his venerated dust,
 Our tear-drops tumble thick ;
 He was our champion kind and just,
 In him was all our hope and trust,
 (Says Reverend Mr. Crick.)

But weep and blubber though we must,
For this of dukes the pick,
We must not cry until we bust—
Such conduct would inspire disgust,
(Says Reverend Mr. Crick.)

My Granta ! wipe your weeping face,
And be philosophick ;
Look round and see can we replace
In any way his poor dear Grace,
(Says Reverend Mr. Crick.)
Who is the man to meet our case ?
Who enters in the nick,
To take Northumbria's vacant mace ?
There is a gent of royal race,
(Says Reverend Mr. Crick.)

There is a gent of royal breed,
There is a princely brick,
Who doth on every virtue feed,
As wise in thought as great in deed :
To him we'll fly, (says Crick.)
O Prince ! come succour at our need,
This body politic ;
Heal up our wounds, which gape and bleed ;
Prevent us running quite to seed,
(Cries Reverend Mr. Crick.)

On thee our hopes and faith we pin ;
Without thee, ruined slick ;
To thee we kneel with humble shin ;
Stand by us, guide us, hem us in,
Great Prince ! (cries Mr. Crick.)

Thou bright exemplar of all Prin-
ces, here your shoes we lick ;
Kings first endowed us with their tin,
Why mayn't we hope for kings agin ?
(Says independent Crick.)

Our tree is of an ancient root,
And straightway perpendic-
ular to heaven its boughs will shoot,
If you but listen to our suit,
(Says Reverend Mr. Crick.)
We grovel at your royal boot ;
Ah ! don't in anger kick,
Great Prince ! the suppliants at your foot,
See how our lips cling fondly to 't,
(Cries that true Briton Crick.)

From faction's sacrilegious claws
Keep Church and Bishopric ;
Support our academic cause ;
Uphold our rights ; defend our laws,
(Ejaculated Crick.)
The speech was done. He made a pause
For Albert and for Vic ;
Three most vociferous huzzaws
Then broke from mighty Whewell's jaws,
Who, as a proof of his applause,
Straight to the buttery goes and draws
A pint of ale for Crick.

W. M. THACKERAY.

THE NEW TRIPOSES.

In 1848 the advisability of introducing the study of natural and moral science into the curriculum of the University was keenly debated. Graces were offered to the Senate, and innumerable pamphlets written on the subject. A set of Greek verses entitled "Fragmentum Incerti" were written by R. Skilleto (see p. 237), an English version of which we reprint. The New Triposes first came into operation in 1851.

COME sing of the new Triposes, come sing a lively chorus—
No Mathematics now may vex, no Greek and Latin bore us !
Who now, but some few pedants of true dotardy the pattern,
Thinks aught of musty classic saws, old as the reign of
Saturn ?

No ! thanks to our new Triposes, the things to study now
are

Your *Natural*-rot, your *Moral*-bosh—The German School's
in power—

Go, Pollmen ! nay, ye needs must go ; for so the Heads
determine

(Like Gower-street's curst Academy and such-like stinking
vermin)

To men that rave of botany—to those consummate asses,
Who tell you of the loves of plants, and incest twixt two
grasses,

Who this tree male, that female call, in shameless ardour
vying

To outrage young men's morals—Heaven torment them for
their lying !

Yes ! by some sawbones you'll be coached—some cut-and-slash physician,
Or mineral-delving connoisseur of wondrous erudition—
By some high-flown Geologist, one of those self-wise teachers,
Who talk at wines of whale's fins and the bones of monstrous creatures,
Which labouring earth ere Adam bare—or canting braggarts queerer,
And still more skilled than those I've named with lies to bore a hearer.

A BOATING SONG.

The following appeared in "Sketches of Cantabs," a clever little volume, published in 1849. The author was John Delaware Lewis, of Trinity College, who took his B.A. degree in 1850, and died in 1884.

You may sing of the joys of the gun and the bat,
Of winging a bird as he flies, Sir ;
Of hunting the hare-skin, and running the rat,
And fighting a cock without eyes, Sir ;
You may tell the sweet raptures of courting a lass,
And shooting a bolt from love's quiver,
But what in the world can those pleasures surpass,
That we boating gents find on the river ?
Tol de diddle tol lol, etc.

When the Chapel bells toll, as the herald of day,
And bright Phœbus exhibits his noddle,
And the mists of the night are all clearing away,
To the " Piece " in our great-coats we toddle,
When to keep up our wind three times round it we run,
And return with a pain in the liver ;
But what does it matter, my boys, when there's fun
To be found every night on the river ?

Then there's breakfast, you know, where stale bread's all
the go,
With beef-steaks as raw as my hand, Sirs,

And cigars were forbid 'cause they make us to blow,
And the nymphs 'cause they keep us on land, Sirs.
Next our blisters we scrub with the ointment they dub,
Dr. Holloway's sweet "Solace-giver ;"
But what though it pain us—ay, there is the rub,
When it's all for the sake of the river ?

At length comes the night, fraught with joy and delight,
Of the races. By Jove, it's like heaven,
With the men at the plough calling out, "Go it, bow !"
And the men on the path, "Go it, seven !"
Then awaiting the gun which announces the fun,
For an hour in our jerseys we shiver,
And "Two," a young fool that has scarcely left school,
Cries, "Can *this* be the fun of the river ?"

Hark ! the gun has gone thrice, and now off in a trice,
With the Johnians we're soon on a level,
When Hicks who's no dab with his oar cuts a crab,
And our coxswain he swears like the devil.
Still we gain, Sirs, we gain ! now we've bumped them, 'tis
plain,
How our hearts with excitement they quiver !
And we'll wap that young Hicks, since he might by his
tricks
Have lost us a place on the river !

J. D. LEWIS.

ON HEARING THE BELLS RING FOR THE
NEW PROVOST OF KING'S, DR. OKES.

Dr. Richard Okes (B.A. 1822), the subject of this epigram, was appointed Provost of King's in 1850, and held office until his death in 1889. Andrew Long (B.A. 1836) was for many years a fellow of King's College, and died in 1887.

How Kings have slept in oaks of old,
Our English chroniclers have told ;
But Fortune now the changes rings,
For Okes to-night shall sleep in King's.

A. LONG.

THE TWO VOICES

This parody of Lord Tennyson's "Two Voices," was written by A. A. Vansittart (B.A. 1847), fellow of Trinity College, and C. J. Taylor (B.A. 1849), who was elected to a fellowship at Clare Hall in 1854.

A STILL small voice spake unto me,
 "Thou art so sure of thy degree,
 Were it not better have a spree?"

Then to the voice I answer framed,
 "Let me not in the gulf be named,
 Who am so wonderfully crammed."

To which the voice made answer, "Stop!
 Last year I saw a Junior Op
 Come from the Robe Purveyor's shop.

"An inner force had changed the blue
 Of his old gown; from cap to shoe
 Hung mantling folds of sable hue.

"He tied his strings, like silk they show'd,
 Thro' court and cloister, street and road,
 A living Bachelor he strode."

I said, "When first our year began,
Our freshmen through ten classes ran ;
I in the sixth the second man.

"They taught me Euclid, they imprest
Proportion, and, above the rest,
Equations on my head and breast."

Thereto the silent voice rejoined,
"Thy bumptiousness doth make thee blind ;
Look up, and learn a wiser mind.

"Will thirty coaches render plain
Deductions to thy shallow brain,
Or make thee rival Mould or Maine ?"

"Think'st thou that in the printed list
There stands not many a Questionist
Of better powers and clearer fist ?"

It spake, moreover, in my ear,
"Tho' thou shouldst in the gulf appear,
The like doth happen year by year."

Then did my response clearer fall,
"No two in college or in hall
Have friends agreeing all in all."

To which he answered scoffingly,
"Poor soul ! and will they weep to see
Their gulfed one's sad deficiency ?"

“What sire,” he added with a scoff,
“Cares sixpence tho’ his senior soph
Be polished by another off?”

I would have said “Thou can’st not know
How fiercely up my sire would blow,”
But feared lest he should think me slow.

Again the voice spake unto me,
“Thou art so sure of thy degree,
Were it not better take a spree?

“Thy senses thou dost oversteep
In cram, nor any limit keep;
Thou canst not read, but thou must sleep!”

I said, “I’m making some advance,
Though I make pale my countenance,
Let me not throw away a chance.

“Were it not well to spend mine hours
In taking altitudes of towers,
Or raising n to minus powers?

“A wrangler’s place I yet might take,
E’en yet.” But he, “What coach can make
A man so shaky cease to shake?”

I wept, “Though I be plucked, I know
That Cam will to the ocean flow
With floating squares of tinted snow;

“ And Bachelors of every sort,
Forgetting all they have been taught,
Be Bachelors, though I am not ! ”

This argument did floor him quite ;
He ceased, and hissing in despite,
Directed up the blue his flight.

C. J. TAYLOR and A. A. VANSITTART.

EPIGRAM

ON MR. JOHN COWLING, OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, WHO WAS AN
UNSUCCESSFUL CANDIDATE FOR THE REPRESENTATION OF CAM-
BRIDGE UNIVERSITY IN 1850.

*Mr. Richard Shilleto, who was one of the finest Greek scholars Cam-
bridge has produced, graduated as a B.A. in 1832. Nearly the whole of
his life was devoted to the drudgery of teaching, and he was never able to
do justice to his brilliant attainments. Indeed, leisure for independent
research was never given him until 1867, when he was elected to a fellow-
ship at Peterhouse. He died in 1876.*

Desinit in piscem teterrima vacca superne,
Mirus in Ioniâ sus tibi grumit harâ.

As I strayed by the side of the Johnian sty,
A new-farrowed comical pig did I spy,
With the head of a beast and the tail of a fish—
To abortions like this Alma Mater says, "Pish!"
R. SHILLETO.

THE SUMMER ASSIZES OF 1850,

AT WHICH THE JUDGES WERE MR. JUSTICE PATTESON AND BARON
ALDERSON, WHILE GUNSON, OF CHRIST'S, WAS THE PREACHER.

A JUSTICE—a Baron—a Preacher—sons three ;
The Preacher a son of a Gun is he ;
The Baron he is the son of a Tree ;
Whom the Justice is son of I cannot well see—
But Paterson, spell him, and then you'll agree
That the son of his Father the Justice will be.

R. SHILLETO.

A PARADOX.

These lines were written on the occasion of Dr. Guest succeeding Dr. Benedict Chapman as Master of Caius in 1852.

OH ! men of Caius, I sympathize
In this your strange disaster,
Your Benedict unmarried dies,
Your Guest becomes your master.

R. SHILLETO.

THE USELESS DON.

The close translation from the "Wasps" of Aristophanes which follows was suggested, no doubt, by the controversy on idle fellowships raised by Dr. Todhunter's paper on the "University Commission" in the "Eclectic Review" for 1852.

WASPS, regents, and non-regents, σφῆκες ὀξύκαρδιοι.

But, alas ! we've drones among us, sitting each in easy chair,
Stingless as their lore is pointless, who devour our hard-
earned fare ;

Lolling idlers, without learning, without labour, without
care.

And to us this is most painful, when effete unlearned Don
Sups us up our porridge, who for Alma Mater has not one
Pupil, not one hour of teaching, not one headache under-
gone.

Graces henceforth I'll non-placet, which allow the useless
drone

Stingless should he be, to pocket wages which are not his
own.

R. SHILLETO.

THE DEATH-WARRANT.

In 1852 John Death, livery stable keeper, gave notice that he would sue a member of the University for a debt of £143, contracted while he was an undergraduate. He was summoned before the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Okes, Provost of King's College, for allowing an undergraduate to contract a debt of more than £5. He came with his solicitor, Mr. Cooper, followed by a mob. Mr. Cooper was refused admittance, and Death refused to appear unless accompanied by his attorney.

“*Pallida Mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque tures.*”

OUR Heads of Houses—'faith, it takes one's breath
To think upon their boldness—summoned Death ;
And Death, to add new terrors to his name,
Backed by a lawyer, to the meeting came.
Ill-omened couple ! Their united powers
Might well dismay far wiser Heads than ours !
No wonder then they did what most would do,
Sported their *Oaks* against the awful two.
Balked of his speech, the lawyer homeward hied,
Pale as his client, and more *mortified*.

A. LONG.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS TO THE DEAN.

The "Valedictory Address to the Dean" was written by the late J. Clerk Maxwell, of Trinity College. This distinguished man of science took his B.A. degree in 1854, and two years later was appointed to a fellowship at Trinity College. After holding professorships at Aberdeen and King's College, London, he returned in 1871 to Cambridge, to fill the newly founded chair of Experimental Physics. This appointment he held until his death in 1879. The Rev. J. A. Frere, Fellow and Dean of Trinity College, was presented by the Society to the living of Shillington, in 1852, but, according to custom, was enabled to hold his fellowship for "a year of grace." The version of Clerk Maxwell's poem here given is from a manuscript copy in the possession of Mr. J. W. Clark. It differs in some particulars from that printed in Messrs. Campbell and Garnett's "Life of J. Clerk Maxwell."

JOHN ALEXANDER FRERE, John,
 When first we were acquaint,
 You lectured us as Freshmen,
 In the *weary* term of Lent.
 But now you're gettin' old, John,
 Your end is drawing near,
 So I think we'd better say good-bye,
 John Alexander Frere !

John Alexander Frere, John,
 How swiftly time has flown !
 The weeks which you refused us
 Are now no more your own.

Tho' time was in your hand, John,
 You lingered out the year,
 A year of grace and cash unto
 John Alexander Frere !

There's young Monro of Trinity,
 And Hunter bold of Queen's,
 Who scorned the Chapel system,
 And vexed the souls of Deans ;
 But all these petty squabbles
 More ludicrous appear,
 When we gaze on thy departing form,
 John Alexander Frere.

There's many a better man, John,
 Who scorns the scoffing crew,
 But keeps with fond affection
 The notes he got from you :
 " Why Mr. Smith was out last night
 Till two o'clock or near,
 The Senior Dean requests to know ;
 Yours truly, J. A. Frere."

John Alexander Frere, John,
 I wonder what you mean
 By mixing up your name so
 With "*me*" and with "the Dean."
 Another Don may dean us,
 But ne'er again, we fear,
 Shall we receive such notes as yours,
 John Alexander Frere.

The Lecture Room no more, John,
 Shall hear thy drowsy tone ;

No more shall men in Chapel
Bow down before thy throne :
But Shillington with meekness
The oracle shall hear
That set St. Mary's all asleep,
John Alexander Frere.

Once more before we part, John,
Let all be clean forgot—
Our scandalous invectives,
And thy consummate rot ;
For still 'neath all conventions
The small heart lived sincere,
The kernel of the Senior Dean,
John Alexander Frere.

J. C. MAXWELL.

RIGID BODY SINGS.

GIN a body meet a body
 Flyin' through the air,
 Gin a body hit a body,
 Will it fly? and where?
 Ilka impact has its measure,
 Ne'er a' ane hae I,
 Yet a' the lads they measure me,
 Or, at least, they try.

Gin a body meet a body
 Altogether free,
 How they travel afterwards
 We do not always see.
 Ilka problem has its method
 By analytics high;
 For me, I ken na ane o' them,
 But what the waur am I?

J. C. MAXWELL.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

This poem was written under the following circumstances. Mr. H. W. Lord, B.A., of Trinity College, who was then sitting for a fellowship, appeared in the summer vacation of 1856 with a moustache. He was at once sent for by the dean, and ordered to remove it or to go down at once. He chose the former course, and revenged himself by writing a Latin poem on the subject, a copy of which he sent to the dean. The verses were afterwards translated by him into English for the benefit of the unlearned. It is this translation which we print here.

FAREWELL, too little and too lately worn !

Let the rude breezes bear ye where they list :
For this defied I the chill dews of morn,
In rain or sunshine ne'er a chapel missed ;
Was never gated ; never drank too much,
Or, if I did, I ne'er behaved as such.

As the tall corn-ears bristle o'er the plain,
So scanty bristles o'er my lip were spread ;
As fields in summer bear their golden grain,
My lips bore golden crops, or rather, red.
Vain all my toil ! ah, had they never grown,
The grief of parting I should ne'er have known !

Each morn I used to dress them at the glass ;
I seemed to comb and count them as I slept.
In one fell swoop a month's long labours pass ;
The ruthless razor o'er those lips has swept.
Oh, what so hard but would some pity feel,
Save Deans and razors, and such things of steel ?

Dean ! is thy seat so lofty that its snows
Have sunk into thy heart and settled there ?
Can my beard mar the heaven of thy repose ?
So great a man and such a little hair !
A half-moustache ! yet what ourselves have reared
We love, though but a demi-semi beard.

Farewell, my greatest care by night and day ;
My greatest care, though for so small a spot.
What though the bitter scoffer call thee hay !
Ah, too prophetic of thy withered lot !
For thou wast cut as grass in early spring
Oh for a Pope this ravished lock to sing !

Too soon, too soon ! for scarce had ye been taught
To bear my fondling fingers' tender twirl :
Scarce coyly yielding learnt the while to court
The touch that strove to win ye to a curl.
How shall I mourn ? Oh, teach me how ye sung,
Foxes sans tail, and vixens too sans tongue.

Not more his lost See doth a Master mourn ;
That See whose sickness is but conscience' qualm,
His eyes again shall greet the fluttering lawn :
My shorn locks flutter nor in wind nor calm.
Not more do jesters their lost jokes lament,
When Feasts and Fellows flourish—after Lent.

Adieu, dear relics ! breezes, waft them wide ;
Hurled be my chaff o'er every sea and coast.
Lo ! in dim future over Time's dull tide
A bearded few defy a beardless host.
More bald than bold the baffled heroes fly,
Or fall content in shaving's cause to die.

Arise, Avenger, from those locks of hair,
Break the shorn tyrant's serried panoply ;
Our youth the gift that Nature gives shall wear,
Our lips shall moult before no Dean's decree ;
And Seniors, pale with envy of our crop,
Shall beat their brains out with the shaving-strop.

H. W. LORD.

THE DEATH OF THE CAPUT.

The "Caput," over the death of which Shilleto here mourns, was for centuries one of the most important institutions in the University of Cambridge. It consisted of the Vice-Chancellor and five others. Three of the latter were heads of colleges, or professors representing the faculties of divinity, law, and physic, while the other two were the senior members of the Non-Regent and Regent House respectively. The Non-Regent House included all M.A.'s of more than five years' standing; the Regent House, M.A.'s below that standing, who, until the practice of public disputation ceased, presided in the schools (regere in schola). Any member of the "Caput" could veto any proposal brought forward or any grace submitted to the Senate, and the Vice-Chancellor was supreme in the "Caput." It was replaced by the Council.

A NAME hath perished, handed down from Great Elizabeth;
 Crowd, ladies old, and celebrate the last rites due to death.
 Go ye upon your pious task, for the dead Caput mourn;
 The Veto, empty name, sleeps low in everlasting urn.
 If a fond lingering regret for regent touch your hearts;
 If for non-regent, seniors both of Masters skilled in Arts;
 If for the vetoing power once given unto the Doctors three,
 Who erstwhile went to represent each learned Faculty;
 Go ye in crowds, ye ladies old; loose, Elegiac Muse,
 Thy locks dishevelled: Granta sad her defunct Caput rues.
 Ye Seventeen, who over halls or colleges preside,
 Henceforth with you the reins of power the Senate shall
 divide.
 So we amongst ourselves henceforth our share of honour
 hold,
 So you'll not feather for yourselves your nests, ye ladies old.

See yonder man with drooping wings, Lord of Emmanuel,
To whom his wondrous archness gives his name's first
 syllable,
Who seeks, as duck at thunder-tide, with uprolled eye the
 clouds,
And in his toga's ample fold his sacred loins enshrouds.
Why, old man holy, weepest thou? A council shalt thou
 see,
Where the Vice-Chancellor is past and ever past shall be.
So shall a Caput still be left albeit the Caput's dead :
So, as before, a Caput yet reigns in the council Head.
Nor add we one, but four beside ; a portent strange and
 greater
Than Hydra docked by Hercules brings forth our Alma
 Mater.
So shall thy forehead's solemn grace preserve its honours
 due ;
So shalt thou haply be thyself part of the council new.
Still Corrie's firmness shall survive ; we shall be still
 beguiled
By Whewell's courteous gentleness, and Cartmell's wisdom
 mild.

R. SHILLITO.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

These verses on the University Boat-race appeared in a short-lived periodical entitled "The Realm," which was edited by Mr. G. J. Cayley, and numbered Mr. Mortimer Collins and Mr. Arthur Locker among its contributors.

WHICH of all moments of life brims over with glory
 supremest?
 Sweet, Senior Wrangler and Smith's Prizeman, to pass
 Double First!
 Sweet, in your maiden speech to astonish the Treasury
 Benches,
 While even Palmerston grunts, "'Gad! here's a chap that
 can speak."
 Sweet, amid lime-trees' blossom, astir with the whispers of
 springtide,
 Maiden speech to hear, eloquent murmur and sigh.
 Ah, but the joy of the Thames, when Cam with Isis con-
 tending,
 Up the Imperial stream flash the impetuous Eights!
 Sweeping and strong is the stroke as they race from Putney
 to Mortlake,
 Shying the Crab tree bight, shooting through Hammersmith
 Bridge;
 Onward elastic they strain to the deep low moan of the
 rowlock;

Louder the cheer from the bank—swifter the flash of the
oar!

Ay, and the winners that day, whether light blue win it or
dark blue,

Seldom hereafter in life glory supremer shall know!

MORTIMER COLLINS.

YE MOST PLEASAUNTE DREAME OF
COELEBS, YE CAMBRYDGE FELLOWE.

The Celibate que tion was very much debated in 1856-7. The late Dr. Potts issued a printed letter, suggesting that a memorial should be presented on the subject to the University Commissioners. Shilleto wrote one of his brilliant Aristophanic dialogues, called "Ex Satyri φιλογάμοις 'Εταίροις," while "Ye most Pleasaunte Dreame of Coelebs, ye Cambrydge Fellowe," which was written by Mr. Cuthbert Bede, appeared in "Punch," and is here reprinted by permission.

A FELLOWE it was of Trinitye,
And he laye on ye grassye grounde,
On ye hither ripe of ye muddy Cam,
In a dreamye summer swound.

Like ye *malus pastor dormivit* he
Supinus lay and snored;
And he slept soe sounde, it was plaine to see
With his bedde he was not bored.

A resident Fellowe he was, I wis,
He had no cure of soules;
And across ye Bridge of *Sues*¹ he'd come
From playinge ye game of bowles.

¹ Vulgariter, *Sighs*.

And now, aweary, he laye and slept,
As lazye as was the river ;
And ye limes made a shadye networke
About his head to quiver.

Ho ! Fellowe, what are your thoughts, I aske :
Ho ! Fellowe, what do you dreame ?
He dreameth, alas ! what comes not to pass
On ye banks of that sluggish streame.

He dreams of a bright-eyed, browne-haired girl,
Sprightly and gleesome enow,
Who, in an aunciente Rectorye house,
Is keepynge their trewe love vowe.

She has waited and watched for wearye years,—
'Tis a long engagemente, I ween ;
And her face doth 'gin to pale and to thin,—
Though not by her it is seen.

Yet others are quick to mark what Care
And anxious Waitinge have done ;
Others can trace in her patiente face
Ye wreckke that Time hath begunne.

She has no fortune, save hersen,
Though that is a treasure, I trow,
Yet not enow for ye keepynge of house,
As times and taxes goe.

And he has nought but his Fellowshipe,
And not marrye on that he maye :
For gin he marries, his Fellowshipe
He loses for ever and aye.

And soe they are in a dysmal plyghte,—
 Tethered and tied to a stake,—
 Bound by a vow, like an iron chayne
 That they maye not snappe or breake.

* * * * *

Ho ! Fellowe, why starteth thou now in thy sleepe ?
 Is ye gadde-flye styngynge thy nose ?
 Not soe ; for he smyleth ; and gadde-flyes' stynges
 Are productive of cruelle woes.

'Tis a pleasaunte fancye that haunts his dreame ;
 Ye Fellowes, their prayer hath been hearde,
 And heads of Housen, and Vice-Chancellère
 In judgements good have concurred.

It hath been decreede, that ye Fellowes may wed,
 And settle in College walls ;
 And wake ye echoes of cloistered lyfe,
 With their lyttel chyldren's squalls.

And Coelebs seeth that brown-haired girl,
 No longer wan and dree ;
 But buxomme, and blythe, and debonaire,
 Converted to Mystress C.

He seeth her seated in easye chaire—
 A sunbeame amid ye gloome --
 Braydynge a lyttel Babye its cappe,
 All within ye College roome.

He seeth her walkynge in College courtes,
 Admyred of all spectators,
 With her olyve branches buddynge arounde,
 Or stuck in perambulators.

Wives and childrenne of Fellowes he sees,
Swarmynge ye classic shades,
While, with many a laughe, ye studentes chaffe
Ye prettye nurserye maydes.

Ye Trinitye Fellowe giveth a starte ;
Too bright the vision doth seem !
And Coelebs waketh to bachelor life,
And finds his marriage a dreame.

CUTHBERT BEDE.

A SATIRE.

"A Satire," as well as the Trinity Boat-song and "Advertisements" which follow it, appeared in a periodical called "The Bear," of which the editor, and sole author, was G. O. Trevelyan. Only one number of "The Bear" appeared, in October, 1858, and it was intended to burlesque the first number of an undergraduate journal called "The Lion," edited by H. R. Haweis (see p. 267). "The Bear" has several times been republished by request, the last edition bearing the date 1862.

THROUGH every College of this town of ours,
 From Magdalene Bridge and royal Margaret's towers,
 To where, 'midst Downing's solitary grove,
 One pensive freshman sighs his unshared love,
 Each thinks his favourite pursuit the best,
 Talks of it only and ignores the rest.
 Bedecked with horse-shoe pin and various rings,
 See Publius lounging past the screen of King's :
 Publius, whose idle stare and ready laugh,
 Whose pear-shaped pantaloons and flaunting scarf,
 Whose plastered shining hair and heated cheek,
 Where the crude fumes of last night's claret reek,
 Prove that he's earned the noble title well
 Of Granta's flashiest son and haughtiest swell.
 If some allusion to our books we drop,
 Publius straight bellows out, "Let's have no shop!"
 But, dearest Publius, you must surely see
 That from this charge not even you are free.

Is it not shop which through our ears you bawl
At luncheon, supper, lecture, chapel, hall?
Your Fitz and Happyland; your "take you; done!"
How much Lord Derby lost, Sir Joseph won;
How you deceived some poor confiding fool;
How well you fared at Brag, how ill at Pool;
Who, while each beef-fed toper stared aghast,
Swilled the most bumpers, and was sick the last.
Yes, you may talk the vilest shop, although
More than your duns you dread the Little-go;
Though you are posted dullest in your College;
Though fractions are your proudest claim to knowledge;
Though you had rather swim from John's to Clare
Than tell the colour of Minerva's hair;
Though you would sooner float from Clare to John's
Than name Achilles' sire or Tarquin's sons.

There is a corner in our spacious hall,
Retired from view and comfortably small;
In winter genial, and in summer cool;
Where no gin-breathing bedmaker holds rule,
No waiter tears away the half-cut meat:
One well-fee'd gyp attends with ready feet.
There long we sat, a band of ancient friends,
With common pleasures and with common ends;
There would we share our joys, impart our grief;
There praise the audit and abuse the beef;
Discuss the latest scholar's age and race;
Guess at each freshman's class, each wrangler's place.
Till one ill-omen'd evening Varus came,
Crooked alike in form and mind and name;
Full of the choicest anecdotes from Searle's,
As fools to swine fling forth the glittering pearls;
With what swift strokes past Grassy Magdalene pulls;
What odds are offered on the College sculls;

How Caius is spent with ceaseless steaks and toil ;
 How Sidney's crew are nightly bathed in oil ;
 What Milo thinks—Cease, driveller, 'tis true
 Milo talks boating shop as well as you ;
 But Milo's tall and strong, and twelve stone one,
 And Cambridge hails him as her pluckiest son ;
 Like young Alcides, when in youthful pride
 He pulled the Argo through the Euxine tide.
 Each gay Oxonian's face grew pale and grave
 As Milo's oar came slashing through the wave :
 And when, 'midst eddying wash and clouds of foam,
 With dauntless hearts we charged the Johnian home,
 As our victorious crew came sweeping in,
 'Twas Milo's name rose loudest o'er the din.
 But you, with boating shop to stun our ears,
 At whose round back each passing bargeman jeers !
 You the most clumsy booby in our club,
 The yearly jest of every freshman's tub !
 On whose stupidity the breathless cox
 Exhausts his store of oaths before the second locks.

'Tis passing sweet, some sultry Sunday night,
 Amidst the dense perspiring mass of white,
 To watch, while vainly striving to be cool,
 Some stripling fresh from cricket and from school :
 The smooth and healthful cheek and waving hair,
 No marks of late debauch, or pain, or care ;
 The figure trained in many a manly game,
 Glowing with dreams of liberty and fame.
 But sweeter far through coming years to trace
 That young form's growth in stature and in grace :
 To see that brow so promising and brave
 Return each autumn browner and more grave :
 Till, from the race of honours nobly run,
 With cups and scholarships and medals won,

Conscious of power, burning for the strife,
He parts to battle in the field of life.
But some, in spite of whiskers and of years,
Are schoolboys still, with schoolboy hopes and fears ;
Whose conversation reeks with bat and ball,
With "love games," "long field on," and "fourteen all :"
How by a brilliant hit or clever catch
They saved the fortunes of the desperate match ;
Why, for some puzzling and recondite reason,
Their score has made so poor a show this season.
What though in scholarship you vie with Cope ?
Though you be Hopkins' dearest pride and hope ?
You think it more that on some lucky day
Wisden or Grundy praised your style of play.
Talk as you will, deny it if you can,
Cricket and raquets do not make the man.
Nought will avail the highest average,
And the score stretching over half the page ;
Nought will avail the shirt of varied hue,
And the proud scarf of yellow mixed with blue ;
Unless their owner shun with honest shame
All that becomes not well the Cantab name ;
Unless his heart be good, his word secure,
His reputation as his jersey pure.
Give me, I pray, the virtues of the mind ;
Be just and generous, temperate and kind ;
Careful of conscience and of honour's laws ;
Proud of your college ; ardent in her cause ;
And when amidst your glad eleven's roar,
Hit all across you gain a clumsy four,
Then will I shout, as shouted Harrow when
Fell Waller's stumps for fivescore runs and ten.
Yet foolish though it be, I know full well
How fondly still on school-day tales we dwell.

Oft, when the heart within is vexed and weary,
And all without seems cold and hard and dreary,
Far, far away the wounded spirit strays
To the dear seat of purer, happier days ;
To the old school-house, and the favourite grove,
Scene of our brightest joy and fondest love ;
There were our earliest, sweetest triumphs won,
Ere pain, regret, and care had well begun.
Lives there a slave with soul so dead to shame
Who would not peril bear, and toil, and blame,
For that dear hearth, where when 'twas idlesse all,
And comfort reigned throughout the social hall,
'Midst tried and faithful friends he lounged away
The lazy eve of some November day ;
Recalled the sad mischances of the match,
Each fiery charge, and each disputed catch ;
And with resistless logic showed how mean
Our foes, how pure our every act had been ?

G. O. TREVELYAN

TRINITY BOAT-SONG.

I.

DRINK to first Trinity's conquering boat ;
The best piece of timber that e'er was afloat !
Drink to the men, who so trusty and strong
'Midst danger and treachery, pulled us along,
As Englishmen should, to the head of the river !
Drink to our boat, and three hearty cheers give her !

II.

Drink to four and to five, the pride of our crew,
Who lifted her in with the oars of light blue.
At Putney the Oxford lads hopelessly tried
By straining and tugging, to keep at their side.
And while the bank rang with a Trinity cheer,
The red shirts of John's were left far in the rear.

III.

Drink to our stroke ; send the bowl briskly round :
To our bow ; whom the scull-race with glory has crowned :
To the freshmen, who showed to her Ladyship's crew
What pluck and a love for your College can do :
Drink to the nine once again ere we part,
Whose names are engraved on each Trinity heart.

IV.

And now, one more glass to our own noble Club,
From the 'Varsity oars to the lads in the tub.
Long may she flourish, successful, united ;
Shamed by no friend, by no enemy blighted !
And may all her true sons labour early and late,
To keep what she won in the year fifty-eight.

G. O. TREVELYAN.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The advertisement of James Johnson, who is willing to touch up old hats, is to be found on p. 358 of the second volume of Sir George O. Trevelyan's "Life of Lord Macaulay," as well as in "The Bear." It occurs in a letter from Lord Macaulay to Mr. Ellis, and is prefaced by these words : " I send you some exquisite lines, which I saw placarded on a wall the other day. The versification and diction seem to me perfect. Byrom's ' My tune, oh ye Muses,' is not so complete in its kind."

As the expenses of this publication will fall heavily on an individual, seeing that all the editors, with one exception, have refused to contribute to the support of the magazine, we have been reluctantly compelled to raise funds by inserting any advertisement which may be sent us.

ON Balaclava's fatal plain
 A wounded soldier lies,
 And as he thinks upon his home,
 Tears dim his hardy eyes :
 His dying charger struggling near,
 Pants answer to his sighs.
 " Curse that jack-boot ! " he sadly cried :
 " They said 'twas shot-proof, but they lied :
 The villains took me in.
 Would that, like Captain Gray, I'd bought
 At Samuel Green's, 6, Lombard Court,
 Of Bishopsgate Within ! "

The mother sees a hectic flush
 Steal o'er her darling's face :
 She sees consumption's fatal touch
 That well-loved form embrace ;
 And tearful murmurs, as she views
 The dread disease's trace,
 " Woe worth that sad November day,
 When on the grass my child would play
 In shoes of texture thin.
 Alas, alas ! they were not bought
 At Samuel Green's, 6, Lombard Court,
 Of Bishopsgate Within."

A century hence, when we are dead,
 Some pensive Hindoo swain
 Will find a mouldering pair of Boots
 On the wild Indian plain :
 And he'll exclaim, as eagerly
 He stoops the prize to gain :
 " The hero's name has passed away,
 His sword is rust, his form is clay ;
 He fell when England's firm array
 The Kaisembagh did win.
 His boots remain, for they were bought
 At Samuel Green's, 6, Lombard Court,
 Of Bishopsgate Within."

ALTHOUGH it is wrong, we must freely confess,
 To judge of the merits of folks by their dress,
 Yet we cannot but think that a shocking bad Hat
 Is a very poor sign of a man, for all that.

Especially now that James Johnson is willing
To touch up your old ones in style for a shilling ;
And give them a gloss of such beautiful hue,
As makes them look newer than when they were new.

For prices wonderfully small,
Jones sells superior Tea to all
Who to his house repair.
Where else, he asks, can people find
Goodness and cheapness so combined ?
And Echo answers, Where ?

G. O. TREVELYAN.

THE CAMBRIDGE DIONYSIA.

A CLASSIC DREAM.

“The Cambridge Dionysia,” by (Sir) G. O. Trevelyan, was published in 1858, and is an attack upon No. 2 of “The Lion,” a periodical edited by H. R. Haweis. It is reprinted here from “The Ladies in Parliament and other Pieces,” published by Messrs. George Bell and Sons.

In the year 1858 there appeared at Cambridge “The Lion,” a magazine very creditably conducted, written chiefly or entirely by undergraduates. It displayed Transcendental tendencies, which, combined with the belief that some of the contributors knew a good deal of German and the certainty that others knew very little Latin, excited the bitter wrath of those young men who aspired to classical honours, and among them the author, who parodied the first number in a performance entitled “The Bear.” A second number of the obnoxious publication soon followed, and produced “The Cambridge Dionysia,” which was written in a frenzy of boyish indignation. “The Lion” survived this renewed assault, and got eventually into a third number—which for a University periodical may be considered an instance of longevity.

The plot, and much of the text, are in pretty close paraphrase of “The Wasps.” By a fortunate chance the names of the two principal characters in the original play required nothing but the elision of a single letter to adapt them for Cambridge use.

TRINITY COLLEGE, *November, 1858.*

ON the first Audit day of this year Shillibere told me that as it was the *πρωτόγυα*¹ he would excuse my reading with him,

¹ The classic mind of the great coach might well find an analogy between the day in the rubric of old Athens which derived its name from the opening of the casks to taste the wine of the preceding year, and the day in the calendar of modern Trinity when by solemn custom the rich brew of college ale flows in mediæval abundance.

but bade me get up the subject of the Dionysiac festivals against our next meeting. I took a longer walk than was my wont, and by hall-time was quite ready to appreciate the fact of its being a feast. After dinner Barlow, the Bachelor Scholar, came to my rooms, and we sat up late, drinking sherry and discussing the merits of the ale at the different colleges. When he had gone I took down "The Wasps," but somehow or other I could not make much of them. So I drew my easy chair to the fire, filled my pipe, and opened Smith's Antiquities on the article "Dionysia." But the Greek words bothered me, and I was too lazy to rise for a Lexicon. So I fell a-thinking on Athens, and what glorious fun the festival must have been. I can recollect nothing more till I found myself in the midst of a strange dream. And yet, marvellous as it was, nothing seemed to surprise me; but I took it for granted that everything was perfectly natural and consistent. And the dream was as follows:—

I was still sitting in my rooms with my books before me: but it was broad daylight, and a lovely morning, such as sometimes breaks upon us, even at Cambridge, in the beginning of November. The courts were very quiet, but I heard a constant shouting in the distance, as if there was some tumult in the streets. Suddenly the door flung open, and Barlow appeared. He looked flushed and excited; on his head was a garland of ivy-leaves, and he swung in his hand a pewter. "Shut up your books," he cried: "no reading on the *πιθοργία*. If you do another equation I'll inform against you for impiety. The God, the jolly God, hates Colenso worse than he hated Pentheus. I've come to fetch you to the theatre, whether you will or no. There is a new comedy to be represented, and all the University will be there. By Hercules, I hope they'll hit the authorities hard. When the performance is over we

sup with Rumbold of Caius, culinary Caius, the headquarters of good living. I am king of the feast, and not a soul shall get off under three bottles. We have stolen the chaplets from the Botanical Gardens ; Ingrey sends the dessert, and Stratton has promised to bring two flute-players from Barn——” Here I started up, crying, “ Barlow, lead on ! I’m your man.” And we danced out of the New Court gate, and up the lane into Trinity-street. And there was a sight that made my heart leap.

The whole road was crowded with men, all in the wildest state of joy and liquor. Every one acknowledged the presence of the God, to whom liberty and licence are dear. Laughing, singing, cheering, jesting, they were pouring in an unbroken stream towards Magdalen-bridge. Gyps mingled with the throng, enjoying perfect freedom and equality on this day of the year. Ever and anon some fresh band of revellers issued from the colleges and lodging-houses on the way, and swelled the main flood. Here came a mob of Queen’s men, sweeping the street, and roaring at the pitch of their voices, “ For he’s a jolly good fellow !” referring probably to the late senior wrangler. There, from the great gate of Harry the Eighth, streamed forth the whole club of Third Trinity. In front, arm-in-arm, strode the victorious four ; while elevated on the shoulders of the crew of the second boat sat the secretary, his temples crowned with roses, riding a huge barrel, and bearing in his hand a silver bowl foaming with cider-cup. As we passed All Saints’-passage, from the direction of the Hoop Inn there moved a goodly company, twenty-five or thirty in number, and my companion whispered me that this was the Historical Society, and bawled out to them to ask whether Elizabeth was justified in putting Mary to death.¹

¹ The Historical Society took its rise at a time when the debates at the Union held up such an impulse to oratory, that men were found

And just inside the gateway of St. John's College, there was a group of young men who successively tried to dance on an inflated pigskin. And he who danced best received a draught of their ale. And presently there came by a drunken Trinity sizar, who, after a successful trial, took the flagon, but when he had tasted, he cursed, and spit, and swore no Trinity shoe-black would condescend to drink it. Upon which a stout Johnian kicked his shins, and, as it was evident that trouble would ensue, and that we as men of the same College would be implicated in it, we hurried away, not wishing to desecrate the festival of the God by evil feelings. And on Magdalen-bridge was seated a knot of idle fellows who chaffed all the passers-by. And among others they told a solitary individual in a Downing-gown that he was so few that his College did not think it worth its while to brew for him, but had sent out for a gallon of swipes from the Eagle for his special consumption. So at last we arrived at the gate of the theatre, and after paying threepence each, which had been furnished us from the University Chest, we went in and sat down.

One side of the Castle-hill had been hollowed out into a spacious theatre. Tier above tier the long benches rose to the summit of the slope. In the front seats were the Vice-Chancellor, and the heads of colleges, and doctors of divinity, and professors, and noblemen, and all who could claim founders' kin. And the rest of the space was filled to overflowing with undergraduates and bachelors. But all females were excluded from the spectacle. And the throng was very clamorous, and many were provided with oranges and nuts, and even stones, wherewith to pelt the unpopular

who thought once a week not often enough for discussing to what extent Hampden was legally authorized in resisting the imposition of ship-money, and whether Addison or the Duke of Marlborough most deserved the admiration of posterity.

actors. And in the orchestra was an altar, at which Shillibere stood, crowned with ivy, and robed in a long white robe. And from time to time he poured copious libations of ale upon the ground. And the stage was veiled with a great curtain, embroidered with the loves and deeds of ancient and godlike men. And there I saw how the chosen heroes had launched a boat of pristine build, and ventured down the river in search of the Golden Fleece, where, as rumour said, the beer which the immortals drank was brewed. And I saw too how, as they passed along the black water, the first prow which had ploughed those waves, the men of Barnwell came down to the shore to wonder at the strange sight. And how, near the Stygian ferry, they came upon a fierce race, who seized their boat with long poles, and threw with unerring aim brickbats which ten bargemen of these days would in vain attempt to lift. And how, when at length they had found the Golden Fleece, their young chief was captured by the landlord and his friends, and locked up in darkness and solitude. But the black-haired daughter of the inn, who was cunning at medicating ales and knew the virtues of strychnine and all bitter herbs, was charmed with the flowing ringlets and easy tongue of the youth. And she stole the key from her father while he was overcome with drink, and eloped to the boat with her new lover. All this I saw, and much more. And next me sat a staid bachelor, who seemed as if he had taken no part in the jollity of the morning. So we fell into conversation, and he told me how the theatre had been built under the inspection of Dr. Donaldson, from a comparison of plans furnished by freshmen in the Trinity College examinations. And he said that the festival of this year was vivid beyond any that had preceded it; for that the public mind had just recovered from the painful excitement caused by the mutilation of the statues on the roof of Trinity library:

which act men had suspected to be part of a plot for overturning the constitution of the University, and delivering us over to the Commissioners. And that report said there would be two Choruses in this play. And that fourteen First Trinity jerseys had been ordered from Searle's, and one of great size for the Coryphæus. And he would have said more, but a tipsy Pembroke man bade him hold his tongue, or he would bring against him an action of sacrilege at the next private business meeting in the Union, for disturbing the worship of the God. So we looked, and the curtain had already been drawn down. And the scene disclosed was in the Old Court of Trinity, letter Z; and two gyps were asleep outside the door; and the clock struck six, and first one started up and then the other.

Gyp A. I dreamed we both were waiting in the Hall
Serving refreshments at the Bachelors' Ball.
There, gayest trifler in the throng of dancers,
Was Clayton¹ cutting figures in the Lancers.

Gyp B. Well dreamt! But I have dreams as fine as you.
Here's one as marvellous, and just as true.
Methought I heard our Rhadamanthine Mayor
Deal justice from the magisterial chair.
A Corpus sizar had been well-nigh slain
By fifteen blackguards in St. Botolph's-lane:
The Mayor approved his fellow-townsmen's pluck,
And fined the plaintiff two-pound-ten for luck.
As pensively he rubbed his broken head,
"Confound old Currier Balls!"² the gownsman said.

¹ This gentleman preached an annual sermon against the Bachelors' Ball: a festival about which reading men talked a great deal, but at which they would as soon have thought of appearing as Mr. Clayton himself.

² In this autumn frequent collisions occurred between the boating-men of the University and the police. The most obnoxious member

Gyp A. Come now, I'll chat a little with the audience.
Our master here, who keeps in the top-story,
Honest Philoleon, for his first three years
Led a most quiet and gentlemanly life.
He was not gated more than twice a term ;
He read three hours a day, rode every week ;
Last year pulled seven in our second boat.
In all things "moderation" was his motto.
But now he's gone stark mad ; and you must guess
What sort his madness is.¹ [*To the spectators.*]

Gyp B. That Queen's man there
Says that he's bent on being senior wrangler.²

Gyp A. No, no ; he won't be old enough these ten years.

Gyp B. And that black-whiskered noisy party yonder,
Sitting amongst a group of Harrow freshmen,³

* the force was a certain 20 C, or 20 K, who is more than once alluded to in the course of this drama. Mr. Balls, the Mayor for the time being, had pretty constantly to sit in judgment on cases of assault and battery.

¹ ἐπεὶ τοπόξετε.

Ἀαυνίας μὲν ὁ Προνόπου φήσ' οὕτως
εἶναι φιλόκυβιν αὐτὸν, κ.τ.λ.

(“Wasps,” line 73.)

* Queen's College carried off the blue riband in the years 1857 and 1858, in the persons of champions who, according to the gossip of the student-house, were by some years senior to their competitors.

† During the spring of 1858 a ministerial crisis occurred in the Union society. The official element had become unpopular among the mass of the student body, whom in their turn the bureaucracy “agonized by its official character” (page 17). The most noisy orator of the opposition was a Harrow student, who, upon one occasion, began a withering speech in the following words : “There they sit, compact, united !” —in which allusion was made to the Government, which by a sweep of the arm, had swept the official element out of the Union. Compared within those walls as to the political position of the various parties, it ran so high, that the Harrow student was comparatively so large a “tall and tall” person, that he was almost a giant among the “tall and tall” of the Harrow student body. The Harrow student was a tall and tall person ; the Union itself

Guesses he aims at office in the Union.

Gyp A. What, to be called united and compact ?

And to be chaffed in the suggestion-book ?

Not quite so low as that. Come, try again.

D'ye give it up ? Well, listen, and I'll tell you.

One Sunday evening last May term at tea

He met by chance a troop of roaring Lions,

And came back swearing he must join their number,

Or give up hopes of immortality.

From that day forth he ran about the college,

Talking of "Truth," and "Realised Ideals ; "

And asking men to give him a *ποῦ στῶ* : ¹

And telling them he saw within their eyes

Symptoms which marked affinity of souls.

So, in this state of things, his younger brother

Bdelyleon came up this term to College,

A sensible sharp-tempered Eton freshman ;

Who, when he saw his brother's strange distemper,

Blushed for himself and for the family.

And first he tried by pleasing the old fellow

To wean him from his hobby ; taught him songs,

And took him out to supper : but whenever

His health was drunk, and he was asked to sing,

He spoke straight off a canto from "St. Clair ;" ²

And then he dressed him in his best and washed him,

And got him made a member of the Musical :

But, at the first rehearsal, off he ran,

His fiddle on his back, and never stopped

'Till he was inside Palmer's Printing-office.

having become nearly as uncomfortable as the House of Commons on an ordinary business night.

¹ "Give us a *ποῦ στῶ*, and we will move the world."—Extract from the Preface to "The Lion."

² A poem in octosyllabics, entitled "St. Clair," was among the contributions to "The Lion," which was published by Mr. Palmer.

So, vexed and wearied at his constant folly,
 The young one locked him up within his rooms,
 And placed us here on sentry day and night.
 But the old chap is sly, and full of tricks,
 And loves his liberty. [PHILOLEON *appears at the window.*

Phil. Hallo, you scoundrel !

Just let me out : 'tis time to go to lectures.

Gyp A. Why, you're a questionist : you have no lectures.

Enter BDELYLEON.

Bdel. Was ever freshman plagued with such a brother?
 What have I done that I deserve this evil ?

I never was undutiful ; I never
 Have read a line of Alexander Smith ;
 Nor picked a pocket ; nor worn peg-top trousers ;
 Nor taken notes at any college lecture.
 Who calls Dame Fortune blind, does not bely her.

Phil. I want a supper order from my tutor.

Bdel. No, no, old boy, I took good care of that :
 I got you an ægrotat. Sold again !
 Where are you now ? Good heavens !

[PHILOLEON *puts his head out of the chimney.*

Phil.

I'm the smoke.¹

Bdel. Confound the man who altered all our chimneys !
 Jackson, run up, and beat him with the pewter
 Till he backs water ; then clap on a sack.

[PHILOLEON *reappears at the window.*

Phil. O Lord St. Clair, on bended knee
 I charge you set the maiden free !

Bdel. In mercy stop that nonsense quick :
 Your Lion always makes me sick.

¹ ΒΔ. οὗτος, τίς ἐλθὼν ;

ΦΙ. καθὼς ἔγωγ' ἐξέρχουαι.

("Wasps," line 144.)

I feel as ill as when I tried
My first and only Smoker's Pride.

Phil. O may the curses of the Gods light on you !
And may you wallow in the lowest Hades,
Along with all the men who've struck their tutor,
Or laid against the boat-club of their College,
Or caught a crab just opposite the Plough :
In that sad place of punishment and woe,
Where lectures last from early dawn till noon,
And where the gate-fines rival those at Christ's,
And there's a change of Proctors every week !¹
Then you'll repent of having used me thus.

Bdel. You blasphemous old villain ! Come, you fellows,
We all must need some coffee this cold morning.

*Enter Chorus of writers of "The Lion," preceded by
a chorister bearing a lantern.*

Chorus A. Rosy-fingered dawn is breaking o'er the fretted
roof of King's.
Bright and frosty is the morning. Sharp and clear each
football rings.
Gyps across the court are hurrying with the early breads and
butters.
Blithely hums the master's butler while he's taking down
the shutters.
In our rooms we left the kettle gaily singing on the coals ;
And within the grate are steaming eggs and ham, and toast
and rolls.
Soon we'll have a jovial breakfast, with the members of our
mess,
Chatting of our darling project, future hopes, and past
success.

¹ New Proctors are as much dreaded in the quadrangles as new
ministers in the public offices.

We have come to fetch our brother. What can cause his
long delay?

It was not his wont to keep us shivering here the livelong
day.

He was always sharp and sprightly when "The Lion" was in
question ;

Ever ready with an Essay ; ever prompt with a suggestion.

Surely he must be offended

At our leaving out his poem :

Yet no insult was intended,

As our want of space must show him.

Or perchance he came home jolly,

Wishing to knock down the porter,

And lies cursing at his folly,

With a tongue that tastes like mortar.

Show yourself upon the landing :

Hear your loved companions' groans :

For our feet are sore with standing

On the rugged Old Court stones.

[PHILOLEON *shows himself at the window.*

Phil. Comrades, when I heard your voices, how my heart
within me leapt !

Thoughts of happier days came o'er my spirit, and I almost
wept :—

Those bright days when free and happy with some kindred
soul I strayed,

Talking of The Unconditioned up and down the chestnut
side,

Now, and my younger brother keeps me under lock and key :

Those I love are always by me. Those I love I may not see.

O my own, my cherished Lion, offspring of my cares and
toil,

Would that I and thou were lying underneath the All Saints'
roof !

Drop your voices, dear companions, lest you rouse a sleeping Bear.

Chorus A. Does he then despise our anger? All men know who ate Don't Care.

Never fear him. We'll protect you. Do not heed his threats and frowns.

Say your prayers, and jump down boldly. We will catch you in our gowns.

[PHILOLEON *places his leg over the window-sill, but is seized from behind* by BDELYLEON.

Bdel. Not so fast, you old deceiver! From your evil courses turn.

Never will I tamely let you join in such a vile concern.

Sooner than behold my brother sunk to such a depth of scorn,

Gladly would I bear to see him walking on a Sunday morn
'Twixt a pair of pupil-teachers, all the length of Jesus-lane,
With a school of dirty children slowly shambling in his train :
Or behold him in the Union, on the Presidential seat,
Shakespeare smiling blandly o'er him, freshmen ranting at his feet.

Get you gone, you pack of scoundrels ! Don't stand bawling here all day.

Williams, fetch me out the slop-pail : Jackson, run for 20 K !

Chorus A. Slay the despot ! Slay the tyrant ! Him who cannot brook to see

All his neighbours dwelling round him peaceable, secure, and free.

Well I know you've long been plotting how to seize the Castle-hill

With a band of hired assassins, there to work your cruel will.

Let the man who wrote the "Sirens" make a feint upon the door :

Bring us ladders, ropes, and axes ; we must storm the second floor.

As if the French were steaming over
In rams of iron from Brest to Dover.

[BDELYLEON *comes out leading* PHILOLEON, *dressed in a First Trinity costume.*

Bdel. Thank you, my brave allies! And now to prove
The confidence I have in your discretion,
I here entrust to you my elder brother,
To watch his morals, and to cure his madness.
So treat him kindly; put him in a tub,
And take him down the river every day;
And see that no one asks him out to supper,
To make him tipsy. Be not hard upon him,
But let him have his pipe and glass of sherry,
Since he is old and foolish. And if ever
He comes back sound in body and in mind,
I'll stand you claret at the next club-meeting.

[*Exit* BDELYLEON.]

PARABASIS.

We wish to praise our poet, who, despising fame and pelf,
Flew like a bull-dog at the throat of the jagged-toothed
monster itself,¹
Which rages over all the town, from Magdalene-bridge to
Downing,
With the bray of a dreamy German ass, 'neath the hide of
Robert Browning.
But some of you good fellows think, as the poet grieves to
hear,
That you are laughed at in "the Bears," the play he wrote
last year :

¹ θρασέως συστὰς ἐνθὺς

ἀπ' ἀρχῆς αὐτῷ τῷ καρχαρόδοντι.

("Wasps," line 1031.)

So he assures you faithfully no insult was intended.
Do not cherish bitter feelings; for, least said is soonest
mended.

And next he bids us tax our wit
To tell some members of the Pitt,
Whose names he knows not, when they meet
Him passing into Sidney-street,
Not to bawl out "The Bear! The Bear!"
First because he does not care :
Then surely for a man of taste,
It is a sin and shame to waste
In calling nicknames near the Hoop
The breath that's given to cool our soup.
So, being a good-tempered bard,
Whichever of them leaves his card
He'll ask him out next week to dine,
And shake hands o'er a glass of wine.

And now he bids you all good evening, and farewell till next
October ;

And hopes to-night you'll sup like princes, and that none
will go home sober.

If policeman K arrests you, let not that your spirits damp :
Break his head, and shave his whiskers, and suspend him to
the lamp.¹ *[Exeunt.]*

G. O. TREVELYAN.

¹ The advice was taken only too literally. The officer in question, on the night of the First Trinity boat-supper, ventured within the gates of Cambridge, and was there maltreated in a manner that led, if the charges made to be true, to the incarceration of not some of the offenders, but perhaps all of them, with much severity upon the concluding day of October.

THE LAUREATE'S BUST AT TRINITY.

A FRAGMENT OF AN IDYLL.

This admirable parody of Lord Tennyson's "Guinevere," written by Tom Taylor, was suggested by the refusal of the Master and Seniors of Trinity College to allow Tennyson's bust to be placed in the library, on the ground that the Laureate was still alive. It is reprinted by permission.

So the stately bust abode
For many a month, unseen, among the Dons.
Nor in the lodge, nor in the library,
Upon its pedestal appeared, to be
A mark of reverence for green gownsman-hood,
Of grief to ancient fogies, and reproof
To those who knew not Alfred, being hard
And narrowed in their honour to old names
Of poets, who had vogue when *they* were young,
And not admitting later bards ; but now,
Last week, a rumour widely blown about,
Walking the windy circle of the Press,
Came, that stern Whewell, with the Seniors,
Who rule the destinies of Trinity,
Had of the sanctuary barred access
Unto the bust of Alfred Tennyson,
By Woolner carved, subscribed for by the youth
Who loved the Poet, hoped to see him set

Within the Library of Trinity,
 One great man more o' the house, among the great,
 Who grace that still Valhalla, ranged in row,
 Along the chequered marbles of the floor,
 Two stately ranks—to where the fragrant limes
 Look thro' the far end window, cool and green.
 A band it is, of high companionship,—
 Chief, Newton, and the broad-browed Verulam,
 And others only less than these in arts
 Or science : names that England holds on high.
 Among whom, hoped the youth, would soon be set
 The living likeness of a living Bard,—
 Great Alfred Tennyson, the Laureate,
 Whom Trinity most loves of living sons.
 But other thought had Whewell and the Dons,
 Deeming such honour only due to those
 Upon whose greatness Death has set his seal.
 So fixed their faces hard, and shut the doors
 Upon the living Poet : for, said one,
 “ It is too soon,” and when they heard the phrase,
 Others caught up the cue, and chorussed it,
 Until, the poet echoing, “ Soon ? too soon ? ”
 As if in wrath, Whewell looked up and said :

“ O Laureate, if indeed you list to try,
 Try, and unfix our purpose in this thing.”

Whereat full shrilly sang th' excluded bard :
 “ Soon, soon, so soon ! Whewell looks stern and chill !
 Soon, soon, so soon ! but I can enter still.”
 “ Too soon, too soon ! You cannot enter now.”

“ I am not dead ; of that I do repent.
 But to my living prayer, oh now relent : ”
 “ Too soon, too soon ! You cannot enter now.”

“Honour in life is sweet : my fame is wide.
Let me to stand at Dryden’s, Byron’s side.”
“Too soon, too soon ! You cannot enter now.”

“Honour that comes in life is rare as sweet ;
I cannot taste it long : for life is fleet.”
“No, no, too soon ! You cannot enter now !”

So sang the Laureate, while all stonily,
Their chins upon their hands, as men that had
No entrails to be moved, sat the stern Dons.

TOM TAYLOR.

THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY BOAT OF 1860.

The following poem is reprinted from "Macmillan's Magazine" for May, 1860.

BY G. O. TREVELYAN, TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

In accordance with a custom established for some years past, the following lines were written, by request, before the event of the contest. Whether they had a Tyrtæan effect may be doubted; their prophetic attributes cannot be denied. The allusions are of a local nature, but the general interest excited by the race may justify their insertion. It may be well to remind our readers of the names of the oars-men, and their position in the boat.

- | | |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. S. Healdote, Trinity. | 6. B. N. Cherry, Clare. |
| 2. H. J. Clayton, Jesus. | 7. A. H. Fairbairn, Trinity. |
| 3. D. Ingles, Trinity. | 8. J. Hall, Magdalene. |
| 4. J. S. Bloddy, Corpus. | J. T. Morland, Trinity. |
| 5. M. Coventry, Trinity Hall. | (Coxswain.) |

Some twenty years back, o'er his nectar one day :—
 King Jove to the gods in Olympus did say,
 " Degenerate mortals, it must be confessed,
 Grow smaller each year round the arm and the chest.
 Not ten modern navvies together could swing
 The stone that great Ajax unaided did fling.
 There may talk of Olaf Hoem, and Puddock, and Nat
 Thompson, and old Milo, from company and fat,
 Wouldst thou, O Father, whole crews should they come within
 My view,
 From Ashlin, Tom Sayer, to netting Bill Bainze.

I've determined, as plain as the staff of a pike,
To show to the world what a man should be like.
Go fetch me some clay ; no, not that common stuff,
But the very best meerschaum—and fetch me enough.
I'll make eight hearty fellows, all muscle and bone,
Their average weight shall be hard on twelve stone ;
With shoulders so broad, and with arms so well hung,
So lithe in the loins, and so sound in the lung ;
And because I love Cambridge, my purpose is fixed, I
Will make them her crew in the year eighteen-sixty."

Stand by me, dear reader, and list to my song,
As our boat round Plough-corner comes sweeping along.
I'll point out each hero, and tell you his name,
His college, his school, and his titles to fame.
No fear of a crowd ; towards the end of the course
They have left all behind but a handful of horse.
To keep at their side on the gods one must call
For the wind of a tutor of Trinity Hall.¹

One stroke, and they're on us. Quick! Left face and double !
Look hard at the bow ; he is well worth the trouble.
'Tis Heathcote, the pride of First Trinity Club,
The boast of our Eight, and the tale of our tub.
No Oxonian so gay but will tremble and wince
As he watches the oar of our gallant Black Prince.

Who can think on that morn without sorrow and pain,
When valour proved futile, and skill was in vain ?
As they watched the light jerseys all swimming about,
The nymphs of the Thames, with a splash and a shout,

¹ An allusion to Leslie Stephen, the king of length-runners, in days before length-running became a profession.

Cried, "Thanks to rude Boreas, who, wishing to please us
Has sent to our arms Harry Chaytor of Jesus."¹

Next comes David Ingles, and long may he live,
Adorned with each laurel our river can give.
Had the Jews seen our David but once on the throne,
They would not have thought quite so much of their own.
Deign, then, to accept this my humble petition,
And make me your chief and your only musician :
And so, when you've passed, as you will do with ease,
I'll sing you my David, a Song of Degrees.

Oh, blame not the bard if at thought of his section
The blood in his temples with vanity tingles :
Who would not dare deeds worth a world's recollection,
With a sergeant like Heathcote, a corporal like Ingles ?

Old Admiral Blake, as from heaven he looks down,
Bawls out to his messmates—"You lubberly sinners,
Three cheers for my namesake ! I'll bet you a crown
He'll thrash the Oxonians as I thrashed the Mynheers."

But oh for a tongue of a Dizzy or Cairns,
Thou fairest and strongest of Trinity's bairns,
To tell how your fellow-collegians in vain
Of the veal and the Peter-house pudding complain,
Of the greasy old waiters, and rotten old corks,
And the horrors that lurk 'twixt the prongs of the forks.
Men point to your muscles, and sinews, and thews, sir,
The wonder and envy of many a bruiser ;
And say that our grumbling exceeds all belief,
So well have you thriven on Trinity beef."

¹ The Cambridge boat was swamped in the race of 1860.

² The bawling question with Trinity undergraduates in 1860, as it now is, has come, and perhaps always will be, was the alleged badness of the dinner in hall.

But how shall I worthily celebrate you,
The hope of our colours, the joy of our crew?
Shall I sing of your pluck, or the swing of your back,
Or your fierce slashing spurt, most redoubtable Jack
The world never saw such a captain and cargo
Since Jason pulled stroke in the good ship the Argo.
And oh, when you pass to the mansions above,
Look down on your Cambridge with pity and love !
Then, on some future day of disaster and woe,
When the wash surges high, and our fortunes are low,
When Oxford is rowing three feet to our two,
And victory frowns on the flag of light blue,
Oh, then may our captain in agony call
On the 'varsity's guardian angel, Jack Hall !

You may search the whole coast, from Land's End to
North Foreland,
But where will you find such a steersman as Morland ?
Let all honest Cambridge men fervently pray
That our pet Harrow coxswain, for once in a way,
Though as valiant a sergeant as any we know,
On Saturday next may show back to the foe.

So at night, when the wine-cups all mantling are seen
(Whatever the mantling of wine-cups may mean),
With your temper at ease, and your muscles unstrung,
And your feet 'neath the table right carelessly flung,
As you press to your lips the beloved nut-brown clay,
So cruelly widowed for many a day :
Oh, then as one man may the company rise,
With joy in their hearts, and with fire in their eyes,
Pour out as much punch as would set her afloat,
And drink long and deep to our conquering boat !

G. O. TREVELYAN.

YE CRUELLE COXWAYNE.

"Ye Cruelle Coxwayne" is reprinted from the "Light Blue," a magazine which appeared twice a term from the Lent Term, 1866, to the May term, 1871. It was weighted with a long and tedious serial story, and cannot be regarded as a successful publication.

SIR,

I have noted with considerable satisfaction the essays of some of the youthful alumni of our Alma Mater in the alluring meads of periodical literature ; a satisfaction not unalloyed by the circumstance that no small portion are wanting in the dignity of theme and sedate gravity of language that beseems even the juvenile members of a learned university. Yet, even so, you too may some day say with the Umbrian bard, that it is your joy to have cultivated Helicon in early youth. To mark my sense of complacency with your attempt, I forward with this fragment which I have recently discovered in my elaborate researches on the important subject of the pedigree of the Bloggs, of Blogg Hall, o. Salop. Its archaic character may perchance serve to excuse its frivolous tone, which sometimes seems to approach that object of my utter aversion, burlesque. With hearty wishes for the success of your Magazine,

I remain,
Your very obedient servant,

VERRIDRY RYCHTER, LL.D., F.S.A.

[Handed—“Wrote hye my brother Hal, hys hande, at y^e College of Corpus Christi and y^e Blessed Virgin Marye in Cambridge, in y^e month of October, A.S. 1597.]

Ne yette y^e fowlest monstre have I sung
Which with hys creweltie doth us affright
Of hye I tryve to telle with prentice tonge ;
Ye dredde of rower alle : y^e Cockwayne hight

In sooth hee is a fiers and seely wight,
As ever tim'rous menne dyd quayle before :
In raymente warm and thycke is hee bedyght,
Y^e while he joys to see us atte y^e oare
Swinking alle lyghtlie cladde, til harte and hande be sore.

Smalle is hys guize ! yette sternely doth hee wreke
Hys wrath on any who from Rawleigh's weede
Dare in hys presense rayse y^e comelie reeke,
Ne doth hee never piteous cravings heede,
Whenne for more beere in summer-tyde we plede ;
But haught and stoure, as barron in hys halle,
With squeekey voyce, when as in soarest neede
Of reste we pant inspyring, hee doth calle,
“ Fyve ! are you nerely reddey ? Look sharpe ! Now row
on alle.”

Ah ! what Hyrcanian tyger broughte thee forthe,
What amphisbaena of y^e Lybian wylde,
What beare in forrests of y^e salonge Northe ?
Certes, no gentle mother called thee chylde,
Ne hast thou never played with sisters mylde,
But some fowle fiend didde bryng thee from hys denne,
And us some spelle of grammarye beguyled.
But never shalt thou rule owr skyffe agenne,
Thou scorne of goddes above, and lothsome dredde of
menne.

HIC VIR, HIC EST.

"*Hic Vir, hic est*," by Charles Stuart Calverley, appeared in "*Verses and Translations*," the first edition of which was published in 1862. The author is so well known that little need be said concerning him here. He was educated at Harrow, and in 1850 entered Balliol College, Oxford. Here he found the discipline irksome, and removed in 1852 to Christ's College, Cambridge. Of the many stories current about the Oxford days of Mr. Calverley, or, as he was then called, Mr. Blayds, the following is the best known. When he was admitted to take the oaths of a scholar in the college chapel, he had just finished smoking a pipe. "On withdrawing from the chapel," we quote from Mr. Sendall's biography, "Dr. Jenkyns, the master, turned to the fellows, who accompanied him, and said, 'Why the young man is redolent of the weed, even now!'" It was no doubt this remark of the famous old master of Balliol, which afterwards suggested to their unknown author the following lines, which, like the "*Sic vos non vobis*" of Virgil, received their first publication in the form of a mural inscription—

‘O freshman, running fast to seed,
O scholar, redolent of weed,
This motto in thy meerschaum put,
The sharpest Blades will soonest cut.’

To which Calverley at once replied:—

‘Your wit is tolerable, but
The case you understand ill;
The Dons would like their Blayds to cut,
But cannot find a handle.’”

After his student career at Cambridge, an undergraduate, Mr. Calverley became an officer in the Buffs in the Crimean War in 1856, and two years

later was elected a fellow of the College. In his youth he was celebrated for feats of physical prowess, as well as for the elegance of his scholarship. An accident in 1866 debarred him from taking a share in active life, and it is as the most accomplished writer of playful verse since Præd that he will be remembered.

OFTEN, when o'er tree and turret,
 Eve a dying radiance flings,
 By that ancient pile I linger
 Known familiarly as " King's."
 And the ghosts of days departed
 Rise, and in my burning breast
 All the undergraduate wakens,
 And my spirit is at rest.

What, but a revolting fiction,
 Seems the actual result
 Of the Census's enquiries
 Made upon the 15th ult. ?
 Still my soul is in its boyhood ;
 Nor of age or changes recks,
 Though my scalp is almost hairless,
 And my figure grows convex.

Backward moves the kindly dial ;
 And I'm numbered once again
 With those noblest of their species
 Called emphatically " Men " :
 Loaf, as I have loafed aforetime,
 Through the streets, with tranquil mind,
 And a long-backed fancy-mongrel
 Trailing casually behind :

Past the Senate-house I saunter,
 Whistling with an easy grace ;

Past the cabbage-stalks that carpet
Still the beefy market-place ;
Poising evermore the eyeglass
In the light sarcastic eye,
Lest, by chance, some breezy nursemaid
Pass, without a tribute, by.

Once, an unassuming Freshman,
Thro' these wilds I wandered on,
Seeing in each house a College,
Under every cap a Don :
Each perambulating infant
Had a magic in its squall,
For my eager eye detected
Senior Wranglers in them all.

By degrees my education
Grew, and I became as others ;
Learned to blunt my moral feelings
By the aid of Bacon Brothers ;
Bought me tiny boots of Mortlock,
And colossal prints of Roe ;
And ignored the proposition
That both time and money go.

Learned to work the wary dogcart
Artfully thro' King's Parade ;
Dress, and steer a boat, and sport with
Amaryllis in the shade ;
Struck, at Brown's, the dashing hazard
Or (more curious sport than that)
Dropped, at Callaby's, the terrier
Down upon the prisoned rat.

I have stood serene on Fenner's
Ground, indifferent to blisters,
While the Buttress of the period
Bowled me his peculiar twisters ;
Sung " We won't go home till morning ;"
Striven to part my back-hair straight ;
Drunk (not lavishly) of Miller's
Old dry wines at 78.

When within my veins the blood ran,
And the curls were on my brow,
I did, oh ye undergraduates,
Much as ye are doing now.
Wherefore bless ye, O beloved ones :—
Now unto mine inn must I,
Your " poor moralist," * betake me,
In my " solitary fly."

* " Poor moralist, and what art thou ?
A solitary fly."

C. S. CALVERLEY.

THE TATLER IN CAMBRIDGE.

"The Tatler in Cambridge," from which we extract three papers, and which must not be confounded with a more recent journal entitled the "Cambridge Tatler," was published weekly during term time, and lasted from May, 1871, until Easter, 1872. It was edited by Mr. (now the Rev.) W. H. Stanton, and Messrs. A. W. Verrall and Christopher Wordsworth were among its contributors.

No. 5.

Friday, May 5, 1871.

Οἱ ἄλλοι ποιηταὶ διὰ τῆς μιμήσεως τήν
διήγησιν ποιοῦνται.

PLATO.

A few days ago I was surprised, and not more surprised than pleased, to receive a Visit from my old Friend the Vicar of *Flounder's End* in this neighbourhood. I saw, as he entered, that he was in high Good-Humour. Bethinking me what could be the cause of his exceptional Spirits, I said after the first Greetings were over, "I hope that nothing has happened to either of your excellent Churchwardens." "Nothing," he replied, with less Cheeriness than might have been anticipated. "Surely the Lay Rector——" But a rising Frown warned me from the subject. "No, my dear ——, the Parish is in every way what it was; but other Business has brought me here to-day. In brief, I have seen your Paper, and hope you will favour me, for old Friendships sake, by introducing to

General Notice a little thing of *Charlie's*, you remember my Son." Here it flashed upon my Mind that the Young Man had been up a Year, and I had never asked him to Breakfast. But before I could recover sufficiently to make my Apologies, my Friend had blushed, produced a Packet from his Coat, laid it on the Table and was gone. I opened the Manuscript. Poetry! I exclaimed, as I sat down in earnest to the Perusal of the "*Georgics*, a Poem in four Books, after the Latin of *Publius Vergilius Maro*." It is a remarkable Production, and I regret that I have not Space to lay the Whole before my Readers. I must confine myself to a few Extracts. As a Good Sample of his Style I will quote a spirited Passage on Phospho-Guano.

"Far on a Rock amid *Pacific* Foam
 The crop-winged sea-birds make their social Home ;
 Their social Home with odorous Plenty reeks,
 And soon the once inhospitable Peaks
 Grow hoary—not with Eld, and on the Blast
 Floats the mild Savour of the Banquet past.
 Here (happy Kind, if Phosphates had not been !)
 In Peace they think to brave the stormy scene.
 Alas ! our atmo-ponto-poric Age
 Outrages far the elemental Rage :
 Alas ! the swiftest Hurricanes that fly
 Lay far behind '*James Gibbs* and Company.'
 Lo ! on th' Horizon's limitary Blue
 A Speck,—a Cloud,—a Stream of coalish Hue !
 It comes—the Steam-propelled !—in wild Affright
 The flopping Creatures fly the awful Sight,
 And leaving, Bee-like, all their fragrant Store
 To spoiling Hands, seek out another Shore.
 Thus have I seen, with *Ditton* full in View,
 The hapless Student in a frail canoe

Start from his Dreams of Comfort at the Cry,
 ‘The ’Varsity!’—and Strength and Paddle ply :
 Him, as he dashes sidelong to the Bank
 And gripes with both his hands the grasses lank,
 The Coxswain stern, too full of Scorn to speak,
 Avoids, avoids, yet ever seems to seek ;
 Each close at Hand his Oar a Moment poises,
 Dyed in a strong Solution of Turquoises,
 Then dips and strains it ; rise on either Hand
 Ridges obliquely refluent to the Land ;
 The Shallop rocks—‘*Macgregor*’ shrinks and twitches,
 And fleels the sousing Flood in all his Breeches.”

It may perhaps be complained that our Young Author’s Illustration is scarcely Virgilian in Feeling. Yet be it observed that it possesses the Requisites of a Virgilian Simile ;—it is lengthy enough, and has as little as possible to do with the Subject in Hand.

I will give one more passage from the First Book—the Lines on “Prognostics.”

“To hire the Steam-Plough for a certain Day
 Portendeth Frost ; to hear a Neighbour say
 That *he* hath hired it signifieth good—
 Light Showers, quick easy Work, and softened Mud.
 The Town too hath Prognostics ; you shall know
 By many signs what sort of Wind will blow—
 If ‘Sports’ are on, expect a chilling Gale,
 Though once this Portent has been known to fail.
 The one perpetual Sign you may perceive,
 Whose faithful Warning rarely will deceive ;
 Right o’er one Market-place at least there stands
 A Constellation known ‘in many Lands

As *Jonas Webb*, and when you see it there, }
 Be sure of baleful Mist, or Parching Sere, }
 Or leaden Cold as fits the time of Year. }
 Not even he whose Face is in his Books
 Is all unconscious how the Weather looks ;
 His Vellums warp 'neath Summer's fell Sirocco,
 And Mildew-Damps assail his best Morocco.
 An empty Hall implies Newmarket Runs,
 Fine Evenings, Proctors, and wet Mornings, Duns,
 And almost any weather (such is Fate)
 The Composition-Lecture will be late."

The last Line is really too bad. And I am glad to see the worthy Vicar thought so too ; for he has drawn his Pen through it and has written underneath—

"The Thieves will have a Grip at Church and State."

Though the Poem is divided into four Books, Virgil's Order is not followed. The *First* and *Second* of *Charlie* correspond to the *First* and *Third* of *Publius*. My last two Extracts were from the *First* ; I will conclude with a Passage from the *Second* on a Breed overlooked by *Virgil*—the "Varsity Grey."

"If for the Honours of the 'Heath' you burn,
 Why any fretful Colt will serve the Turn ;
 If Tow-paths please you, and the sober Course,
 Well may you ponder ere you choose your Horse.
 He must not shrink at Objurgations loud,
 The plashing River, and the pushing Crowd,
 Must boldly pass the Railway-Bridge, nor dread
 To hear the hollow Rattle overhead,
 Must trust the moving 'Grind,' nor seem to feel
 The hideous Chiding of the creaking Wheel,

Must never start at any distant Gun,
 Must patient wait the Signal—Three—Two—One ;
 Ears he may have (but very little Ear),
 And Eyes enough his jostled Way to steer,
 Must never move a Hair unless expected,
 And O ! if ‘ Fiery,’ must be quite ‘ Collected.’
 In Paunch, at least not shorter than in Wind,
 Stout if you like before, and ‘ not less stout behind.’
 For Colour some the Chestnut, some the Bay
 Prefer, but leave to me the ‘ Honest Grey’—
 Such shall you see bear *G—ld—e* through the Throng,
 Or other Hero of Putneian Song.
 † And such the Form (if Legends Truth declare)
 That each Unsociable is doomed to wear,
 To toil unthanked where others win the Prize,
 A mere dumb Plodder in a brutish guise.” †

This is evidently closely modelled in Parts on Virg. G.
 iii. 72-94 ; but I am sorry to be unable to subscribe to the
 ingenious Version of “ honesti Glauci ;” “ obesa terga ” also is
 too much expanded, and “ collectum ignem ” quite misunder-
 stood. The last four Lines are clearly an Insertion by the
 Vicar. Poor Man, he was a Genius in his Day up here, but
 his Conversational Powers quite ruined him !

A. W. VERRALL.

THE TATLER IN CAMBRIDGE.

No. 63.

Friday, April 27, 1882.

“Vix illigatum te triformi
Pegasus expediet Chimaera.”

HORACE.

My Friend *Narcissus*, to whom I would crave leave to introduce my Readers to-day, has two Peculiarities,—he is always in Love, and always describing his Pangs in Verse. Many and many a Note-Book, supplied to him by that excellent Bibliopole Mr. *Johnson* to be filled with Notes on *Aristotle* and *Thucydides*, bears Witness in immortal Rhyme to the Perfections of *Lalage* or the heartless Conduct of *Lydia*. Many an Hour, which should be devoted to the Mastering of the Intricacies of *Pindar* or the Mysteries which encircle the *Indo-European* Group of Languages, does this unhappy young Man spend in the Composition of thrilling Lyrics and Heart-rending Odes. Sometimes I have walked behind him on the *Trumpington* Road, and have felt sure that he was engaged in composing a new Poem; and I have generally felt sure, too, that it was in Honour or Reproach of some new Flame. On such Occasions, he usually walks very quick, and a low Muttering occasionally catches the Ear of the Listener; he sometimes grasps his Walking-Stick with Vehemence and strikes down imaginary Obstacles with it in the Air; sometimes his Pace quickens still more as with Hope, and sometimes becomes slow and

languid as though in Despair. On these occasions he is as likely as not to run foul of a Perambulator which is being pushed by a Pensive Nursemaid; or to find between his Legs a Hoop that is being trundled by some little Boy in that guileless Disregard of the Comfort of his Elders, which is the most charming Characteristic of innocent Boyhood.

For some Years past I have had the Honour of playing the Part of Confidant to *Narcissus*; and whenever he becomes entangled in a hopeless Passion (which occurs about twice every Term) his First Measure is to write an Ode, his Second to send this Ode to me. At first I used to be seriously alarmed for my Friend; and to imagine that either his Reason was in Danger of being disturbed, or his Happiness was quite destroyed. I would therefore hurry off to his Rooms prepared to comfort, to admonish, or to reproach, according as I thought it best for him, or according to my own Temper at the Time. But as I invariably found him thoroughly cheerful, not to say complacent, and once even engaged in altering one of his most melancholy Compositions to suit the Circumstances of his last Misfortune, I at length learned to receive these Poems, however great the Desperation expressed in them, with those resigned and softened Feelings with which I generally hear of Misfortunes which only affect my Friends.

As I am much above having any Respect for the touching Confidences which *Narcissus* reposes in me, I intend to present my Readers with one or two Specimens of the Verses with which he has from Time to Time favoured me.

The following came by the Penny Post.

Once on the Border-land of Sleep and Waking,
After a Day of Tears,
In the pale Morning in the East was breaking,
A sweet sound filled my Ear

“Sweet-dropping Whispers of a Voice that filled me
With a strange new Delight ;
Soft Velvet Touches of a Hand that thrilled me,
Like a sharp Beam of Light.

“And She stood near, and listened to the Story
Of my long Love and true ;
And I lay basking in the Love-lit Glory
Of the sweet Eyes I knew.

“Wherefore, Sweet Vision, are ye swiftly vanished ?
Why fade, Oh Radiance, in such Cruel Haste ?
Stay ye fond Dreams of Love all lost, and banished,—
Dreams of a Sweetness that I may not taste !”

After the Receipt of this I went in the Evening to visit my poor Friend, and found him entertaining a somewhat noisy Supper-Party, he himself appearing by no Means the least cheerful of the Group. I took a Seat near him, and accepted his hospitable Proffers of Oysters and Porter, and by-and-by I took an opportunity of laying a “Soft Velvet Touch” upon his Arm, and saying in a “Sweet-dropping Whisper” that I was glad this was not “a Day of Tears” also. He gave me a look of mingled Reproach and Anguish, and swallowed Two Oysters without Speaking.

Again, on one of the finest and most beautiful Days in the *May* Term, *Narcissus*’ Gyp brought me the following Wail of Despair.

“Ah! not for me the Glory of the Spring,
Ah, not for me !
What though the Linnet plume a gayer Wing
On many a Tree ?

“What though the Bud be bursting to disclose
 Its fresh Green Heart ;
And many a Flower from Winter’s dead Repose
 By Magic start ?

“What though Fond Lovers look with softer Eyes
 Upon each other,
And pure Breasts heave and pant with tender Sighs
 They cannot smother ?

“Ah, not for me the Glory of the Spring !
 Ah wasted Youth !
Oh Days gone by that backward none may bring !
 Ah tarnished Truth !
Ah Love that in my Heart might bloom and sing,
If Sin and Time could cease their Darts to fling !”

I thought this a little more Serious than most of my Friend’s complaints, because it had somewhat less Love in it. I therefore went my Way to see him. I found him lying on his Sofa, by his Open Window, smoking a Pipe, and reading a Novel ; the Room was full of Violets and other Flowers ; the Window looked out into a Pleasant Garden, and through it a most deliciously soft and fragrant Spring Breeze was gently blowing ; his Face wore that fresh, sleek and glossy Appearance, which a Man’s Face does in the Prime of Youth and Health, when he is smoking his First Pipe after Breakfast, and has not left his Tub more than Half an Hour. By his Side stood a Pewter filled with that delicious Drink compounded of Beer and Gingerbeer. He looked the Picture of Indolence and Comfort. After regarding him for a few Minutes in Silence, while filling my own Pipe, I remarked with my usual easy wit, “Then I suppose Sin and Time have stopped their

Shooting-Match?" He did not blush or frown, but looked at me with the ineffable Contempt felt by a Poetic Soul for Prosaic Vulgar Ones.

I have learnt now, therefore, to receive these Effusions, however tragic, with a serene Assurance, that whatever Sorrows my gifted Friend experiences are entirely consoled and dissipated by the Delight he takes in depicting them : and that from the *Chimaeras* of his Brain, whatever they may be, his *Pegasus*—even though it be represented by the veriest Screw to be found in all the *Cambridge* Livery Stables, or even by an Animal still humbler,—is all-sufficient to release him.

E. S. SHUCKBURGH

THE TATLER IN CAMBRIDGE.

No. 72.

Friday, May 17, 1872.

“All the other Colleges in *Fesse* hold some Resemblance with this, and in euery of them are Readers or Professors in diuers Sciences prohibited by the Founders.”—PURCHAS.

ALTHOUGH I never intended to supplement the Labours of the reprinting Societies, I do not scruple to put before the Learned the following Passage which my Friend *Charlie Highandry* has decyphered from the Binding of a late xivth Century Manuscript of the *Golden Legend* in the College Library. He is of Opinion that it originally formed the Conclusion of the 17th Chapter of the *Voiage and Trauaile* of Sir John Maundevile, *Kt.* (p. 186, in *Halliwel's* Reprint), but was suppressed by the Authority of the “holi Fadir” the Pope as involving the Heresy of the *Antipodes*.

“ . . . And now I have seyd 3u the roundnesse of the Firmament and wytethe wel that if a man schal take Schyppying and Mete and Drinke ynow, and schal flote stil to Est fro the Londe of the grete Chane of Cathay, he schal com, 3if he saile wyth Sotyltee, to Yles as our awen, where men speken as wee in owr awen Tonge ; saf onlie, as I wene, thei stonden feet a3enst feet with us, 3it ben thei nat icke ne dazyd for thei ben so accustomed fro their 3outh upp. Now in the firste of these Yles there ben felonous

and dispytous Folke and wykked : for the lewed Peple hiden hem in ambusch, and whanne thei se the Lordes of the lond, thei sleen hem with Schottynge. And these others ben in gret Tribulacyon and mochel Drede of those. And the Ile is cleped Yrelonde, sith the people ben ryghe yrous and ful of Wrath. And in this Yle ben none Frossches ne Todes ne Neddres ne Ratouns ne Mees ne Ewtes ne no maner Venym, for their Seynte, as men seyn, ffrayed away all mānere soch Filthes, that there ben non left. And the peple drinken Wyn of Greynes cesoned with Smoke : and whanne thei ben wel drunken, thei fyghten wyth Battes and staves, and synge and maken Melodye as thei can.

“And in the next Yle ben Folk seefaryng and Fysscher-men wherefor men clepen that Contree Angle Lond in hir propre Tonge. For at certeyn Cesouns cometh gret plentee of Fysches so that man may nat unethes se but ffyssches : and men take als many as hem liketh, and clepen hem Bloteres, for a few of hem ben ynow to fil a man so that hec lakketh nat Viaundes much mo.

“And herein ben many gode Townes, whereof one Town is Grantebrigge, where ben Clerkes ryght plentwyse : ȝit can thei not syngen no manēr Prickeson ne Psawtere : and whanne thei sē a Mynstralle or Jogulour thei have him not ynto hir Hows wyth hys Organs or Psauterie, but thrusten him into the Waies and ȝeven him Money, two Pens, to depart him unto the nyghe Strete ; wych ys to me grete Mervaylle. And thei han dyuers straunge Costomes, sūm gode and sūme euyl, whereof I schall devyse ȝou but few, sith Tyme ys short. Also I was not there ; but oftythes I have sen them that were. The ȝonge Men of hem grynden ; but the olde Clerkes plowȝen. And thei sailen gladly upon the Flom Cham, which ys not so grete als Nilus by an halfendelle ; and for Symplenesse thei han ne Pylot ne Lodesman to guide hir Schyppe, saf sely Cockes onlie, as

men seyn, and when oon Schyp smytith an odir Schyppe thei cryen, A Foule. Now they maken all hire Busynes and Dyligance for to ben held gode Roweres in Boots; and thereto thei eten Colops of flesch of Beves rawe, and Eyren, for to wexen strong, and thei drynken gode Beverage and swete and norysshynge, but sūm drynken Wyn prevyly, as the Sarrazines don. For ȝif thei dronken it openly thei scholde ben repreved. But thei deemē it gret synne to a scholay in travaile of Bokes. For him which sitteth sadlye at scripture of Bokes, which is aȝenst Kynde, of hym sykerly shul the chief Clerkes taken no Kepe: but of tho which plaien and abyden abroad in the Nyghte cesoun, thei taken note, and leet make a Bille of hire Names; and on the morwe the Dene of hire Chirche sendeth for hem to don hem reverence. And oon of hem seyde, that ȝif hee peyned hym to abide abroad alle Night and retourned him not tyl the morwe, the Maister or Abbote hym self schall calle hym to don hym the more Honour. And ȝif he ȝit abide abroad oon nyghte or twey, then hee schal presently let remeve him, sith he is proved wel cōynge and parfeit, and apt to lernen others and no longer to scolay. And als many, as gon abroad in the Nyght, schuln araye himself in a long Goune, for terroure of the Dogges. For there ben many Bulle Houndes in thilke Citie, full flete and fiers; that ys a grette Plague: and thei han thys kynde, that whanne thei sen one go in thys Apparyl, thei grucchen, yet leten hym passe; but if one goe withouten that Rayment, anon thei lepen upon him for to devouren hym. And for so moche as that is gret Peryl, thei appoynten four strong Prestes everyche year, that shal Wytt and Spede, for to such tho Bestes. And thei callen hem *Procuratores*, for that thei taken care of the young Scholeres. And if oon of the Dogges takyth ony man, anon cometh the Prete, and manassith thi Hound, and releeveth him, and worschijeth the man, and letteth him

go, when he hath axid hym of hys Name and hys Duelling. Yit ben thei covytouse and demannenden of the folysche ȝouthes so moche for hise Delyvrannece, VI pieces of Sylver or mo, that full ofte a Man wole sunnere fle away, ȝif that hei maie, then dispende so gret Ricchesse for hys Salvacyoun.

“Also thei estemen most worthi hym, who shall be found afre Ynquisycyon the most unlernyd in the Mathima-tykes; and thei toke hym a mighty grete Spone of Tre, for that hee ys meet to suppe wyth the Fende hym selve for hys noblenes. And when oon of the auncient Clerkis wil maken a solempne Feste, hee ȝiveth Billes of the Viaundes to hys Guestis, but he endytith hem in an outlandish Tonge, for hit ys not leful for hym to speke moch of that he eteth. And yt is not leful in this Ryaum for a man to take mo than oon Wyf; and sūme take nat any, which is to me grete Mervaylle, for thei ben restrayned by Lawe and defended. Now understondethe wel, the Men of this Contree ben gode Christen men as thei seyn; howbeit thei don ȝive worschypp to Ydoles and Symulacres according to hir Noblesse and Paupertee, as I schal say ȝou. The olde Clerkes worschuppen Stockes and Rōtes of Grew, and som don honour to noysom and hydous Mōstres, as Bestes wyth III Feet, and thei clepen hem Tripoes, which ben aȝenst Kynde and felonous; but the ȝonge men maken homage to lytille Go, and to Shippes and Destreres. And wytethe wel, that thei ben Wynbibers, and folke glotenous; for thei make nat the mede of Delyvernesse als the men of Grew in Elis and Olympia, of Appulles and soch Thynges; but Appulles thei eten for Delyte sodden as Sawse with Gees, and Parslyes thei leet kyttē smale and sowcen hem in Botyre and suppen hem wyth Flessche of Moutons seethyd: but thei eten gladlyest of Pynes, and there of thei maken gret servyse for Lordes. But for medes thei taken Cups of

Sylver to drynken Wyn withal. And mo I wyl not now sey
3ou at this present cesoun, lest 3ou ben dazyd. Wherfore
Aristotle seyth in *Moralibus*, *Haec missa faciamus*, that is to
seyn, We may maken theise Mattres in a Messe.”

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

OCTOPUS.¹

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SIN-BURN.

The following three parodies, together with "Things not generally known," appeared in "The Light Green," perhaps the most brilliant periodical which the University of Cambridge has produced. Only two numbers of it were published, the first in May, the second in November, 1872. It was entirely written by one undergraduate of St. John's College, named Arthur Clements Hilton (B.A. 1873), who unfortunately did not live to fulfil the promise of these clever parodies. "The Light Green," Nos. 1 and 2, are still reprinted by Messrs. Metcalfe and Son.

STRANGE beauty eight-limbed and eight-handed,
 Whence camest to dazzle our eyes?
 With thy bosom bespangled and banded
 With the hues of the seas and the skies;
 Is thy home European or Asian,
 O mystical monster marine?
 Part molluscou and partly crustacean,
 Betwixt and between.

Wast thou born to the sound of sea trumpets?
 Hast thou eaten and drunk to excess
 Of the sponges—thy muffins and crumpets,
 Of the seaweed—thy mustard and cress?
 Wast thou nurtured in caverns of coral,
 Remote from reproof or restraint?
 Art thou innocent, art thou immortal,
 Sinburnian or Saint?

¹ Written at the Crystal Palace Aquarium.

Lithe limbs, curling free, as a creeper
That creeps in a desolate place,
To enrol and envelop the sleeper
In a silent and stealthy embrace ;
Cruel beak craning forward to bite us,
Our juices to drain and to drink,
Or to overwhelm us in waves of Cocytus,
Indelible ink !

O breast, that 'twere rapture to writhe on !
O arms 'twere delicious to feel
Clinging close with the crush of the Python,
When she maketh her murderous meal !
In thy eight-fold embraces enfolden,
Let our empty existence escape ;
Give us death that is glorious and golden,
Crushed all out of shape !

Ah, thy red lips, lascivious and luscious
With death in their amorous kiss !
Cling round us, and clasp us, and crush us,
With bitings of agonized bliss :
We are sick with the poison of pleasure,
Dispense us the potion of pain ;
Ope thy mouth to its uttermost measure,
And bite us again !

A. C. HILTON.

THE HEATHEN PASS-EE.

BEING THE STORY OF A PASS EXAMINATION. BY BRED HARD.

WHICH I wish to remark,
And my language is plain,
That for plots that are dark
And not always in vain,
The heathen Pass-ee is peculiar,
And the same I would rise to explain.

I would also premise
That the term of Pass-ee
Most fitly applies,
As you probably see,
To one whose vocation is passing
The "ordinary B.A. degree."

Tom Crib was his name,
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
What that name might imply ;
But his face it was trustful and childlike,
And he had the most innocent eye.

Upon April the First
The Little-Go fell,
And that was the worst
Of the gentleman's sell,
For he fooled the Examining Body
In a way I'm reluctant to tell.

The candidates came,
And Tom Crib soon appeared ;
It was Euclid. The same
Was "the subject he feared ;"
But he smiled as he sat by the table
With a smile that was wary and weird.

Yet he did what he could,
And the papers he showed
Were remarkably good,
And his countenance glowed
With pride when I met him soon after
As he walked down the Trumpington Road.

We did not find him out,
Which I bitterly grieve,
For I've not the least doubt
That he'd placed up his sleeve
Mr. Todhunter's excellent Euclid,
The same with intent to deceive.

But I shall not forget
How the next day at two
A stiff paper was set
By Examiner U———
On Euripides' tragedy, *Bacchæ*,
A subject Tom "partially knew."

But the knowledge displayed
By that heathen Pass-ee,
And the answers he made,
Were quite frightful to see,
For he rapidly floored the whole paper
By about twenty minutes to three.

Then I looked up at U——
And he gazed upon me ;
I observed, " This won't do ;"
He replied, " Goodness me ;
We are fooled by this artful young-person,"
And he sent for that heathen Pass-ee.

The scene that ensued
Was disgraceful to view,
For the floor it was strewed
With a tolerable few
Of the " tips " that Tom Crib had been hiding
For the " subject he partially knew."

On the cuff of his shirt
He had managed to get
What we hoped had been dirt,
But which proved, I regret,
To be notes on the rise of the Drama,
A question invariably set.

In his various coats
We proceeded to seek,
Where we found sundry notes
And—with sorrow I speak—
One of Bohn's publications, so useful
To the student of Latin or Greek.

In the crown of his cap
 Were the Furies and Fates,
And a delicate map
 Of the Dorian States,
And we found in his palms which were hollow,
 What are frequent in palms,—that is dates.

Which is why I remark,
 And my language is plain,
That for plots that are dark
 And not always in vain,
The heathen Pass-ee is peculiar,
 Which the same I am free to maintain.

A. C. HILTON.

THE VULTURE AND THE HUSBAND-
MAN.

BY LOUISA CAROLINE.

N.B.—*A Vulture* is a rapacious and obscene bird, which destroys its prey by *plucking* it limb from limb with its powerful beak and talons.

A *Husbandman* is a man in a low position of life, who supports himself by the use of the *plough*.—JOHNSON'S *Dictionary*.

THE rain was raining cheerfully,
As if it had been May,
The Senate-House appeared inside
Unusually gay ;
And this was strange, because it was
A Viva-Voce day.

The men were sitting sulkily,
Their paper work was done,
They wanted much to go away
To ride or row or run ;
“ It's very rude,” they said, “ to keep
Us here and spoil our fun.”

THE VULTURE AND THE HUSBANDMAN

The papers they had finished lay
In piles of blue and white,
They answered everything they could,
And wrote with all their might,
But though they wrote it all by rote,
They did not write it right.

The Vulture and the Husbandman
Beside these piles did stand ;
They wept like anything to see
The work they had in hand :
“ If this were only finished up,”
Said they, “ it would be grand ! ”

“ If seven D's or seven C's
We give to all the crowd,
Do you suppose,” the Vulture said,
“ That we could get them ploughed ? ”
“ I think so,” said the Husbandman,
“ But pray don't talk so loud.”

“ Oh, Undergraduates, come up,”
The Vulture did beseech,
“ And let us see if you can learn
As well as we can teach ;
We cannot do with more than two,
To have a word with each.”

Two Undergraduates came up,
And slowly took a seat ;
They knit their brows, and bit their thumbs,
As if they found them sweet :
And this was odd, because you know
Thumbs are not good to eat.

“The time has come,” the Vulture said,
“To talk of many things—
Of Accidence and Adjectives,
And names of Jewish kings ;
How many notes a sackbut has,
And whether shawms have strings.”

“Please, Sir,” the Undergraduates said,
Turning a little blue,
“We did not know that was the sort
Of thing we had to do.”
“We thank you much,” the Vulture said ;
“Send up another two.”

Two more came up, and then two more,
And more, and more, and more,
And some looked upwards at the roof,
Some down upon the floor,
But none were any wiser than
The pair that went before.

“Weep for you,” the Vulture said ;
“I deeply sympathize !”
With sobs and tears he gave them all
D’s of the largest size,
While at the Husbandman he winked
One of his streaming eyes.

“I think,” observed the Husbandman,
“We’re getting on too quick ;
Are we not putting down the D’s
A little bit too thick ?”
The Vulture said with much disgust,
“Their answers make me sick.”

“ Now, Undergraduates,” he cried,

“ Our fun is nearly done ;

Will anybody else come up ? ”

But answer came there none ;

And this was scarcely odd, because

They’d ploughed them every one !

A. C. HILTON.

THINGS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

THAT Trinity men are meek and humble, that Jesus men are gentle and undemonstrative, that Sidney is the place for high culture and refinement, that Corpus is an intellectual College, that Emmanuel is in the vanguard of progress, and where deceased Proctors go to.

Useful Definitions.

Don. "An abridgment of all that's unpleasant in man."

Dean. Another way of spelling Don and a much cusseder one.

Bedmaker. A necessary evil.

Gyp. More evil and less necessary.

Tubbing Freshmen. A 'Varsity Oar's dream of bliss.

A. C. HILTON.

EPISODE

IN THE UNIVERSITY CAREER OF OUR OLD FRIENDS BROWN, JONES,
AND ROBINSON.

This "Episode" is reprinted from "The Cantab," a periodical which appeared in Cambridge in 1873.

THREE students sat writing with lips compressed,
In a well-known house with their heads bent down ;
Each thought of the "tip" that might serve him best,
And the Proctor came rustling up, all hood and gown.
For men must work, and little they'll sleep,
If Dons be cruel and papers be deep,
And the Church and Bar be waiting.

Three Dons sat sipping at something hot
By a flickering lamp when the sun went down ;
They looked at each blunder, and crib phrase, and "shot,"
And they marked down a D with a sigh and a frown.
For men must work—but little you'll sleep,
If a man with a cornet should under you keep,
And the Church and Bar be waiting.

Three travellers puffed out a fragrant cloud,
One Saturday morn, when the men went down ;

Though they travelled first class, you could see they were
ploughed,

And oh ! they were Robinson, Jones, and Brown !

For men won't work, and little they'll sleep,

If the wine be good and tobacco be cheap,

Though the Church and Bar be waiting.

IN MEMORIAM.

ROBERTI BENDALL, TONSORUM ULTIMI.

In olden times the college barber was an important personage in Cambridge. Mr. J. W. Clark, in his chapters on Cambridge published in the "Portfolio," says, "In the old statutes of Trinity the barber was in the foundation, like the cook. Most colleges had a barber's shop. At King's, each fellow paid for his own shaving, but that of the provost was defrayed by the college." In the last century the barber powdered the fellows' wigs every day before hall. As to the practice which prevailed about the year 1800, the following extract from Pryme's "Recollections" will give some idea: "There were two or three undergraduates who wore powder. . . . The rest of us wore our hair curled. . . . Wigs were still worn by the Dons and Heads with few exceptions. Cory, the Master of Emmanuel, was, I believe, the first to leave his off, complaining of headache. Dr. Barnes of Peterhouse (died 1838) preserved his to the last. In Mr. Daniel Syke's time, which was twenty years before mine, the Senior Fellows of Trinity wore wigs, and he was, as he told me long afterwards, concerned in a practical joke respecting them. There was a barber's shop just within the gate of Trinity, near Bishop's Hostel, where the Fellows were powdered and the wigs dressed. It existed even in my time. Syke, and some others bribed the barber one Saturday night, when he had the Sunday wigs to dress, to give them up; and getting out on the Library forest, placed them on the heads of the four statues which face the hall. The next day the Seniors, missing their best wigs, were in a state of great excitement, and obliged to go to dinner in their old ones. Coming out I fell into Nevill's Court, and looking up, they saw them on the statues. The perpetrators were never found out."

A very odd incident in the 17th century was told by Peter, the flying Dutchman Clerk. He told to John Dr. Foulger, the Master of Emmanuel, who had been a prisoner in a Dutch prison. "One morning," says Foulger, "I was the only one of my fellow-prisoners who went to Mass, I

said in reply to Farmer's remark—'Well! what news?' 'I saw Tom — yesterday, and he made such a bad remark about you!' 'What was it?' asked the doctor. 'Indeed, sir, I could not tell you, for it was too bad to repeat!' Farmer still urged the point, when the barber (having first obtained a promise that his master would not be angry) replied with much apparent reluctance—'Why, sir, he said you wasn't fit to carry guts to a bear!' 'And what did you say?' asked Farmer. The barber replied with much energy and seeming satisfaction—'I said, sir, that you was.'” The race of college barbers has only become extinct during the last fifteen years. Bendall of Peterhouse, the last of his class, died in 1875, and it was in memory of him that Shilleto wrote the following epitaphs.

“Tumulo Licinus jacet.”

TIME, whose sure scythe brings to an end all,
 Mows down our last of barbers Bendall,
 Whose hand and foot like lightning sped,
 As wig he trimmed and chin and head—
 Who waked us—on occasion bled—
 And shaved our lazy ones in bed.¹
 The sole surviving college barber
 We, Peterhouse, no longer harbour;
 For he, who others shaved without
 A scar, himself is clean shaved out.
 Clotho has spun his thread of years,
 And Lachesis not interferes,
 So Atropus has ta'en his shears,
 Shears, sharper than her own, and shorn
 The feeble yarn, at length outworn.
 Greet, chafer, bason, powder, pole,
 Comb, napkin, soap, the good old soul—
 Greet him all Barbers' solemnly
 Incorporated Company,
 Before whom ye have reached the goal.

¹ See Wordsworth's "Social Life at English Universities," pp. 130-138.

Ye shades of Barnes and Smyth of old
Whom oft he powdered, oft he polled,
Vouchsafe to him your welcome best
Within the islands of the blest—
We bid his gentle spirit rest.

IN Peterhouse not fruitlessly
At students' doors did Bendall knock.
Not trulier told the hour than he
The chapel bell—the chapel clock.

Now at St. Peter's gate he stands,
His task here done, his wages ta'en.
He knocks, and with uplifted hands
Asks entrance—nor asks he in vain.

R. SHILLETO.

THE BATTLE OF THE PONS TRIUM TROJANORUM.

A LAY SUNG IN THE TEMPLE OF MINERVA GIRTONENSIS.

This parody of Macaulay's "Lay" was written by the Rev. E. W. Bowling, of St. John's College (B.A. 1860), when, in February, 1881, three "Graces" were passed admitting ladies of Newnham and Girton to be examined and classed in the Tripos Examinations. "Parvus Mariensis" (stanza 9) is the Rev. W. H. Guillemard, Vicar of Little St. Mary's; "Pottius" is Dr. Potts, of Euclid fame; "Generalis Post-Magister" is Henry Fawcett, at that time Postmaster-General; "Dilkius Radicalis" is Sir Charles Dilke; "Græcus Professorius, beloved of fair Sabine," is the late Dr. B. H. Kennedy, who was for so many years Head Master of Shrewsbury School; "Fabrorum Maximus" is Mr. Hamblin Smith; and Peronatus is Dr. Perowne.

I.

ÆMILIA Girtonensis

By the Nine Muses swore
That the great house of Girton
Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Muses Nine she swore it,
And named a voting day,
And bade her learned ladies write,
And summon to the impending fight
Their masters grave and gay.

II.

East and West and South and North
The learned ladies wrote,

And Town and Gown and Country
Have read the martial note.
Shame on the Cambridge Senator
Who dares to lag behind,
When female voices call him
To improve the female mind.

III.

But by the yellow Camus
Was tumult and affright :
Straightway to Pater Varius
The 'Trojans take their flight—
“ O Varius, Father Varius,
To whom 'Trojans pray,
The ladies are upon us !
We look to thee this day ! ”

IV.

There be thirty chosen Fellows,
The wisest of the land,
Who hard by Pater Varius
To bar all progress stand :
Evening and morn the Thirty
On the Three Graces sit,
'Traced from the left by fingers deft
In the great Press of Pitt.

V.

And with one voice the Thirty
Have uttered their decree—
“ Go forth, go forth, great Varius,
Oppose the Graces Three !

The enemy already
Are quartered in the town,
And if they once the Tripod gain,
What hope to save the gown ?

VI.

“To Hiz, the town of Offa,
Their classes first they led,
Then onward to Girtonia
And Nunamantium sped :
And now a mighty army
Of young and beardless girls
Beneath our very citadel
A banner proud unfurls.”

VII.

Then out spake Father Varius,
No craven heart was his :
“To Pollmen and to Wranglers
Death comes but once, I wis.
And how can man live better,
Or die with more renown
Than fighting against Progress
For the rights of cap and gown ?

VIII.

“I, with two more to help me,
Will face yon Graces Three ;
Will guard the Holy Tripod,
And the M.A. Degree.
We know that by obstruction
Three may a thousand foil.
Now who will stand on either hand
To guard our Trojan soil ? ”

IX.

Then Parvus Mariensis,
Of Bearded Jove the Priest,
Spake out, "Of Trojan warriors
I am, perhaps, the least,
Yet will I stand at thy right hand."
Cried Pottius, "I likewise
At thy left side will stem the tide
Of myriad flashing eyes."

X.

Meanwhile the ladies' Army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came clad in silks and satins bright,
With seal-skins and with furs bedight,
And gems and rings of gold ;
Four hundred warriors shouted
"Placet" with fiendish glee,
As that fair host with fairy feet,
And smiles unutterably sweet,
Came tripping each towards her seat,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

XI.

The Three stood calm and silent,
And frowned upon their foes,
As a great shout of laughter
From the four hundred rose.
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before their ladies gay ;
They faced the Three, they scowled and scoffed,
Their gowns they donned, their caps they doffed,
Then sped them to the fray.

XII.

Generalis Post-Magister,
 Lord of the Letter-bags ;
 And Dilkius Radicalis,
 Who ne'er in combat lags ;
 And Græcus Professorius,
 Beloved of fair Sabrine,
 From the grey Elms—beneath whose shade
 A hospitable banquet laid,
 Had heroes e'en of cowards made—
 Brought “ placets ” thirty-nine.

XIII.

Stout Varius hurled “ non placet ”
 At Post-Magister's head :
 At the mere glance of Pottius
 Fierce Radicalis fled :
 And Parvus Mariensis—
 So they who heard him tell—
 Uttered but one false quantity,
 And Professorius fell !

* * * * *

XIV.

But fiercer still and fiercer
 Fresh foeman sought the fray,
 And fainter still and fainter
 Stout Varius stood at bay.
 “ Oh that this too, too solid
 Flesh would dissolve ! ” he sighed ;
 Yet still he stood undaunted,
 And still the foe defied.

XV.

Then Pollia Nunamensis,
A student sweetly fair,
Famed for her smiles and dimples,
Blue eyes and golden hair,
Of Cupid's arrows seized a pair,
One in each eye she took :
Cupid's best bow with all her might
She pulled—each arrow winged its flight,
And straightway reason, sense, and sight
Stout Varius forsook.

XVI.

“He falls !” the Placets thundered,
And filled the yawning gap ;
In vain his trusty comrades
Avenge their chief's mishap—
His last great fight is done.
They charge ! Brave Pottius prostrate lies,
No Rider helps him to arise ;
They charge ! Fierce Mariensis dies.
The Bridge, the Bridge is won !

XVII.

In vain did Bencornutus
Flash lightnings from his beard ;
In vain Fabrorum Maximus
His massive form upreared ;
And Lambius Revisorius—
Diviner potent he !—
And Peronatus robed in state,
And fine old Fossilis sedate.

All vainly stemmed the tide of fate—
Triumphed the Graces Three !

* * * * *

XVIII.

But when in future ages
Women have won their rights,
And sweet girl-undergraduates
Read through the lamp-lit nights ;
When some, now unborn, Pollia
Her head with science crams ;
When the girls make Greek Iambics,
And the boys black-currant jams ;

XIX.

When the good man's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom,
And the good wife reads her Plato
In her own sequestered room ;
With weeping and with laughter
Still shall the tale be told,
How pretty Pollia won the Bridge
In the brave days of old.

E. W. BOWLING.

A BALLAD OF BOTHERS.

“A Ballad of Botherers,” as well as the “Ten Triolets,” was printed in the “Cambridge Meteor,” which appeared during the “May Week” in 1882. The “May Week” in this year fell for the first time in June.

FROM country, from coast, and from city,
 From nowhere and goodness knows where,
 The visitors come without pity,
 There is not a corner to spare ;
 And students with work to prepare
 Must charter a captive balloon
 And study aloft in the air,
 For the May Week has fallen in June.

The grinding of feet that are gritty
 So ceaseless on landing and stair ;
 The notes of some drawing-room ditty
 Disturb the recluse in his lair,
 And cause him to clutch at his hair
 As he toils in the hot afternoon,
 But nobody hears if he swear,
 For the May Week has fallen in June.

Then the damsels, supposing it's pretty
 Their art-curtain patterns to wear,
 And the youths who conceive they are witty
 Come round to be stared at, and stare,

And amateur buglers that blare,
And singers that howl to the moon,
Are more than the system can bear ;
For the May Week has fallen in June.

ENVOI.

Friend, do not be caught in the snare,
And strive not to sing or to spoon ;
Your tripos is all your affair,
For the May Week has fallen in June.

A. R. ROPES.

TEN TRIOLETS.

I.

WHAT a slave one is made
To another man's sisters !
They must be obeyed.
What a slave one is made !
One's bills are unpaid,
And one's hands are all blisters.
What a slave one is made
To another man's sisters !

II.

We are packed in a boat
To row to the races,
Parasol, hat and coat,
We are packed in a boat,
Like Tritons afloat
With a cargo of Graces ;
We are packed in a boat
To row to the races.

III.

Time, bow, do you hear ?
Don't stare at the ladies,
How are we to steer ?
Time, bow, do you hear ?

One never feels clear
As to where your oar's blade is :
Time, bow, do you hear ?
Don't stare at the ladies.

IV.

Mind your oar. Easy all ;
We will get out at Ditton.
Take care you don't fall,
Mind your oar ! Easy all.
Just hand out a shawl
For the ladies to sit on.
Mind your oar—easy all ;
We will get out at Ditton.

V.

Was that the first gun,
Or was it the second ?
I have only heard one,
Was *that* the first gun ?
We shall soon see them run,
If it is as you reckoned ;
Was that the first gun,
Or was it the second ?

VI.

Well rowed—put it on—
Pick it up now—you're gaining !
There's half a length gone ;
Well rowed ! put it on !
Just see that fat don
Who is puffing and straining ;
Well rowed ! put it on !
Pick it up now—you're gaining.

VII.

Push off now, be quick ;
Get ahead of the hustle :
The boats crowd so thick—
Push off now, be quick—
If we stop we shall stick
Till the end of the tussle.
Push off now, be quick ;
Get ahead of the hustle.

VIII.

Are we over? not quite,
It is only our rudder.
There is no cause for fright ;
Are we over? not quite.
I will keep *you* all right,
My dear—so don't shudder ;
Are we over? not quite,
It is only our rudder.

IX.

There's a concert at King's
To follow the rowing ;
You must see some more things,
There's a concert at King's :
All angels have wings,
Yet must *you* be going ?
There's a concert at King's
To follow the rowing.

X.

I am left all alone
With a rose that is faded :

My charmer has flown.
I am left all alone,
And I cannot but groan
 When I think what my "May" did;
I am left all alone
 With a rose that is faded.

A. R. ROPES.

*A VERY DOLOROUS BALLADE OF
CAMBRIDGE.*

(SEE 4 AND 7, KING'S PARADE, ETC.)

This "dolorous ballade" appeared in the "Cambridge Review" for February 18, 1885. Greef, Sadd, Death, Carver, and Pain, we know, but who is Wrencher?

FROM bud of youth to age's haulm,
Down Cambridge streets flow small and great ;
Here pass men seeking labour's balm
In Fenner's, football field, or eight ;
Here flies the undergraduate
While Proctors toil behind in vain,
Whom watch from dawn till even late
Greef, Sadd, Death, Carver, Wrencher, Pain.

Here oft on summer evening calm,
Or when the north howls desolate,
Float fragments of the chanted psalm,
Ely cries of choirs reiterate ;
The chapel door pours forth its freight
Of folk to daily life again,
Where grimly ambusht for them wait
Greef, Sadd, Death, Carver, Wrencher, Pain.

So Dante saw (with scarce a qualm)
Above Hell's portal desperate
The obverse of Paradise's palm
Engraved for Satan's front-door plate ;
Nay, even that dread scroll of fate
Ran with less grim foretaste of bane
Than this malignant rune irate,
Greef, Sadd, Death, Carver, Wrencher, Pain.

ENVOY.

Prince, in the midst of college state,
For all thy robes of Tyrian grain,
Forget not these outside thy gate,
Greef, Sadd, Death, Carver, Wrencher, Pain.
ARTHUR PLATT.

A GIRTONIAN FUNERAL.

*“A Girtonian Funeral” appeared in the “Journal of Education” for
May 1, 1886.*

The *Academy* reports that the students of Girton College have dissolved their “Browning Society,” and expended its remaining funds, two shillings and two pence, upon chocolate-creams.

LET us begin and portion out these sweets,
Sitting together.

Leave we our deep debates, our sage conceits,—
Wherefore? and whether?

Thus with a fine that fits the work begun,
Our labours crowning,

For we, in sooth, our duty well have done
By Robert Browning.

Have we not wrought at essay and critique,
Scorning supine ease?

Wrestled with clauses crabbed as Bito's Greek,
Baffling as Chinese?

Out the Fun Album's mystic heart we took,
Lucid of soul, and

Threaded the mazes of the Ring and Book;
Cleared up Childe Roland.

We settled Fifi's business—let her be—
(Strangest of lasses;)

Watched by the hour some thick-veiled truth to see
Where Pippa passes.

(Though, dare we own, secure in victors' gains,
 Ample to shield us ?
 Red Cotton Night-cap Country for our pains
 Little would yield us.)
 What then to do ? Our culture-feast drag out
 E'en to satiety ?
 Oft such the fate that findeth, nothing doubt,
 Such a Society.
 Oh, the dull meetings ! Some one yawns an *aye*,
 One gapes again a *yea*.
 We girls determined not to yawn, but buy
 Chocolate Ménier.
 Fry's creams are cheap, but Cadbury's excel,
 (Quick, Maud, for none wait)
 Nay, now, 'tis Ménier bears away the bell,
 Sold by the ton-weight.
 So, with unburdened brains and spirits light,
 Blithe did we troop hence,
 All our funds voted for this closing rite,—
 Just two-and-two-pence.
 Do—make in scorn, old Cræsus, proud and glum,
 Peaked eyebrow lift eye ;
 Put case one stick's a halfpenny ; work the sum ;
 Full two and fifty.
 Off with the twine ! who scans each smooth brown slab
 Yet not supposeth
 What soft, sweet, cold, pure whiteness, bound in drab,
 Tooth's bite discloseth ?
 Are they not grand ? Why (you may think it odd)
 Some power alchemic
 Turns, as we munch, to Zeus-assenting nod
 Sneers Academic.
 Till, when one cries, "'Ware hours that fleet like clouds,
 Time, deft escaper !"

We answer bold : “ Leave Time to Dons and Dowds ;
 (Grace, pass the paper)
Say, boots it aught to evermore affect
 Raptures high-flying ?
Though *we* choose chocolate, will the world suspect
 Genius undying ? ”

THE POETS AT TEA.

Mr. Pain's excellent parodies were printed in "The Cambridge Fortnightly," one of the most recent of the University periodicals, three numbers of which appeared during the Lent Term of 1888.

I.

Macaulay,
who made it.

POUR, varlet, pour the water,
The water steaming hot !
A spoonful for each man of us,
Another for the pot !
We shall not drink from amber,
No Capuan slave shall mix
For us the snows of Athos
With port at thirty-six ;
Whiter than snow the crystals
Grown sweet 'neath tropic fires,
More rich the herb of China's field,
The pasture-lands more fragrance yield ;
For ever let Britannia wield
The teapot of her sires !

II.

Fennyson,
who took it
hot.

I think that I am drawing to an end :
For on a sudden came a gasp for breath,
And stretching of the hands, and blinded eyes,
And a great darkness falling on my soul.
O Hallelujah ! . . . Kindly pass the milk.

III.

As the sin that was sweet in the sinning
 Is foul in the ending thereof,
 As the heat of the summer's beginning
 Is past in the winter of love :
 O purity, painful and pleading !
 O coldness, ineffably gray !
 O hear us, our handmaid unheeding,
 And take it away !

Swinburne,
 who let it get
 cold.

IV.

The cosy fire is bright and gay,
 The merry kettle boils away
 And hums a cheerful song.
 I sing the saucer and the cup ;
 Pray, Mary, fill the teapot up,
 And do not make it strong.

Cowper, who
 thoroughly
 enjoyed it.

V.

Tut ! Bah ! We take as another case—
 Pass the bills on the pills on the window-sill ;
 notice the capsule
 (A sick man's fancy, no doubt, but I place
 Reliance on trade-marks, Sir)—so perhaps
 you'll
 Excuse the digression—this cup which I hold
 Light-poised—Bah, it's spilt in the bed !—
 well, let's on go—
 Hold Bohea and sugar, Sir ; if you were told
 The sugar was salt, would the Bohea be
 Congo ?

Browning,
 who treated
 it allegori-
 cally.

VI.

Words-
worth, who
gave it
away.

“Come, little cottage girl, you seem
To want my cup of tea ;
And will you take a little cream ?
Now tell the truth to me.”

She had a rustic, woodland grin,
Her cheek was soft as silk,
And she replied, “Sir, please put in
A little drop of milk.”

“Why, what put milk into your head ?
’Tis cream my cows supply ;”
And five times to the child I said,
“Why, pig-head, tell me, why ?”

“You call me pig-head,” she replied ;
“My proper name is Ruth.
I called that milk”—she blushed with pride—
“You bade me speak the truth.”

VII.

Poe, who
got excited
over it.

Here’s a mellow cup of tea—golden tea !
What a world of rapturous thought its fragrance
brings to me !
Oh, from out the silver cells
How it wells !
How it smells !
Keeping tune, tune, tune, tune
To the tintinnabulation of the spoon.
And the kettle on the fire
Boils its spout off with desire,
With a desperate desire

And a crystalline endeavour
 Now, now to sit, or never,
 On the top of the pale-faced moon,
 But he always came home to tea, tea, tea, tea, tea,
 Tea to the *n* — 1th.

VIII.

The lilies lie in my lady's bower
 (O weary mother, drive the cows to roost),
 They faintly droop for a little hour ;
 My lady's head droops like a flower.

Rossetti,
 who took
 six cups of it

She took the porcelain in her hand
 (O weary mother, drive the cows to roost) ;
 She poured ; I drank at her command ;
 Drank deep, and now—you understand !
 (O weary mother, drive the cows to roost).

IX.

Weel, gin ye speir, I'm no inclined,
 Whusky or tay—to state my mind
 Fore ane or ither ;
 For, gin I tak the first, I'm fou,
 And gin the next, I'm dull as you,
 Mix a' thegither.

Burns, who
 liked it
 adulterated.

X.

One cup for my self-hood,
 Many for you. Allons, camerodos, we will
 drink together
 O hand-in-hand ! That tea spoon, please, when
 you've done with it.

Walt Whit-
 man, who
 couldn't stay
 more than a
 minute.

What butter-colour'd hair you've got. I don't want to be personal.

All right, then, you needn't. You're a stale-cadaver.

Eighteen-pence if the bottles are returned.

Allons, from all bat-eyed formules.

B. E. O. PAIN.

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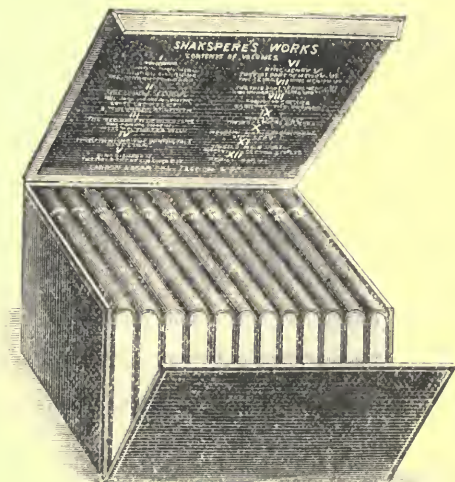
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Salaz. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run
But I should think of shallows and of flats,
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this, and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing bechanc'd would make me sad?
But tell not me: I know Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

Ant. Believe me, no : I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place ; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year :
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.

Salar. Why, then you are in love.

Ant.

Fie, fie !

Sizar. Not in love neither? Then let us say you
are sad,
Because you are not merry; and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh, and leap, and say you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed
Janus,
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time :
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes
And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper ;
And other of such vinegar aspect

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